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CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS

— FOR —

Sunday School Services.

— BY —

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, W. HOWARD DOANE, and WM. F. SHERWIN.

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CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS.

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A Collection of Favorite Songs suitable for all

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICES.

—BY—

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, W. HOWARD DOANE, and WM. F. SHERWIN.

New York and Chicago:

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth Street, New York, and 73 Randolph Street, Chicago.

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INTRODUCTION.

The Songs that have been sung at Chautauqua for several years past are embodied in this collection.

Other Songs, that are favorites with the visitors at Chautauqua, find a place in these pages.

New Songs, that promise profit and pleasure, are added to those already familiar.

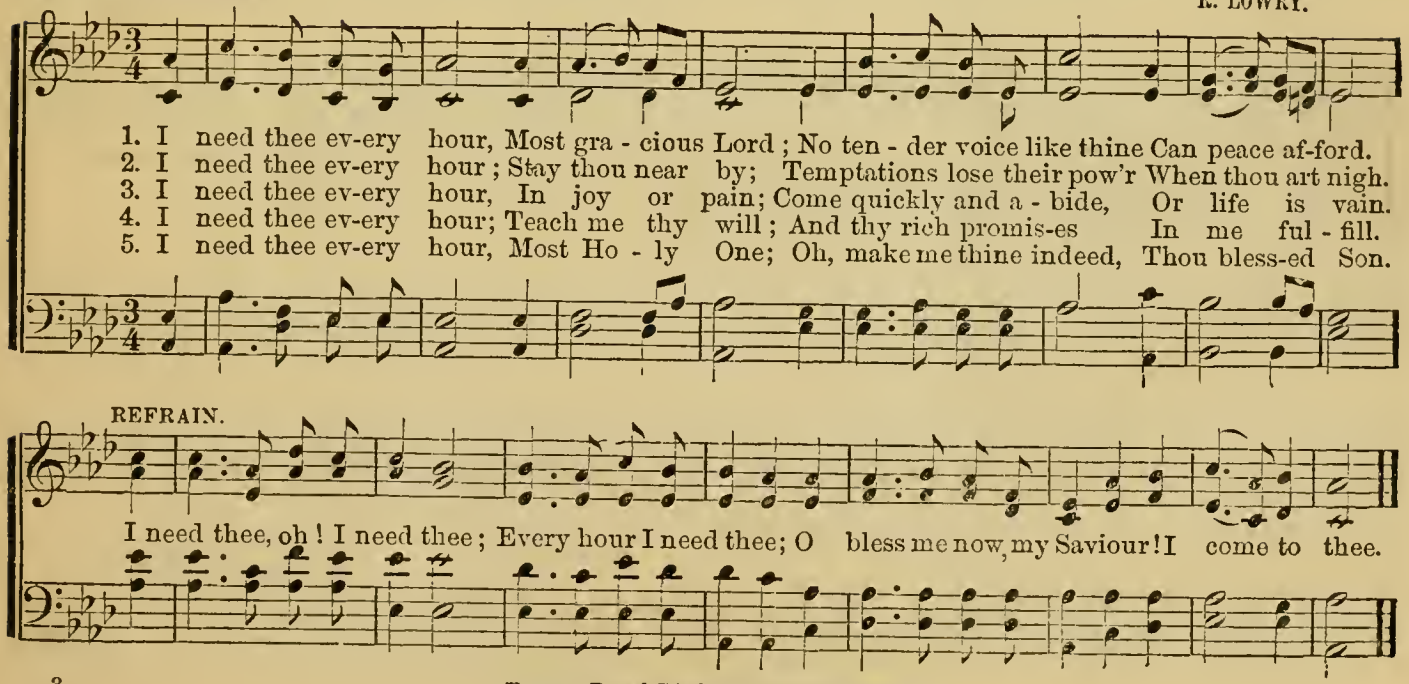
The whole collection is intended to facilitate the Service of Song, not only in the Chautauqua Assembly, but also in all Sunday Schools that desire a book of rich and varied material at a small expense.

Praise Ye the Lord!

CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS.

No. 1. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

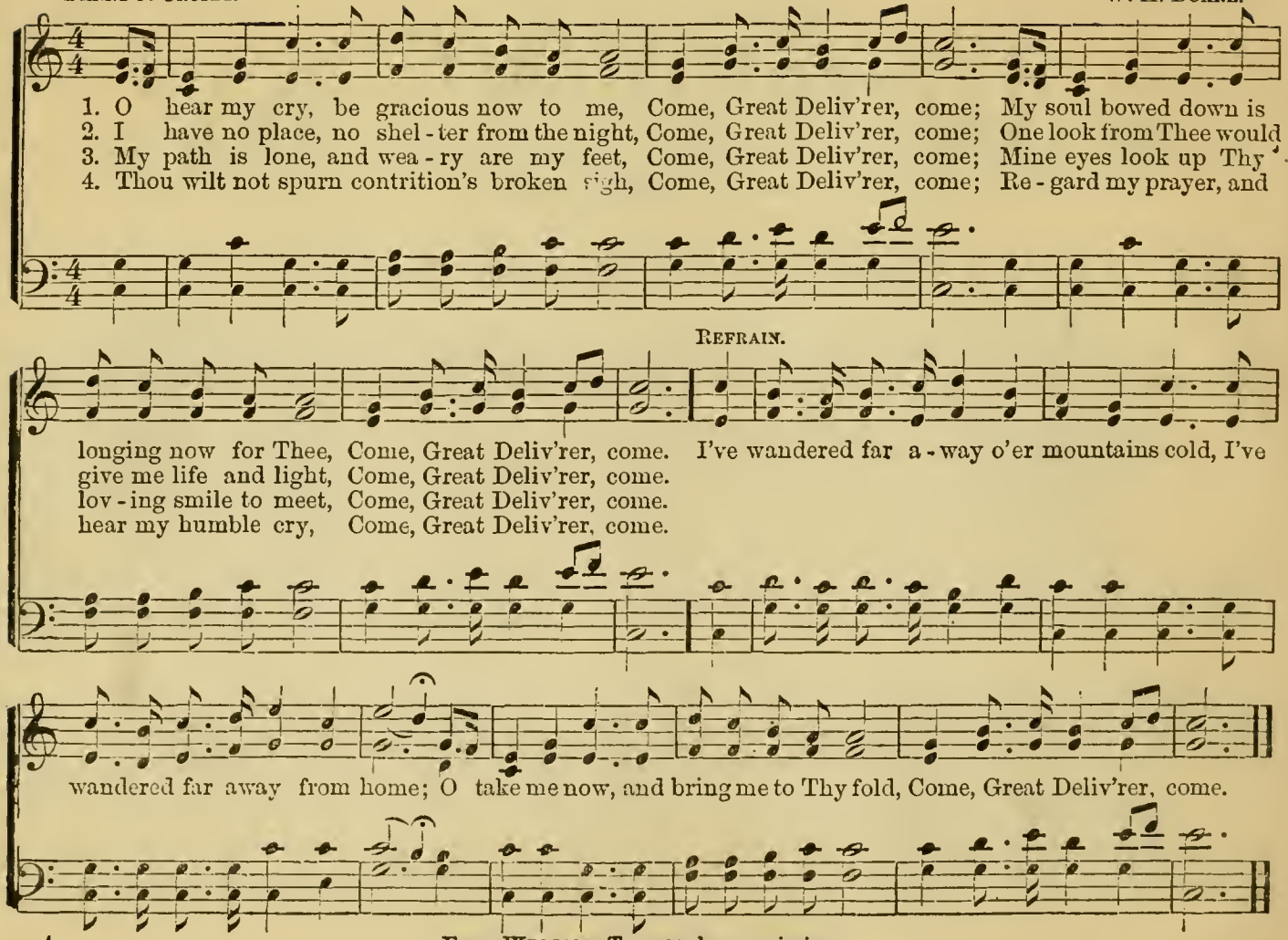
Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.


1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord ; No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need thee ev-ery hour ; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need thee ev-ery hour; Teach me thy will ; And thy rich promis-es In me ful - fill.
5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son.
REFRAIN.
I need thee, oh ! I need thee ; Every hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour ! I come to thee.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 2. COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

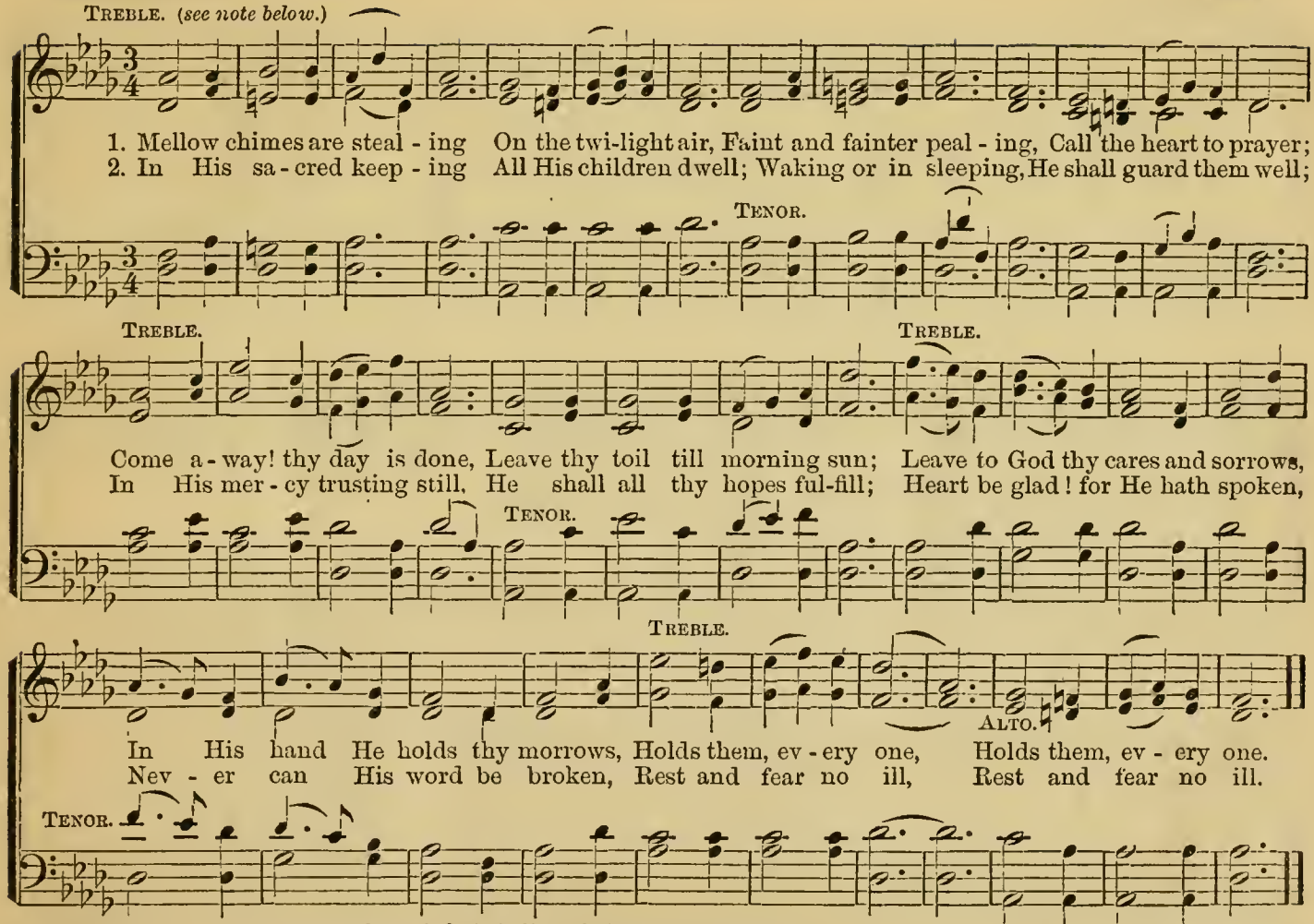

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; My soul bowed down is
2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; One look from Thee would
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Re-gard my prayer, and
REFRAIN.
longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come. I've wandered far a-way o'er mountains cold, I've
give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
wandered far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

No. 3.

EVENING HYMN.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. LUCY J. RIDER.


TREBLE. (see note below.)
1. Mellow chimes are steal - ing On the twi-light air, Faint and fainter peal - ing, Call the heart to prayer;
2. In His sa - cred keep - ing All His children dwell; Waking or in sleeping, He shall guard them well;
TENOR.
TREBLE.
TREBLE.
Come a - way! thy day is done, Leave thy toil till morning sun; Leave to God thy cares and sorrows,
In His mer - cy trusting still, He shall all thy hopes ful-fill; Heart be glad! for He hath spoken,
TENOR.
TREBLE.
ALTO.
In His hand He holds thy morrows, Holds them, ev - ery one, Holds them, ev - ery one.
Nev - er can His word be broken, Rest and fear no ill, Rest and fear no ill.
TENOR.

NOTE.—The part which carries the melody is indicated, from place to place, by this FULL FACE TYPE, and should be made the *thought* of the piece, by being sung more loudly by Soprano, Tenor or Alto.

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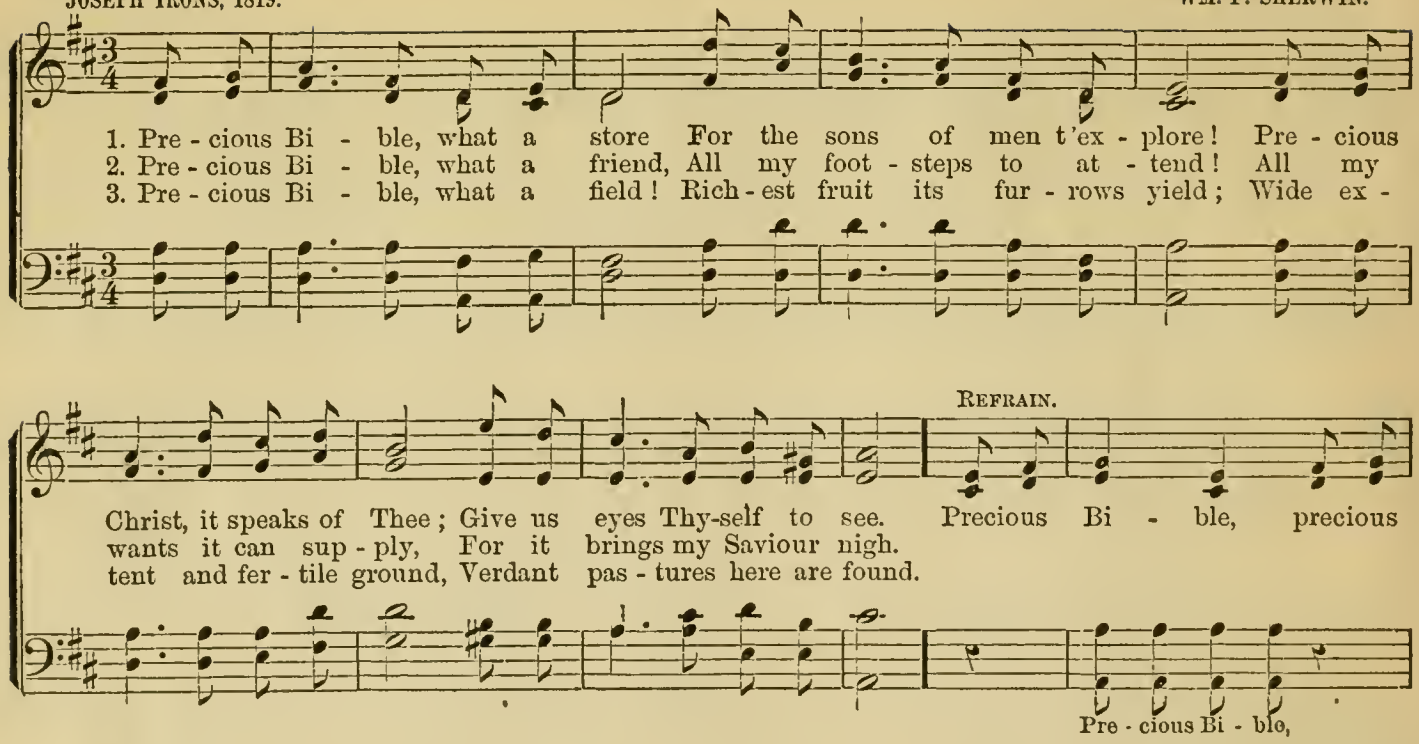
No. 4.

PRECIOUS BIBLE.

JOSEPH IRONS, 1819. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a store For the sons of men t'ex - plore! Pre - cious
2. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a friend, All my foot - steps to at - tend! All my
3. Pre - cious Bi - ble, what a field! Rich - est fruit its fur - rows yield; Wide ex -
Christ, it speaks of Thee; Give us eyes Thy-self to see.
wants it can sup - ply, For it brings my Saviour nigh.
tent and fer - tile ground, Verdant pas - tures here are found.
Refrain.
Precious Bi - ble, precious
Pre - cious Bi - ble,
Bi - ble, God's own Word of love to me.
Pre - cious Bi - ble,

4.

Precious Bible, what a mine!
Full of promises divine;
I would all thy wealth explore,
And thy Author, God, adore.

Ref.

By permission.

DOVER. S. M.

5 Key E.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears:
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time: so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

RETREAT. L. M.

6 Christian Songs, 198. Key B♭.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

7 Key F.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

HEBRON. L. M.

8 Key G.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise—
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to hush, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

---

9 SHALL WE GATHER.

Bright Jewels, p. 110. Key E♭.

1 SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

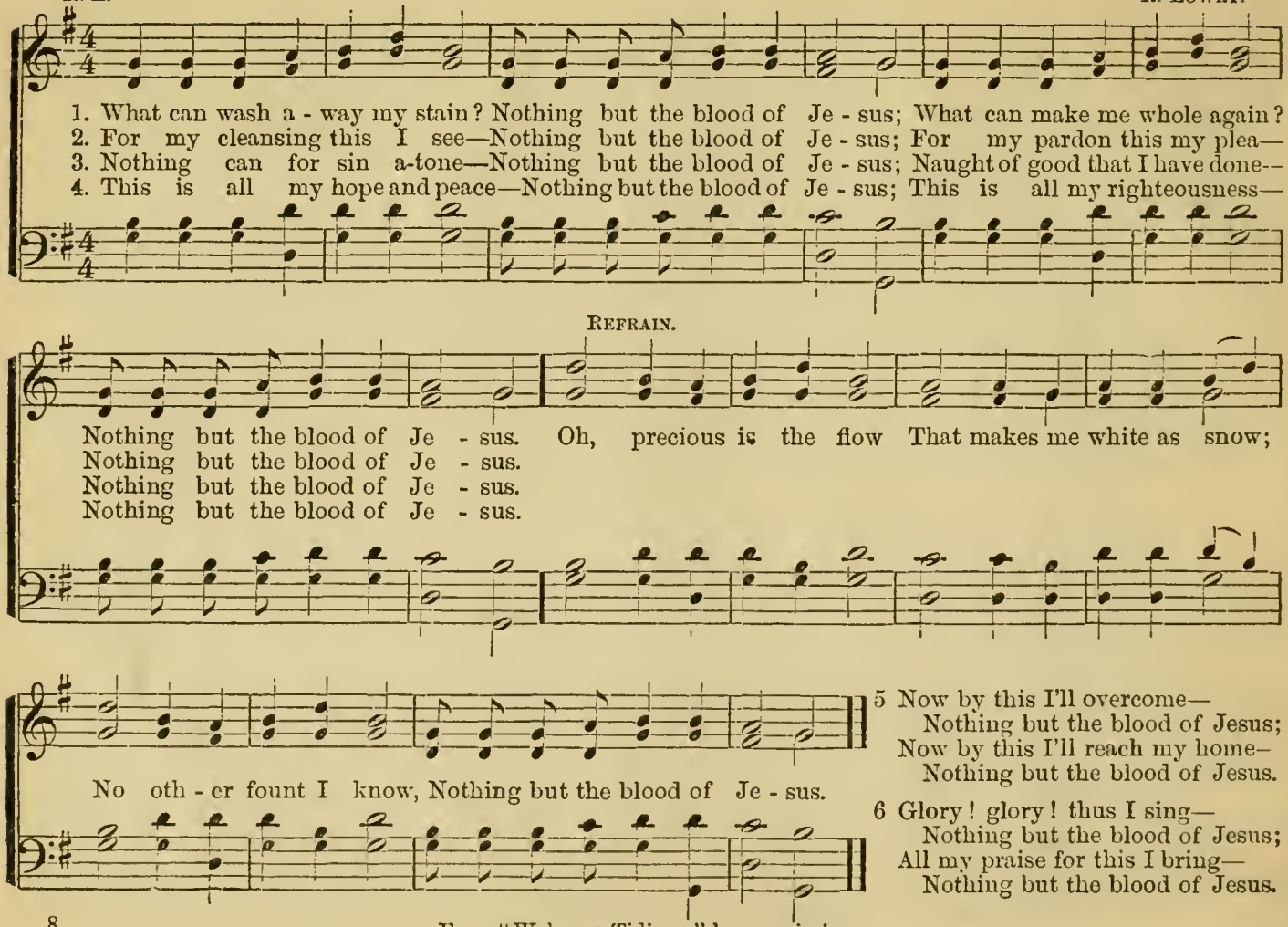
4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

R. Lowry, 1864

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

No. 10. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. R. LOWRY.


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; What can make me whole again?
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; For my pardon this my plea—
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; Naught of good that I have done--
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; This is all my righteousness—
REFRAIN.
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

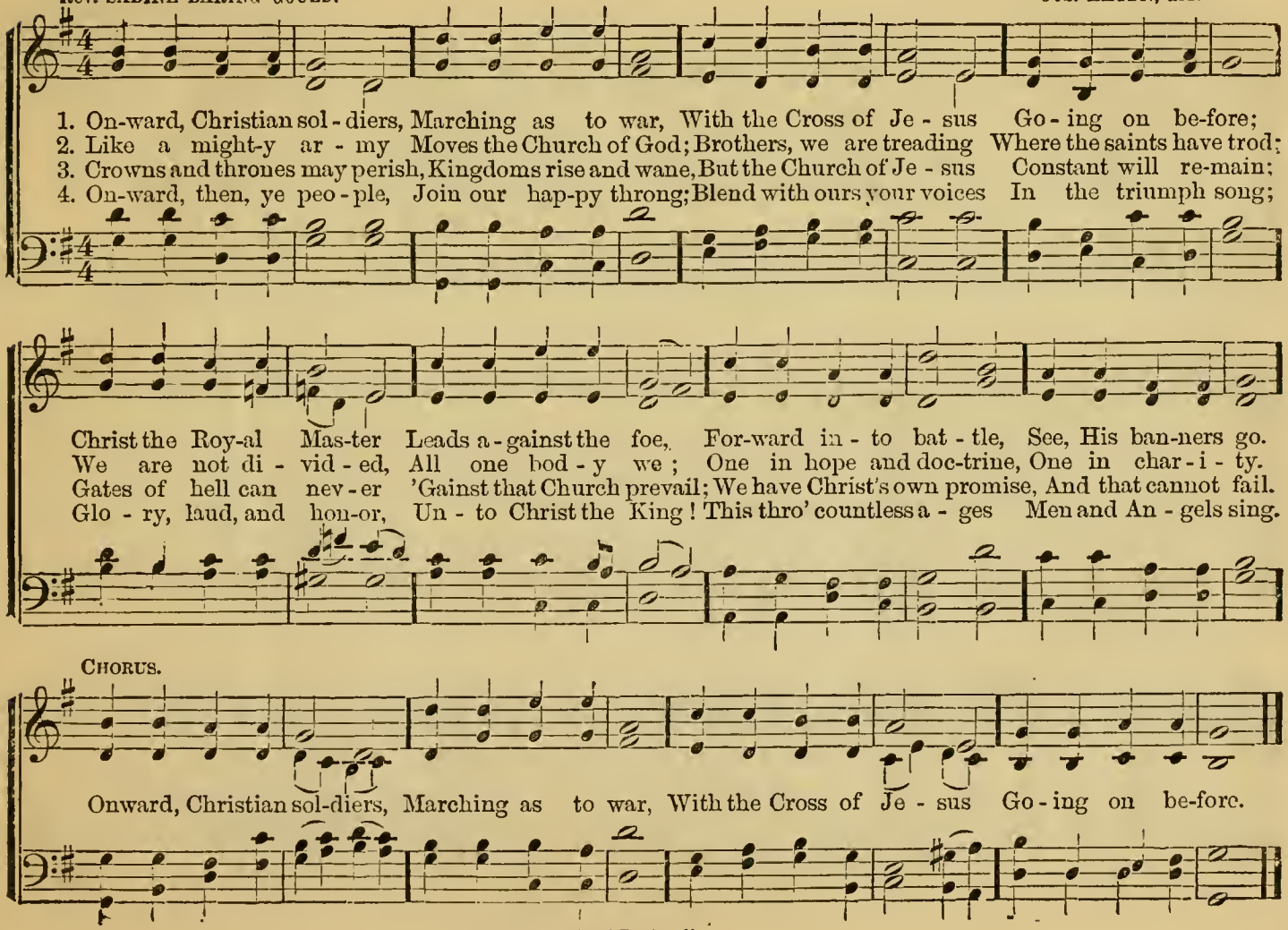
5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home–
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

No. 11. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

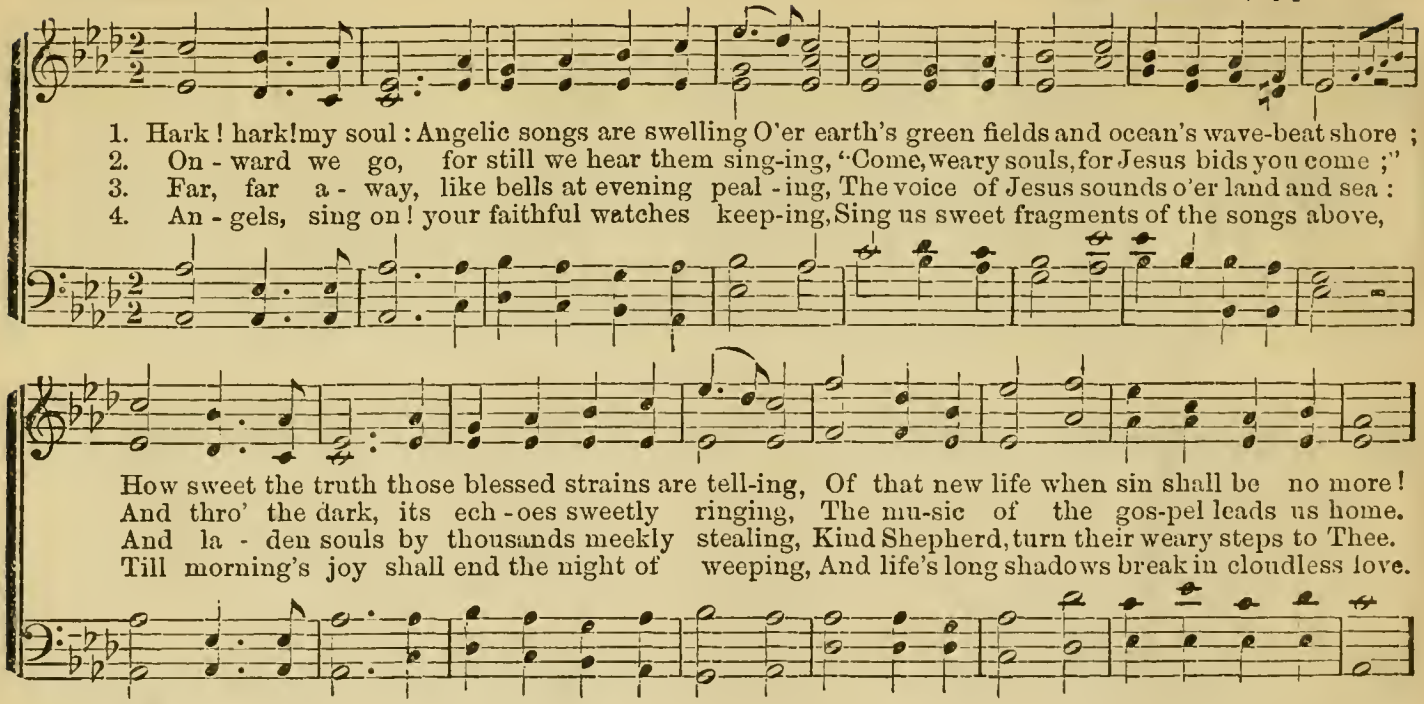
Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOS. HAYDN, arr.


1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore;
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will re-main;
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-gainst the foe, For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon-or, Un - to Christ the King! This thro' countless a - ges Men and An - gels sing.
CHORUS.
Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

From "Book of Praise."

No. 12. HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Rev. FRED. W. FABER, 1849. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

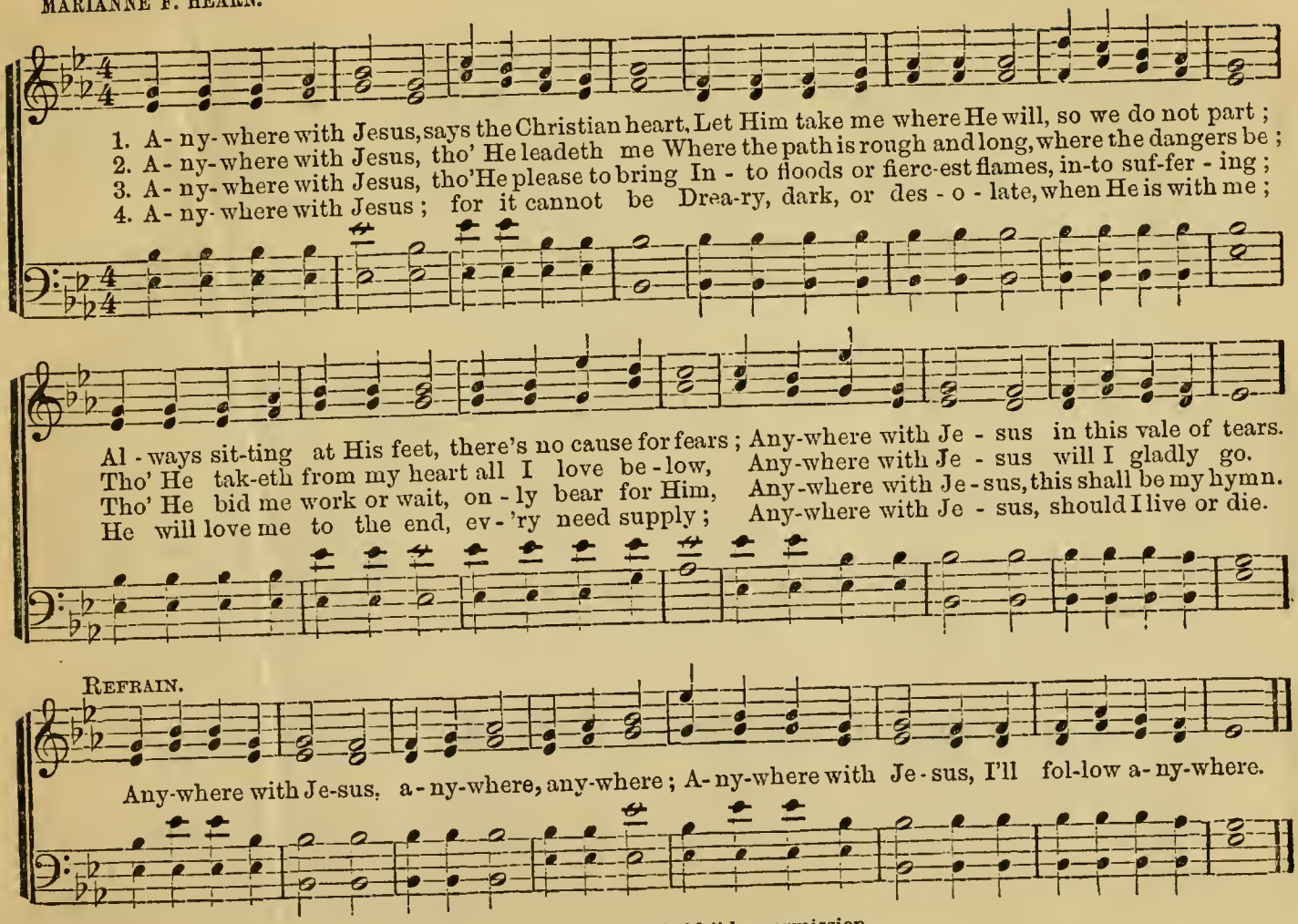

1. Hark! hark! my soul: Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea:
4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ringing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
CHORUS.
An-gels of Je-sus! An-gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 13.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

MARIANNE F. HEARN. R. LOWRY.


1. A - ny - where with Jesus, says the Christian heart, Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part ;
2. A - ny - where with Jesus, tho' He leadeth me Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be ;
3. A - ny - where with Jesus, tho' He please to bring In - to floods or fierc-est flames, in-to suf-fer - ing ;
4. A - ny - where with Jesus ; for it cannot be Drea-ry, dark, or des - o - late, when He is with me ;
Al - ways sit-ting at His feet, there's no cause for fears ; Any-where with Je - sus in this vale of tears.
Tho' He tak-eth from my heart all I love be - low, Any-where with Je - sus will I gladly go.
Tho' He bid me work or wait, on - ly bear for Him, Any-where with Je - sus, this shall be my hymn.
He will love me to the end, ev - 'ry need supply ; Any-where with Je - sus, should I live or die.
REFRAIN.
Any-where with Je-sus, a - ny-where, any-where ; A - ny-where with Je - sus, I'll fol-low a - ny-where.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 14. EVENING AND MORNING.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1869. WM. F. SHERWIN.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. In the evening there is weeping, Length'ning shadows, failing sight; Si - lent darkness, slow-ly
2. In the evening there is weeping, Last - ing all the twilight thro'; Phantom shadows, nev-er
3. Are the twi-light shadows casting Heav - y glooms up - on my heart? Soon, in radiance ev - er -

FULL CHORUS. *f*

creep - ing O - ver all things clear and bright. In the morn-ing com-eth sing - ing, Cometh
sleep - ing, Wakening slumbers of the true. In the morn-ing com-eth sing - ing, Songs that
last - ing, Night for ev - er shall de - part. Darkest hour is near-est dawn-ing, Solemn

joy, and cometh sight, When the sun a - ris - eth, bringing Healing on his wings of light.
ne'er in si - lence end; An - gel minstrels ev - er bringing Praises new with thine to blend.
her - ald of the day; Sing - ing com - eth in the morning, God shall wipe thy tears a - way!

By permission.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

15 Bradbury Trio, 194. Key F.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

16 Christian Songs, 201. Key E♭.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LABAN. S. M.

17 Bradbury Trio, 61. Key C.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

18 DENNIS. S. M.

Bradbury Trio, 225. Key G.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

---

19 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1 FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

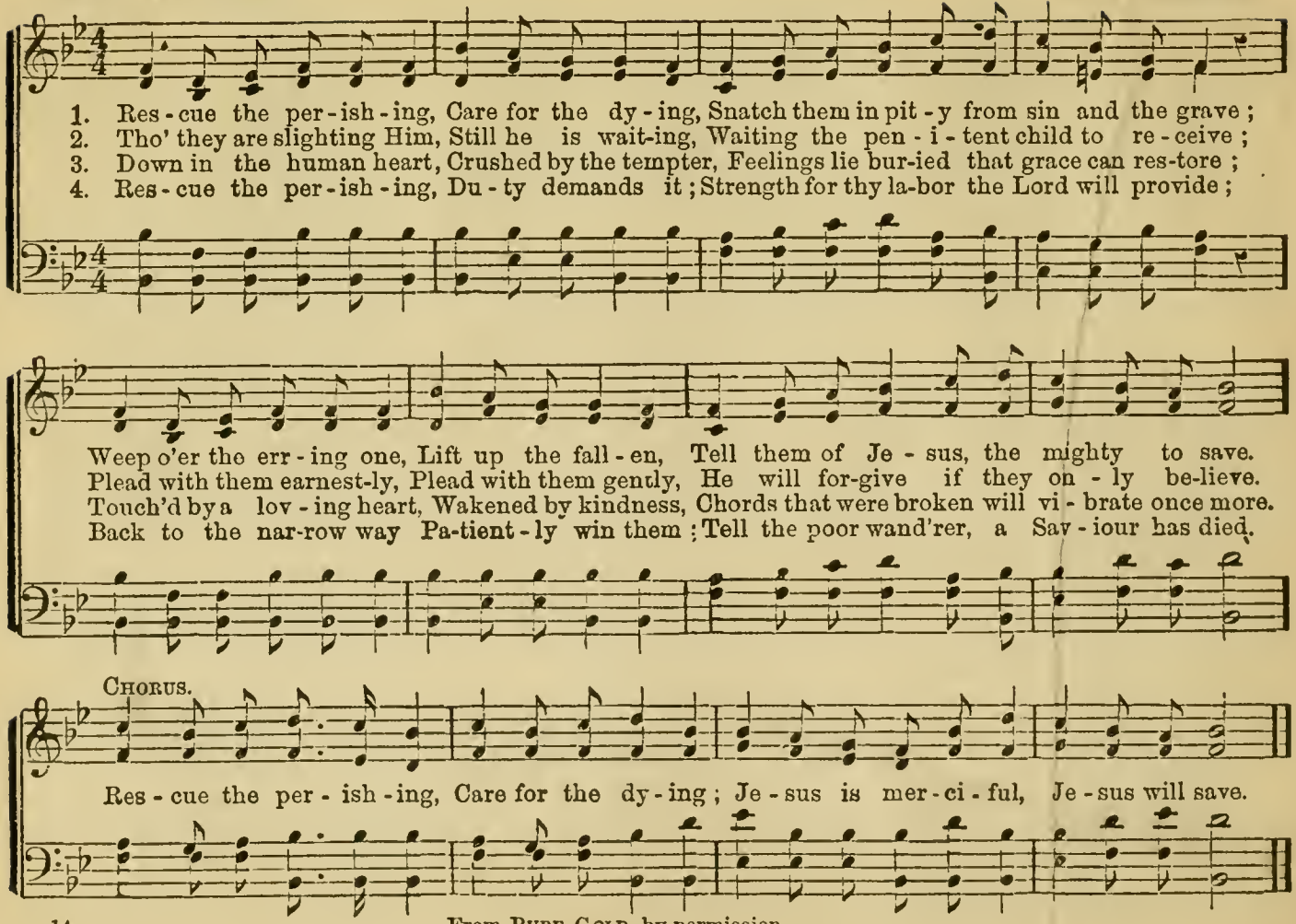
2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

No. 20. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

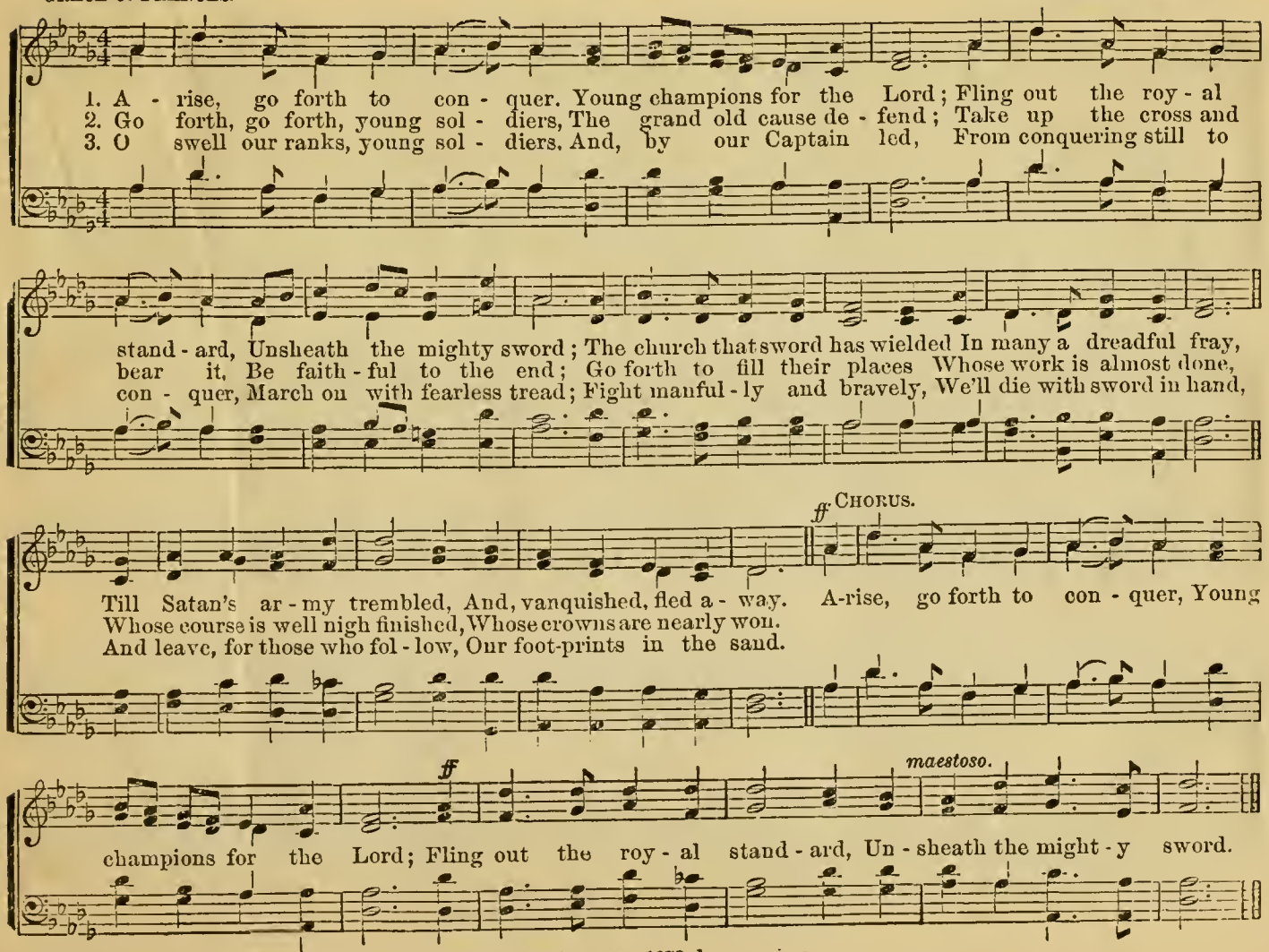
Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still he is wait-ing, Waiting the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive;
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that grace can res-tore;
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will provide;
Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the mighty to save.
Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently, He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wand'rer, a Sav - iour has died.
CHORUS.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

From PURE GOLD, by permission.

No. 21. ARISE, GO FORTH TO CONQUER.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

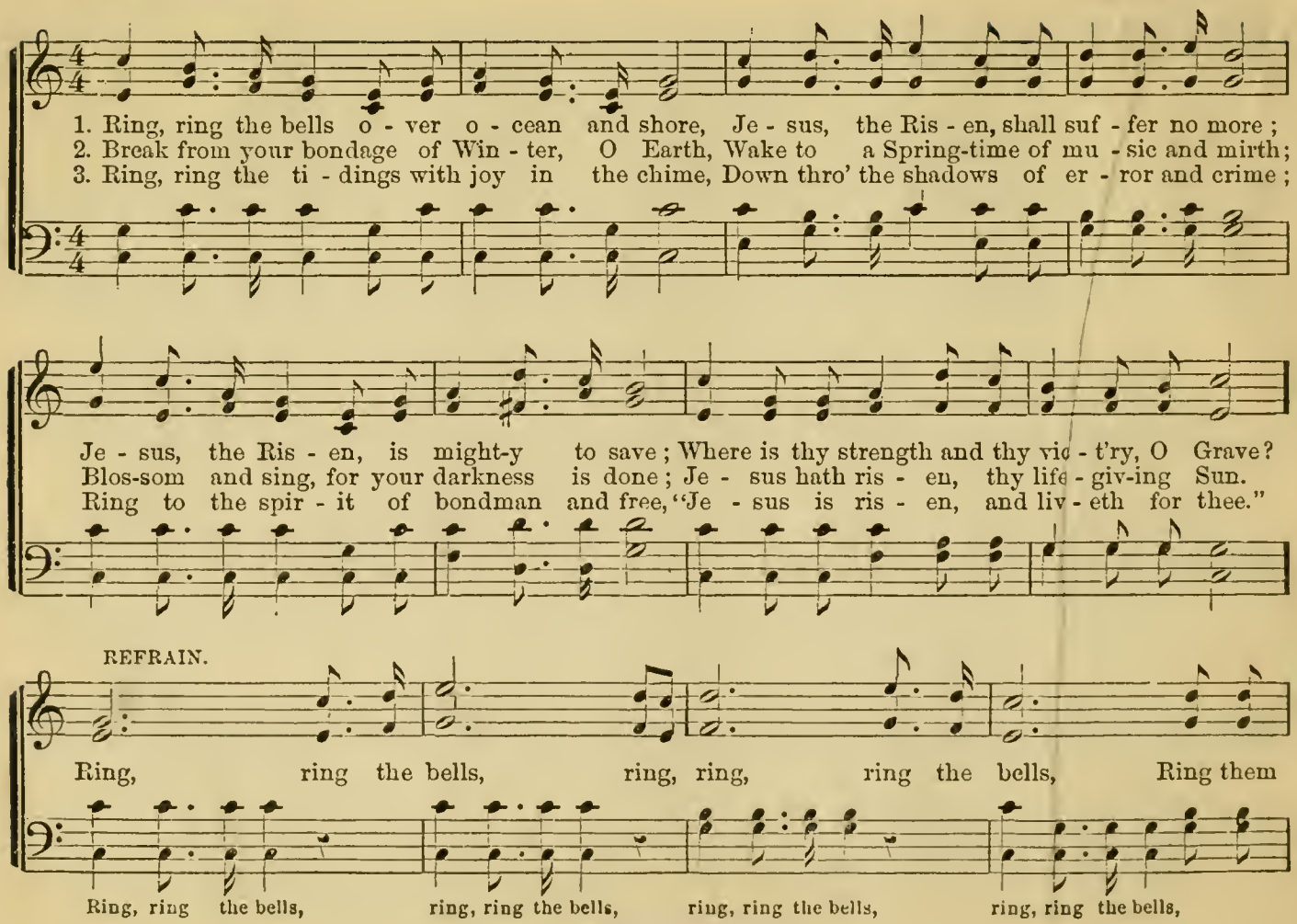

1. A - rise, go forth to con - quer. Young champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al
2. Go forth, go forth, young sol - diers, The grand old cause de - fend; Take up the cross and
3. O swell our ranks, young sol - diers, And, by our Captain led, From conquering still to
stand - ard, Unsheath the mighty sword; The church that sword has wielded In many a dreadful fray,
bear it, Be faith - ful to the end; Go forth to fill their places Whose work is almost done,
con - quer, March on with fearless tread; Fight manful - ly and bravely, We'll die with sword in hand,
ff CHORUS.
Till Satan's ar - my trembled, And, vanquished, fled a - way. A-rise, go forth to con - quer, Young
Whose course is well nigh finished, Whose crowns are nearly won.
And leave, for those who fol - low, Our foot-prints in the sand.
ff
maestoso.
champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al stand - ard, Un - sheath the might - y sword.

From MAY ANNUAL, 1878, by permission.

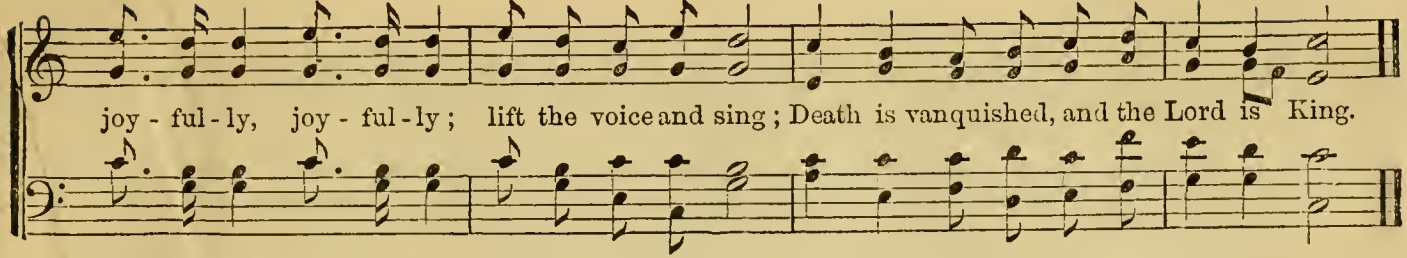
No. 22.

RING, RING THE BELLS.

FLORA L. BEST. R. LOWRY.


1. Ring, ring the bells o - ver o - cean and shore, Je - sus, the Ris - en, shall suf - fer no more ;
2. Break from your bondage of Win - ter, O Earth, Wake to a Spring-time of mu - sic and mirth;
3. Ring, ring the ti - dings with joy in the chime, Down thro' the shadows of er - ror and crime ;
Je - sus, the Ris - en, is might-y to save ; Where is thy strength and thy vic - t'ry, O Grave?
Blos-som and sing, for your darkness is done ; Je - sus hath ris - en, thy life - giv-ing Sun.
Ring to the spir - it of bondman and free, "Je - sus is ris - en, and liv - eth for thee."
REFRAIN.
Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring, ring the bells, Ring them
Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells,

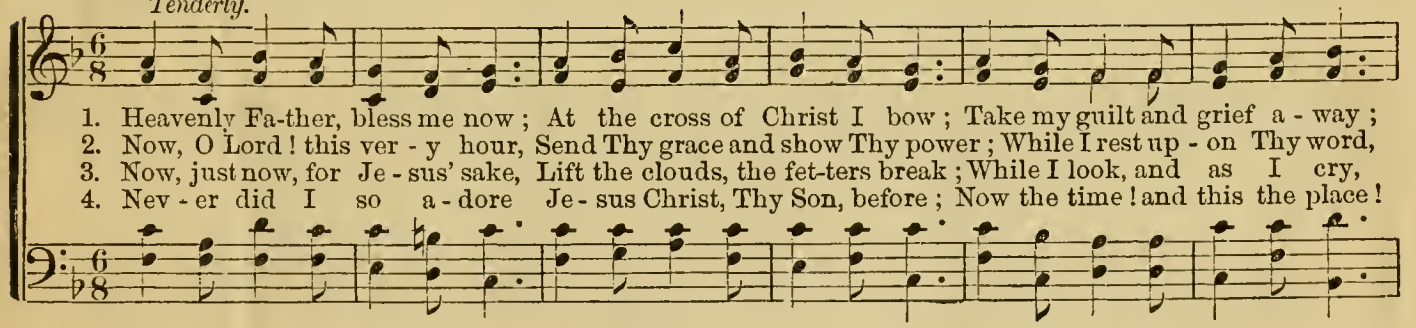
From "Royal Diadem," by permission.



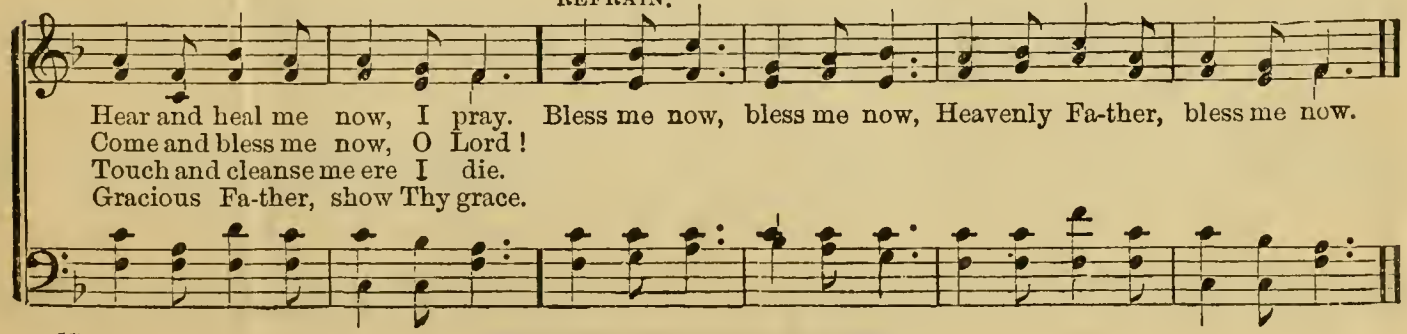
No. 23. BLESS ME NOW.

ALEXANDER CLARK. R. LOWRY.

Tenderly.


1. Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and grief a - way;
2. Now, O Lord! this ver - y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy power; While I rest up - on Thy word,
3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet-ters break; While I look, and as I cry,
4. Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, Thy Son, before; Now the time! and this the place!

REFRAIN.

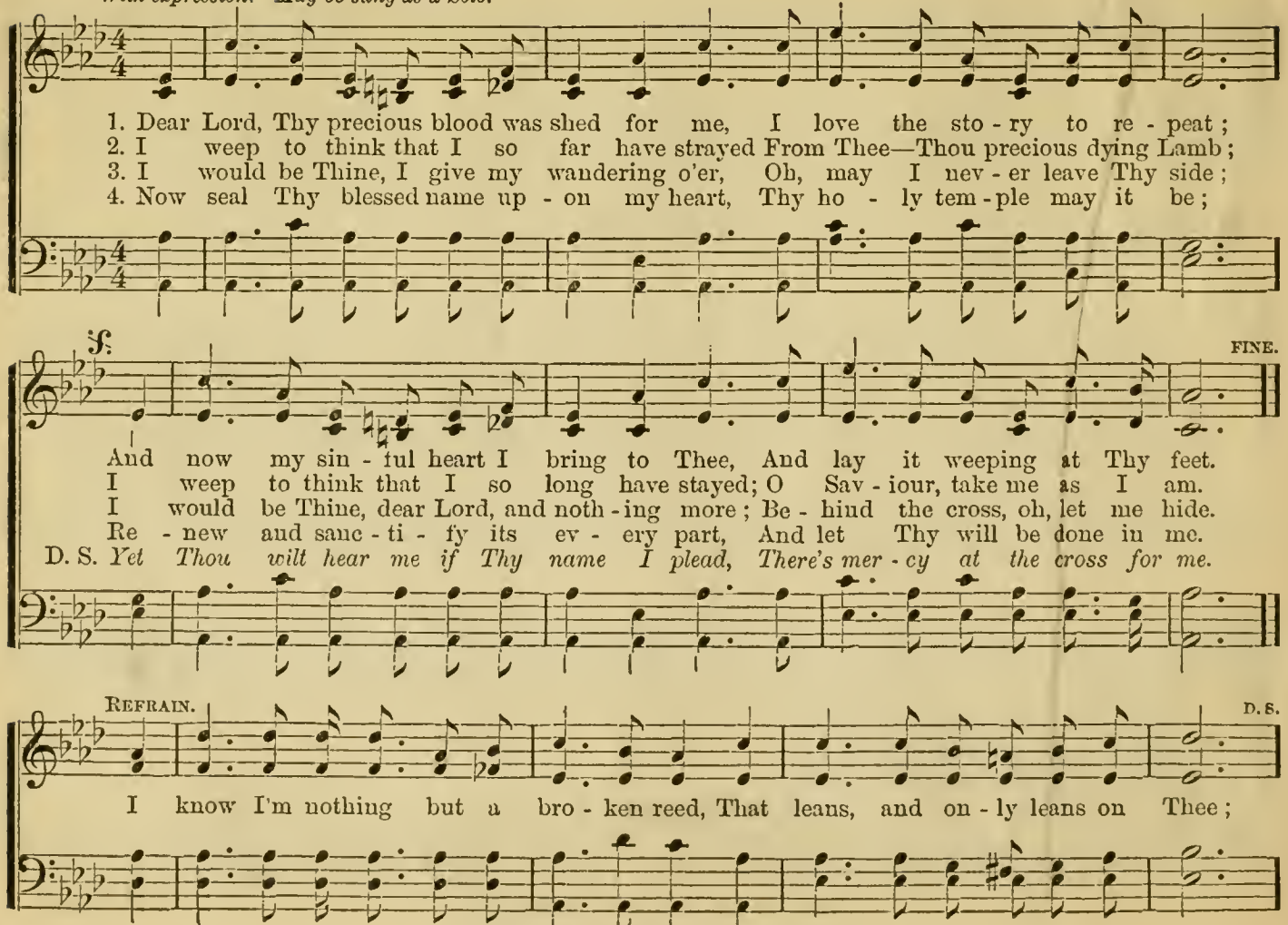

Hear and heal me now, I pray. Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Fa-ther, bless me now.
Come and bless me now, O Lord!
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
Gracious Fa-ther, show Thy grace.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 24. NOTHING BUT A BROKEN REED.

D. H. W. W. H. DOANE.

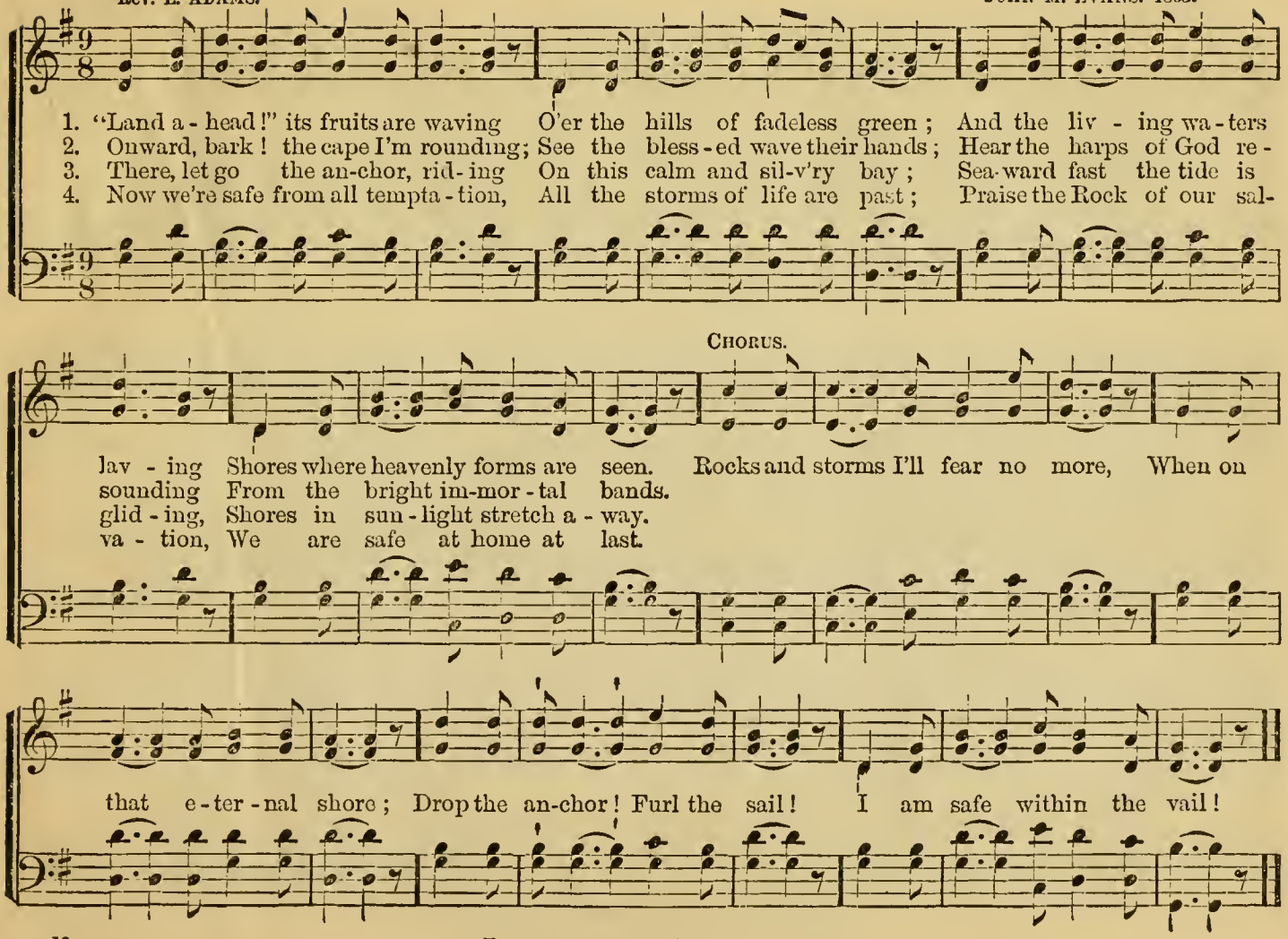
With expression. May be sung as a Solo.


1. Dear Lord, Thy precious blood was shed for me, I love the sto - ry to re - peat;
2. I weep to think that I so far have strayed From Thee—Thou precious dying Lamb;
3. I would be Thine, I give my wandering o'er, Oh, may I nev - er leave Thy side;
4. Now seal Thy blessed name up - on my heart, Thy ho - ly tem - ple may it be;
sf.
FINE.
And now my sin - ful heart I bring to Thee, And lay it weeping at Thy feet.
I weep to think that I so long have stayed; O Sav - iour, take me as I am.
I would be Thine, dear Lord, and noth - ing more; Be - hind the cross, oh, let me hide.
Re - new and sanc - ti - fy its ev - ery part, And let Thy will be done in me.
D. S. *Yet Thou wilt hear me if Thy name I plead, There's mer - cy at the cross for me.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I know I'm nothing but a bro - ken reed, That leans, and on - ly leans on Thee;

From "Fountain of Song," by permission.

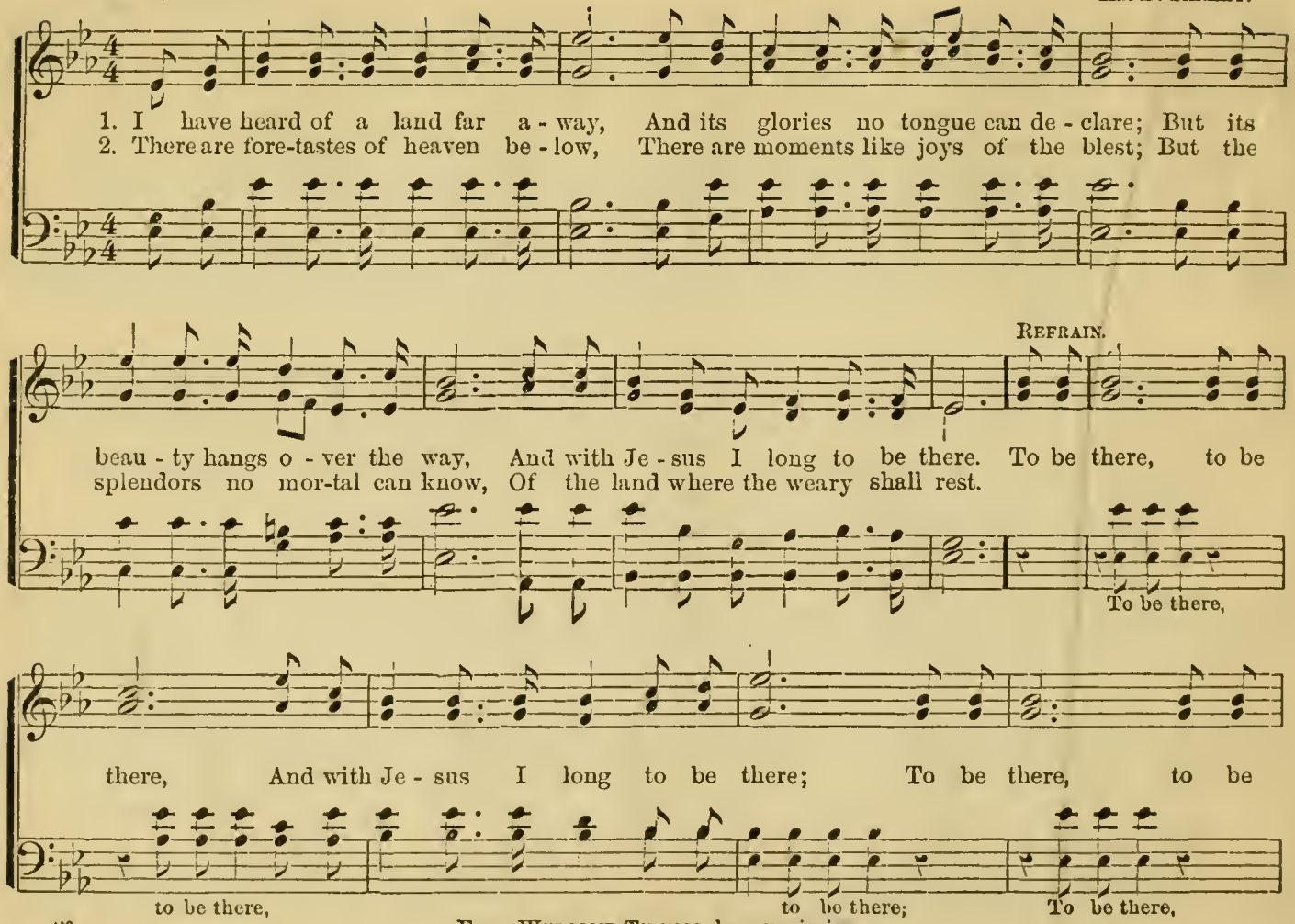
No. 25. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. E. ADAMS. JOHN M. EVANS. 1865.

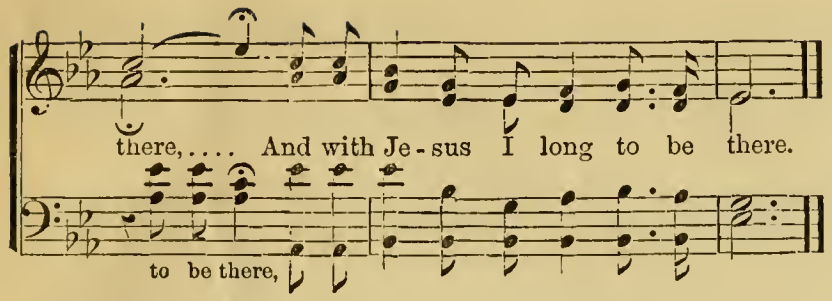

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all tempta - tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal-
CHORUS.
lav - ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the bright im-mor - tal bands.
glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
va - tion, We are safe at home at last.
that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

No. 26. TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. O Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glories no tongue can de - clare; But its
2. There are fore-tastes of heaven be - low, There are moments like joys of the blest; But the
Refrain.
beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there. To be there, to be
splendors no mor-tal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.
To be there,
there, And with Je - sus I long to be there; To be there, to be
to be there, to be there; To be there,

From Welcome Tidings, by permission.

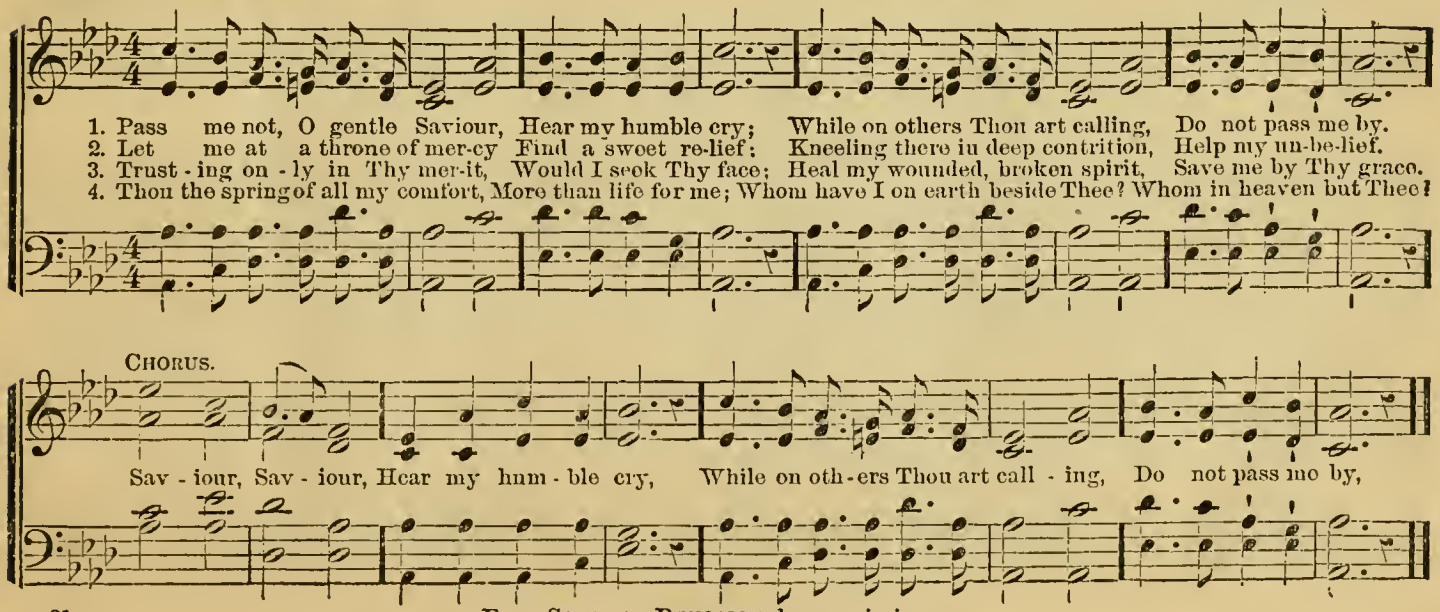


3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share;
O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
In the shade of the sheltering fold;
Ever more by Immanuel's side,
They shall dwell in the glory untold.

No. 27. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE.

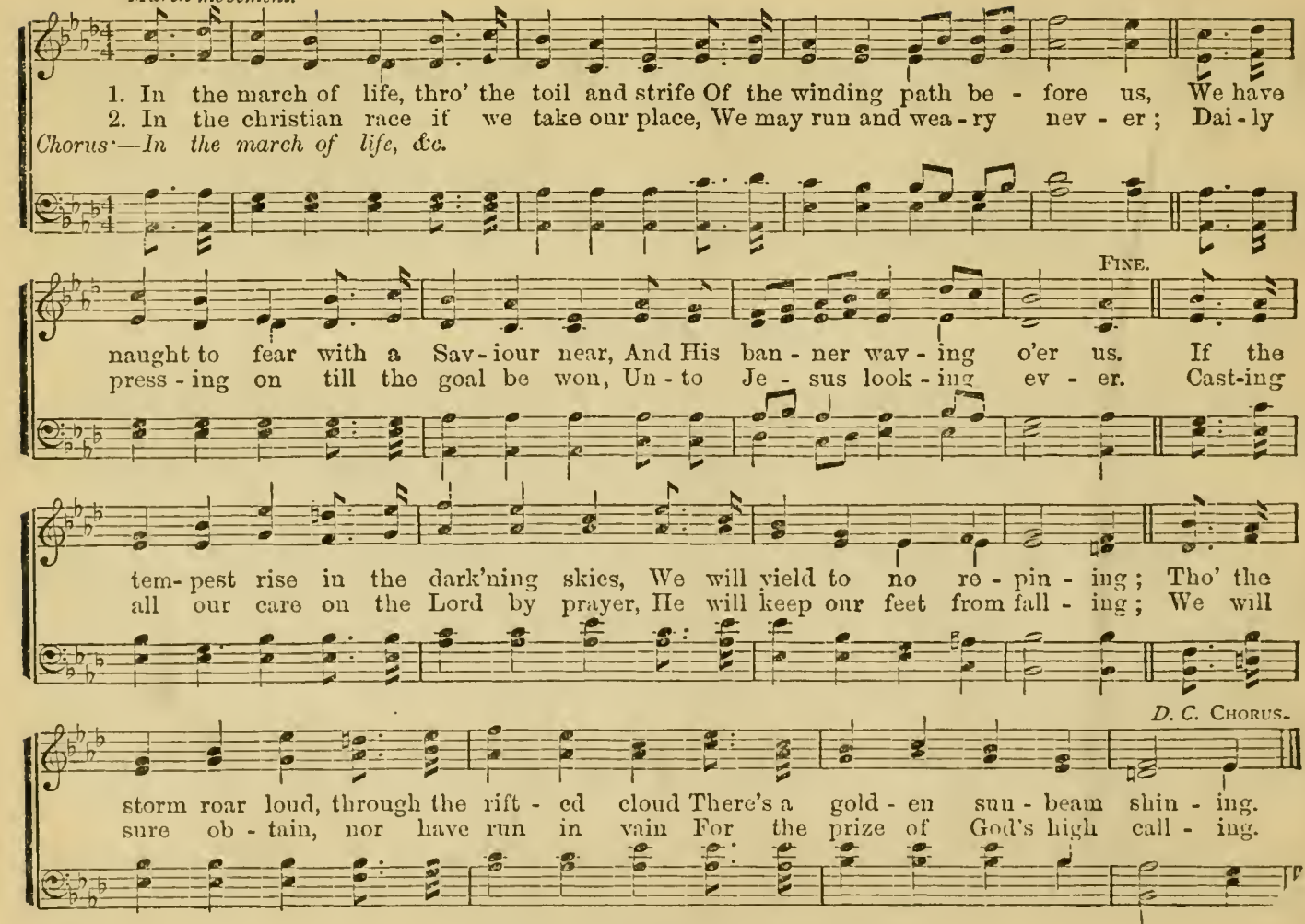

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my un-be-lief.
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life for me; Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?
CHORUS.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by,

From SONGS OF DEVOTION, by permission.

No. 28. THE MARCH OF LIFE.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.

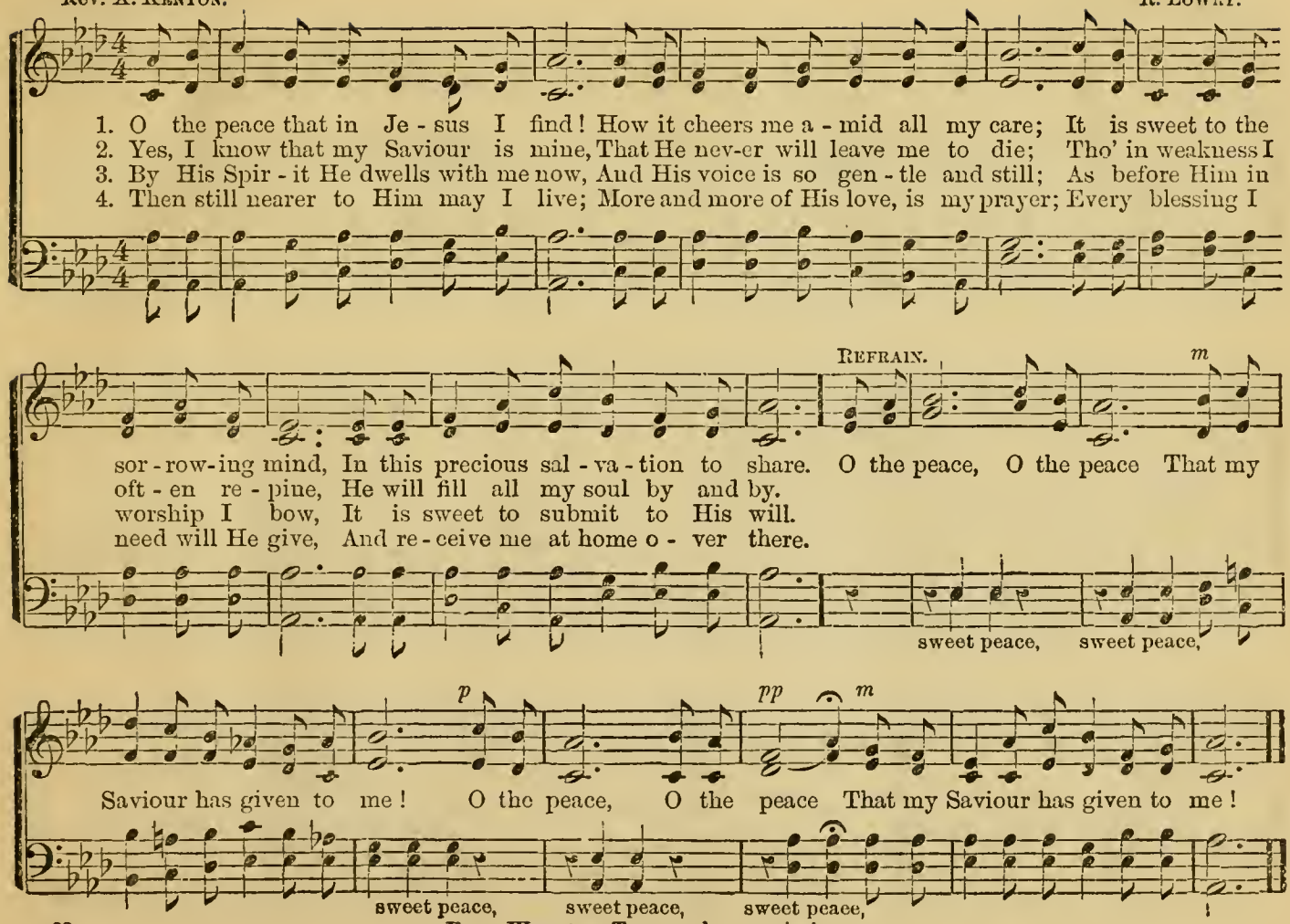
March movement.


1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path be - fore us, We have
2. In the christian race if we take our place, We may run and wea - ry nev - er; Dai - ly
Chorus—In the march of life, &c.
naught to fear with a Sav - iour near, And His ban - ner wav - ing o'er us. If the
press - ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look - ing ev - er. Cast-ing
FINE.
tem- pest rise in the dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing; Tho' the
all our care on the Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall - ing; We will
storm roar loud, through the rift - ed cloud There's a gold - en sun - beam shin - ing.
sure ob - tain, nor have run in vain For the prize of God's high call - ing.
D. C. Chorus.

By permission.

No. 29. PEACE IN JESUS.

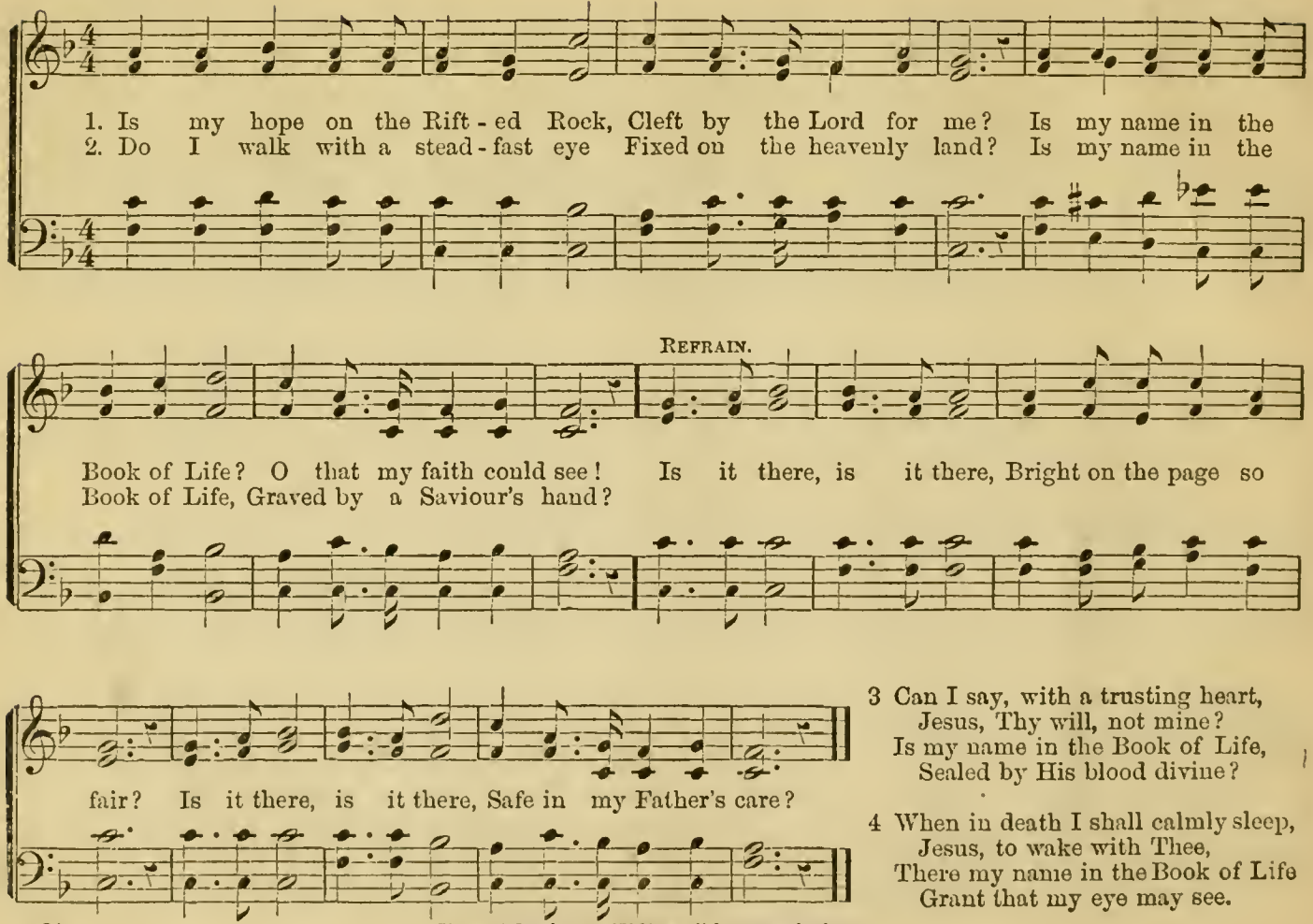
Rev. A. KENYON. R. LOWRY.


1. O the peace that in Je - sus I find! How it cheers me a - mid all my care; It is sweet to the
2. Yes, I know that my Saviour is mine, That He nev-er will leave me to die; Tho' in weakness I
3. By His Spir - it He dwells with me now, And His voice is so gen - tle and still; As before Him in
4. Then still nearer to Him may I live; More and more of His love, is my prayer; Every blessing I
REFRAIN.
m
sor - row-ing mind, In this precious sal - va - tion to share. O the peace, O the peace That my
oft - en re - pine, He will fill all my soul by and by.
worship I bow, It is sweet to submit to His will.
need will He give, And re - ceive me at home o - ver there.
sweet peace, sweet peace,
p
pp
m
Saviour has given to me! O the peace, O the peace That my Saviour has given to me!
sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace,

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

No. 30. IS MY NAME IN THE BOOK OF LIFE?

Mrs. F. V. Alstine. W. H. Doane.


1. Is my hope on the Rift - ed Rock, Cleft by the Lord for me? Is my name in the
2. Do I walk with a stead - fast eye Fixed on the heavenly land? Is my name in the
Refrain.
Book of Life? O that my faith could see! Is it there, is it there, Bright on the page so
Book of Life, Graved by a Saviour's hand?
fair? Is it there, is it there, Safe in my Father's care?

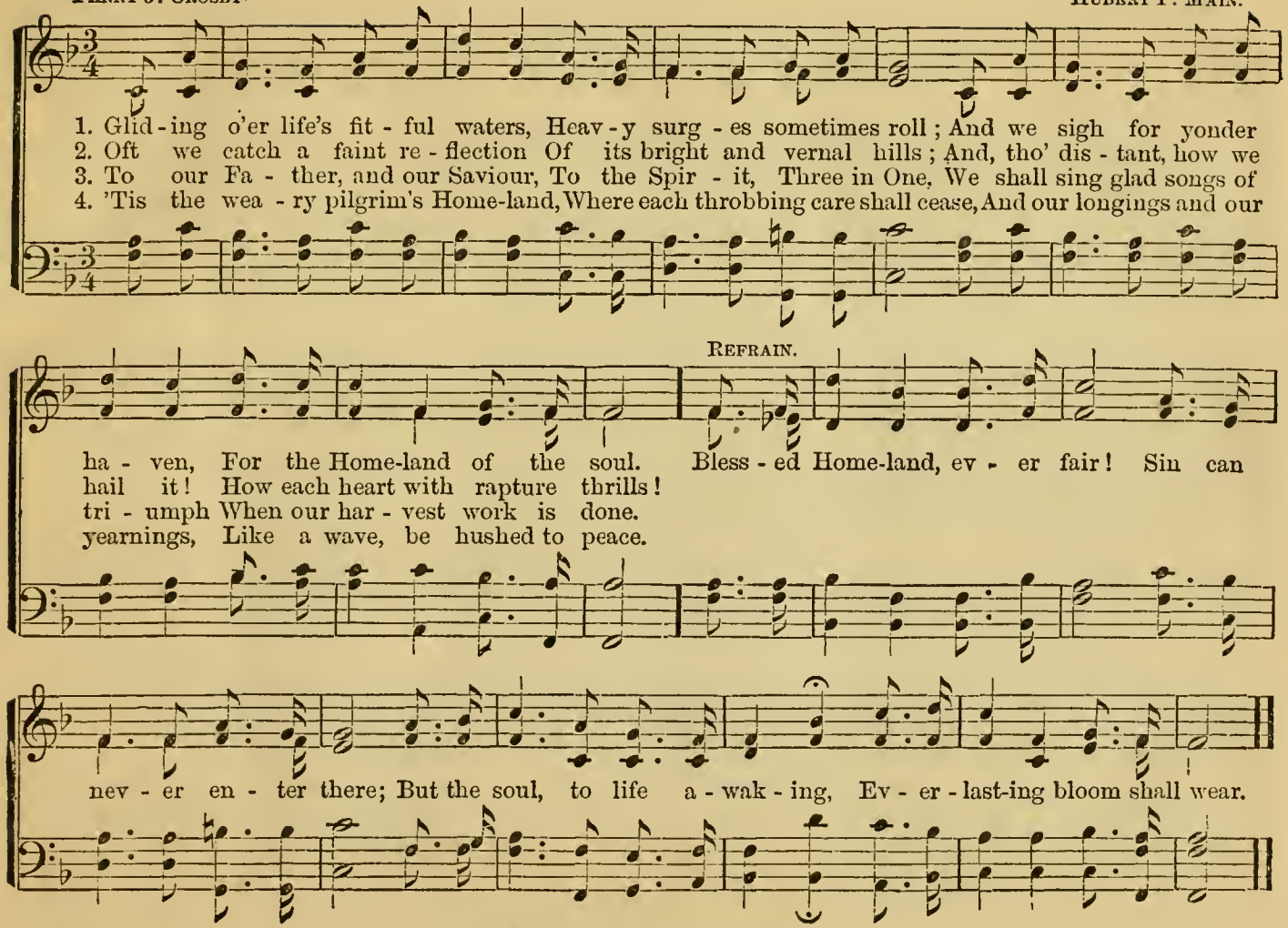
3 Can I say, with a trusting heart,
Jesus, Thy will, not mine?
Is my name in the Book of Life,
Sealed by His blood divine?

4 When in death I shall calmly sleep,
Jesus, to wake with Thee,
There my name in the Book of Life
Grant that my eye may see.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

No. 31. BLESSED HOME-LAND.

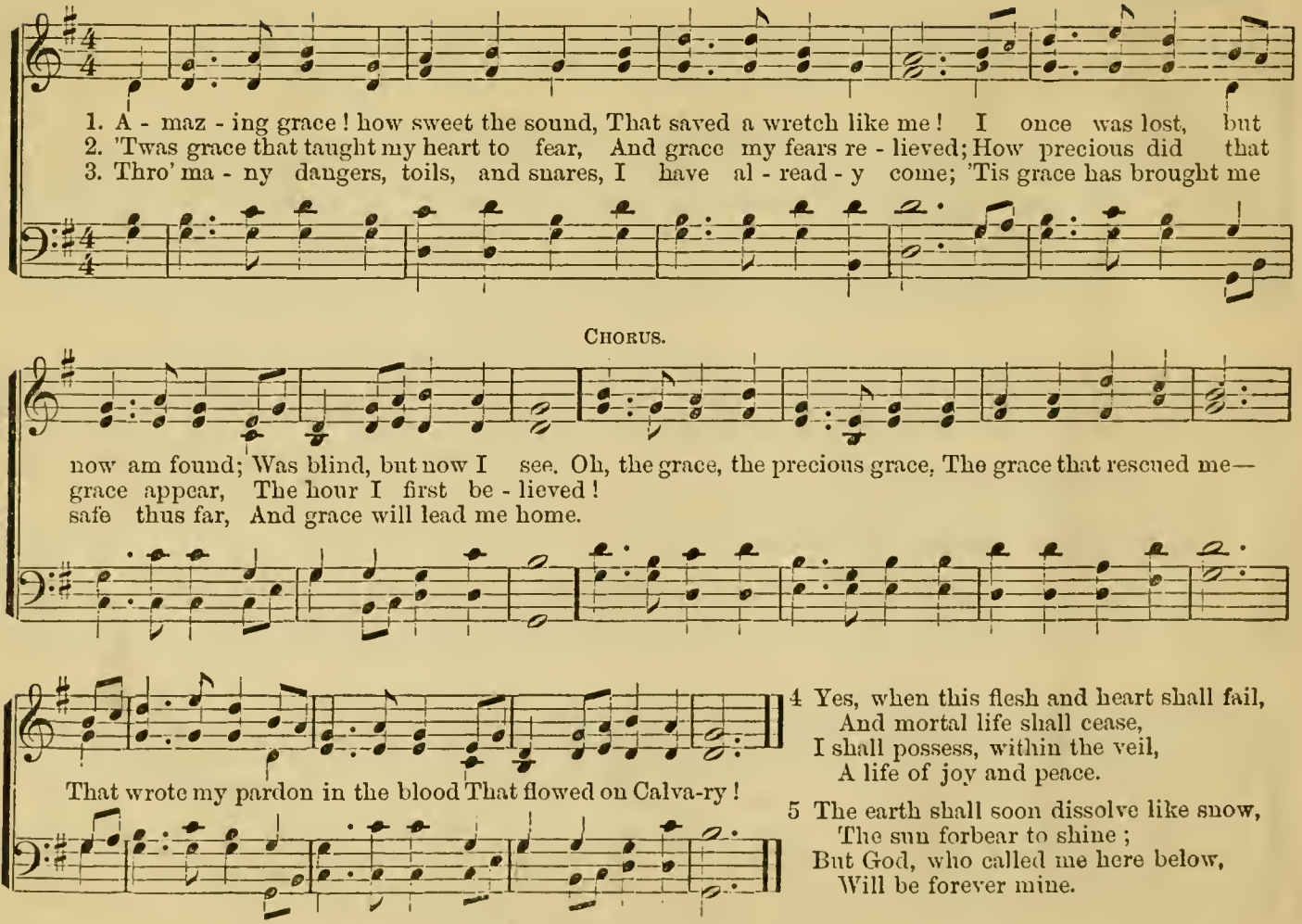
FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful waters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll; And we sigh for yonder
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flection Of its bright and vernal hills; And, tho' dis - tant, how we
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Saviour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall sing glad songs of
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our longings and our
REFRAIN.
ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul. Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can
hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.
nev - er en - ter there; But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last-ing bloom shall wear.

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

No. 32. AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON. R. LOWRY.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How precious did that
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me
CHORUS.
now am found; Was blind, but now I see. Oh, the grace, the precious grace, The grace that rescued me—
grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved!
safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
That wrote my pardon in the blood That flowed on Calva-ry!

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

33 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.
Christian Songs, 182. Key D.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small;
O child of weakness, pray,
I am thine All in All."

CHO. Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe!
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy word, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 But nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash me in the blood,
The blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
I'll sing beyond the skies.

5 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my honors down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

---

34 HE LEADETH ME.
Christian Songs, 148. Key D.

1 HE leadeth me: O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO. He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine.
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

3 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

---

35 CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.
Bradbury Trio, 85. Key B♭.

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

---

36 WARD. L. M. Key B♭.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

---

37 ALETTA. 7s. Key F.

1 FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answer His all-powerful prayer;
Send that Intercessor down;
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,—
Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

2 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as Thou art,—
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, Thou must the grace bestow;
Truth hath said it must be so.

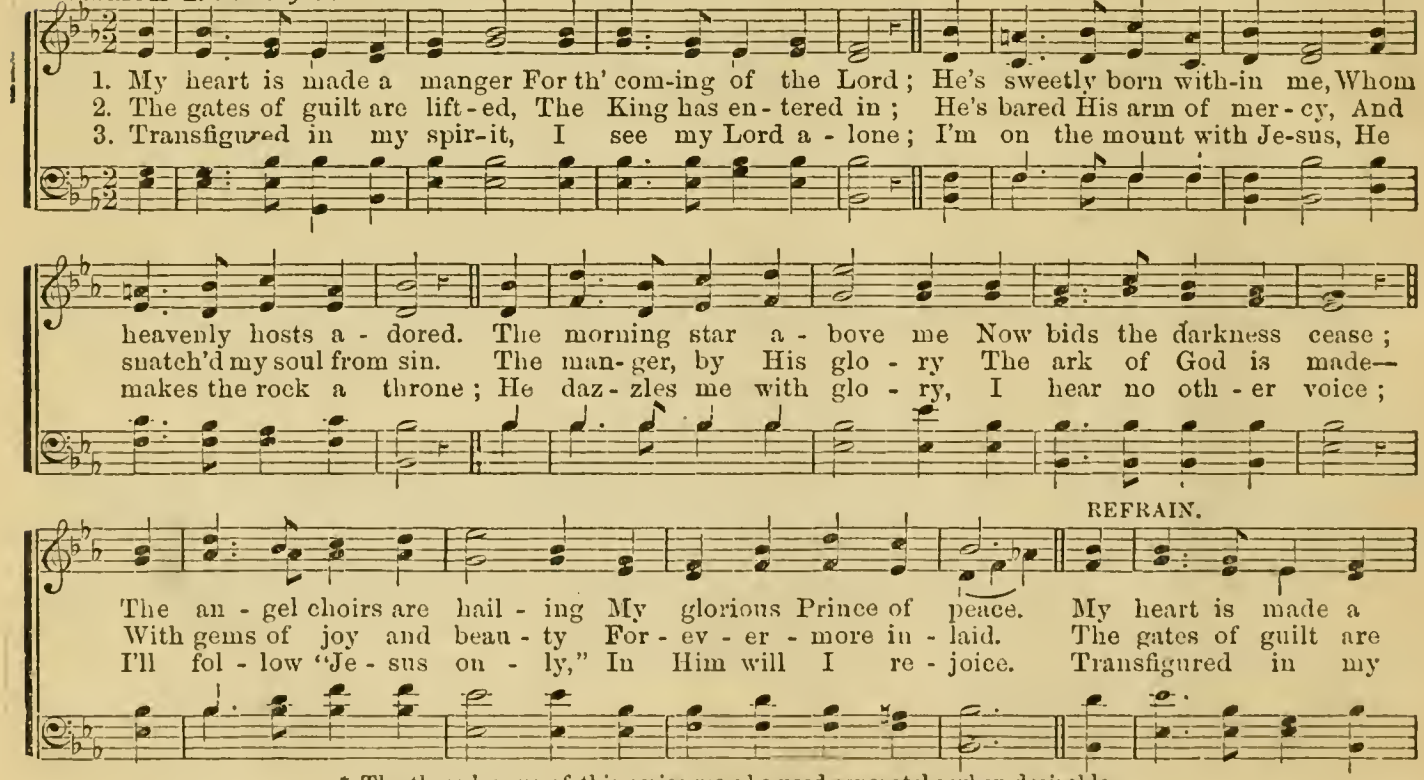
No. 38. MY LIFE OF JESUS.*

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. F. Sherwin, 1873. By per.

This may be rendered by a choir or semi-chorus when convenient, the school joining in the "refrains." The Superintendent should select appropriate texts of Scripture to be read by some scholar before each verse. The following programme of readings, in connection with the song, will be found instructive and impressive:

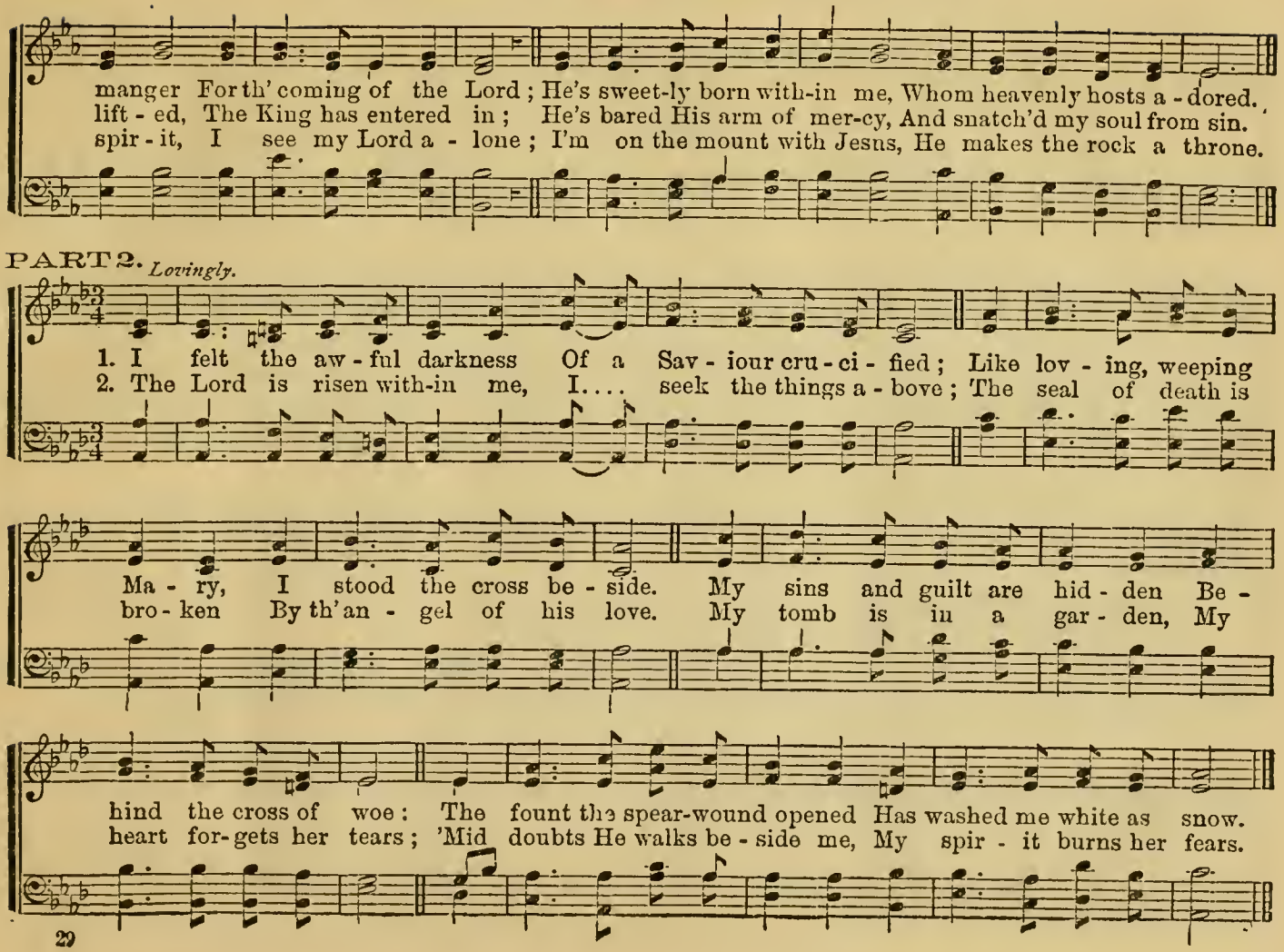
1. Doxology: "Praise God." L. M.
2. Reading: *Luke ii*, 8–12.
3. Singing: No. 1, verse 1.
4. Reading: *Psa. xxiv*, 7–10.
5. Singing: No. 1, verse 2.
6. Reading: *Matt. xvii*, 1–8.
7. Singing: No. 1, verse 3.
8. Reading: *Matt. xxvii*, 45–56.
9. Singing: No. 2, verse 1.
10. Reading: *Matt. xxviii*, 1–9.
11. Singing: No. 2, verse 2.
12. Reading: *Acts i*, 7–9.
13. Singing: No. 3, verse 1.
14. Reading: 1 *John iii*, 1–3.
15. Singing: No. 3, verse 2.

PART 1. *Rather fast.*


1. My heart is made a manger For th' com-ing of the Lord; He's sweetly born with-in me, Whom
2. The gates of guilt are lift-ed, The King has en-tered in; He's bared His arm of mer-cy, And
3. Transfigured in my spir-it, I see my Lord a-lone; I'm on the mount with Je-sus, He
heavenly hosts a-dored. The morning star a-bove me Now bids the darkness cease;
snatch'd my soul from sin. The man-ger, by His glo-ry The ark of God is made—
makes the rock a throne; He daz-zles me with glo-ry, I hear no oth-er voice;
REFRAIN.
The an-gel choirs are hail-ing My glorious Prince of peace. My heart is made a
With gems of joy and beau-ty For-ev-er-more in-laid. The gates of guilt are
I'll fol-low "Je-sus on-ly," In Him will I re-joice. Transfigured in my

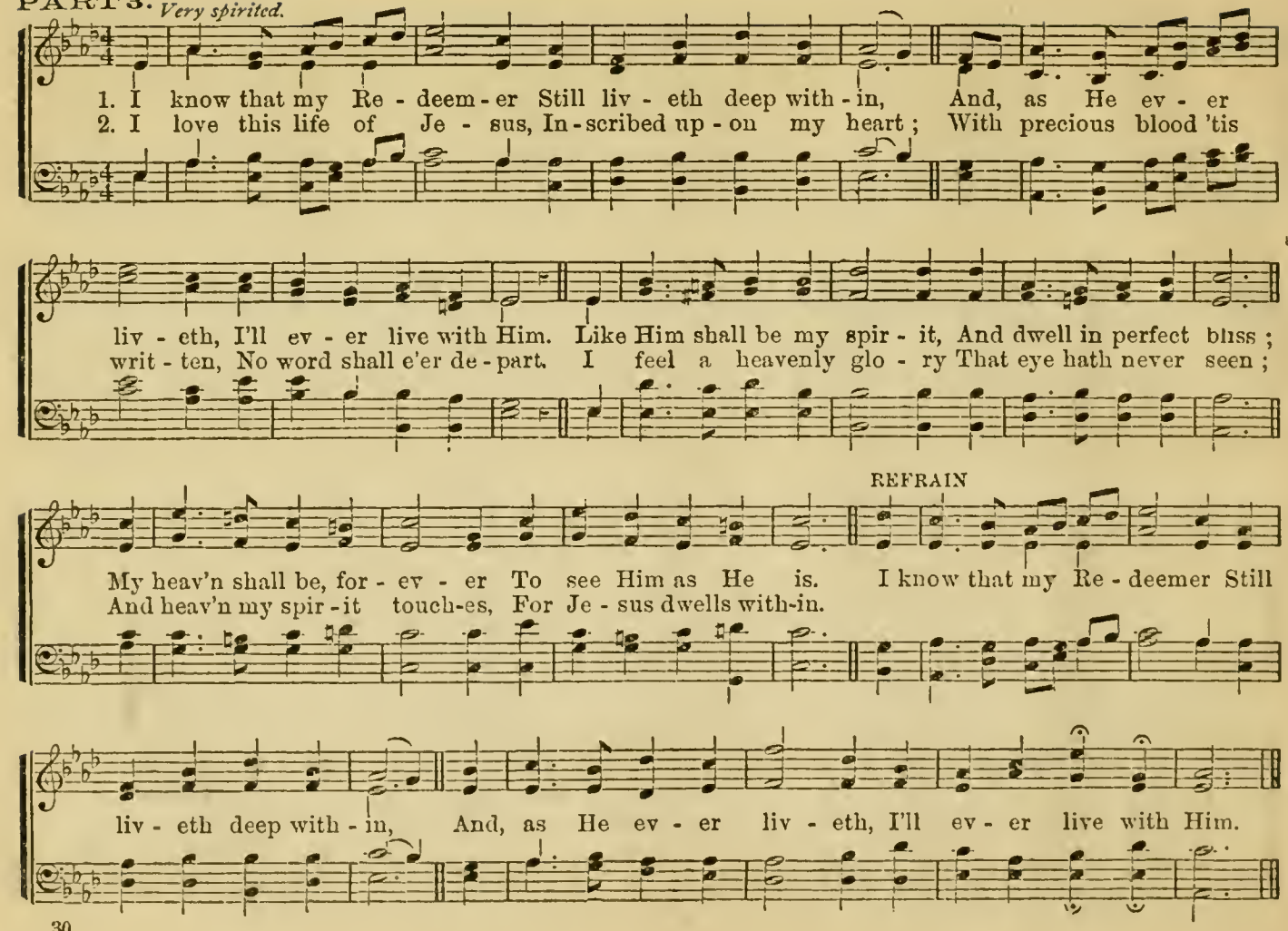
* The three hymns of this series may be used separately when desirable.

By permission.


manger For th' coming of the Lord ; He's sweet-ly born with-in me, Whom heavenly hosts a - dored.
lift - ed, The King has entered in ; He's bared His arm of mer-cy, And snatch'd my soul from sin.
spir - it, I see my Lord a - lone ; I'm on the mount with Jesus, He makes the rock a throne.
PART 2. Lovingly.
1. I felt the aw - ful darkness Of a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied ; Like lov - ing, weeping
2. The Lord is risen with-in me, I.... seek the things a - bove ; The seal of death is
Ma - ry, I stood the cross be - side. My sins and guilt are hid - den Be -
bro - ken By th' an - gel of his love. My tomb is in a gar - den, My
hind the cross of woe : The fount the spear-wound opened Has washed me white as snow.
heart for-gets her tears ; 'Mid doubts He walks be - side me, My spir - it burns her fears.

MY LIFE OF JESUS. Concluded.

PART 3. *Very spirited.*


1. I know that my Re - deem - er Still liv - eth deep with - in, And, as He ev - er
2. I love this life of Je - sus, In - scribed up - on my heart; With precious blood 'tis
liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with Him. Like Him shall be my spir - it, And dwell in perfect bliss;
writ - ten, No word shall e'er de - part. I feel a heavenly glo - ry That eye hath never seen;
REFRAIN
My heav'n shall be, for - ev - er To see Him as He is. I know that my Re - deemer Still
And heav'n my spir - it touch-es, For Je - sus dwells with-in.
liv - eth deep with - in, And, as He ev - er liv - eth, I'll ev - er live with Him.

HAMBURG. L. M.

39 Bradbury Trio, 139. Key D.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings and fears, within, without,"
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

40 BALERMA. C. M.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

NAOMI. C. M.

41 Bradbury Trio, 145. Key D.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed—
No blood but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

THE SOLID ROCK. 8s.

42 Bradbury Trio, 335. Key G.

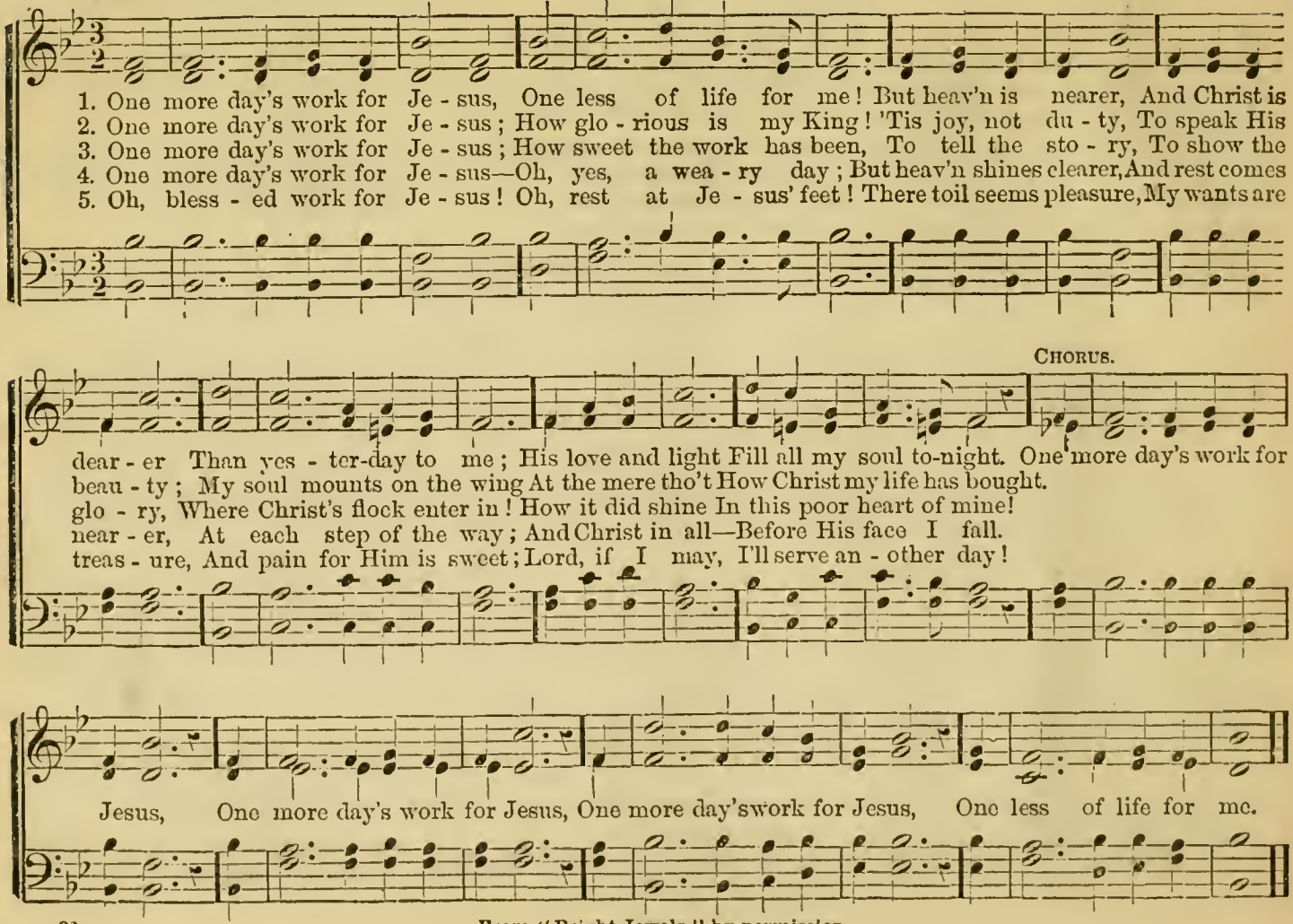
1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

No. 43. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

Miss ANNA WARNER, 1864. Rev. R. LOWRY.

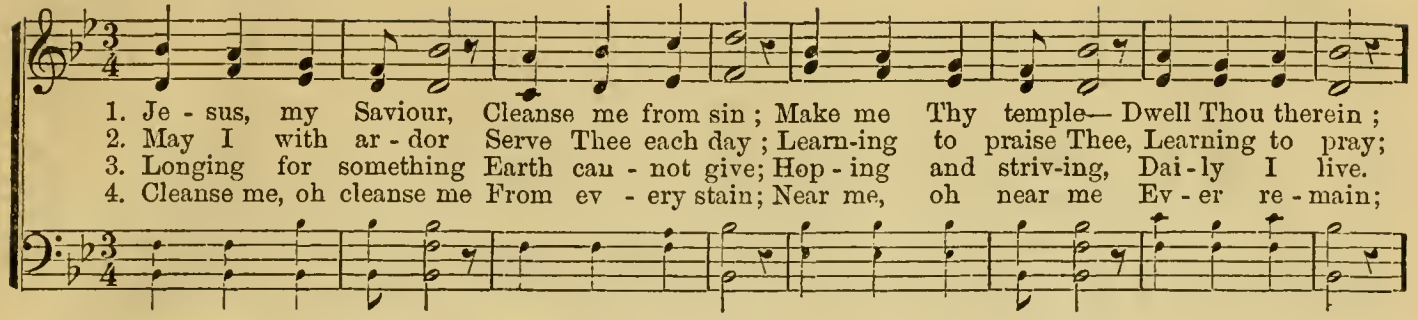

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus—Oh, yes, a wea - ry day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes
5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are
CHORUS.
dear - er Than yes - ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for
beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
glo - ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
near - er, At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Before His face I fall.
treas - ure, And pain for Him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - other day!
Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

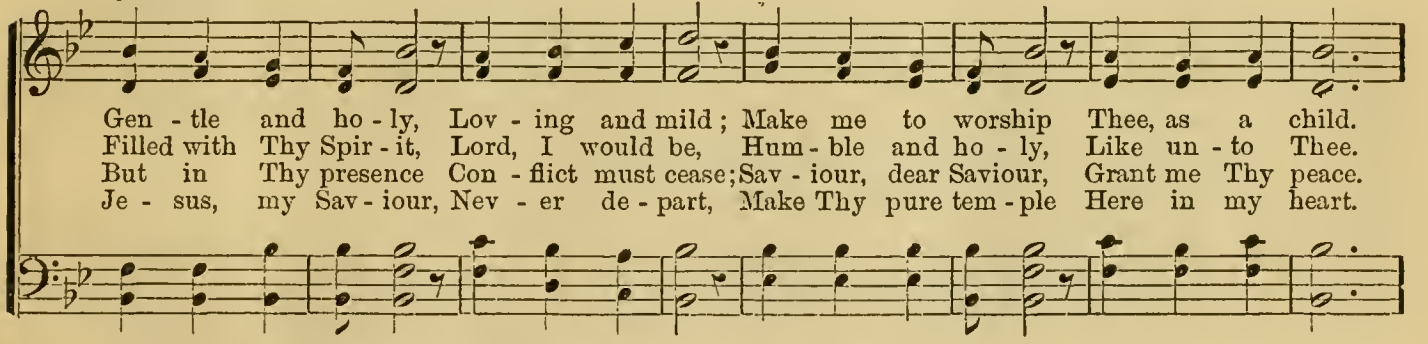
No. 44. JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. H. DOANE.

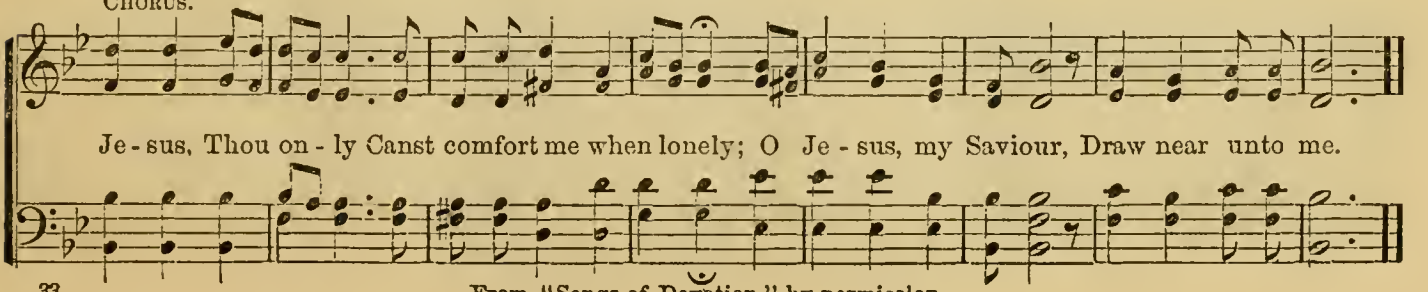
DUET SOP. & ALTO. *Gently.*


1. Je - sus, my Saviour, Cleanse me from sin ; Make me Thy temple— Dwell Thou therein ;
2. May I with ar - dor Serve Thee each day ; Learn-ing to praise Thee, Learning to pray;
3. Longing for something Earth can - not give; Hop - ing and striv-ing, Dai - ly I live.
4. Cleanse me, oh cleanse me From ev - ery stain; Near me, oh near me Ev - er re - main;

QUARTETTE.


Gen - tle and ho - ly, Lov - ing and mild ; Make me to worship Thee, as a child.
Filled with Thy Spir - it, Lord, I would be, Hum - ble and ho - ly, Like un - to Thee.
But in Thy presence Con - flict must cease;Sav - iour, dear Saviour, Grant me Thy peace.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Nev - er de - part, Make Thy pure tem - ple Here in my heart.

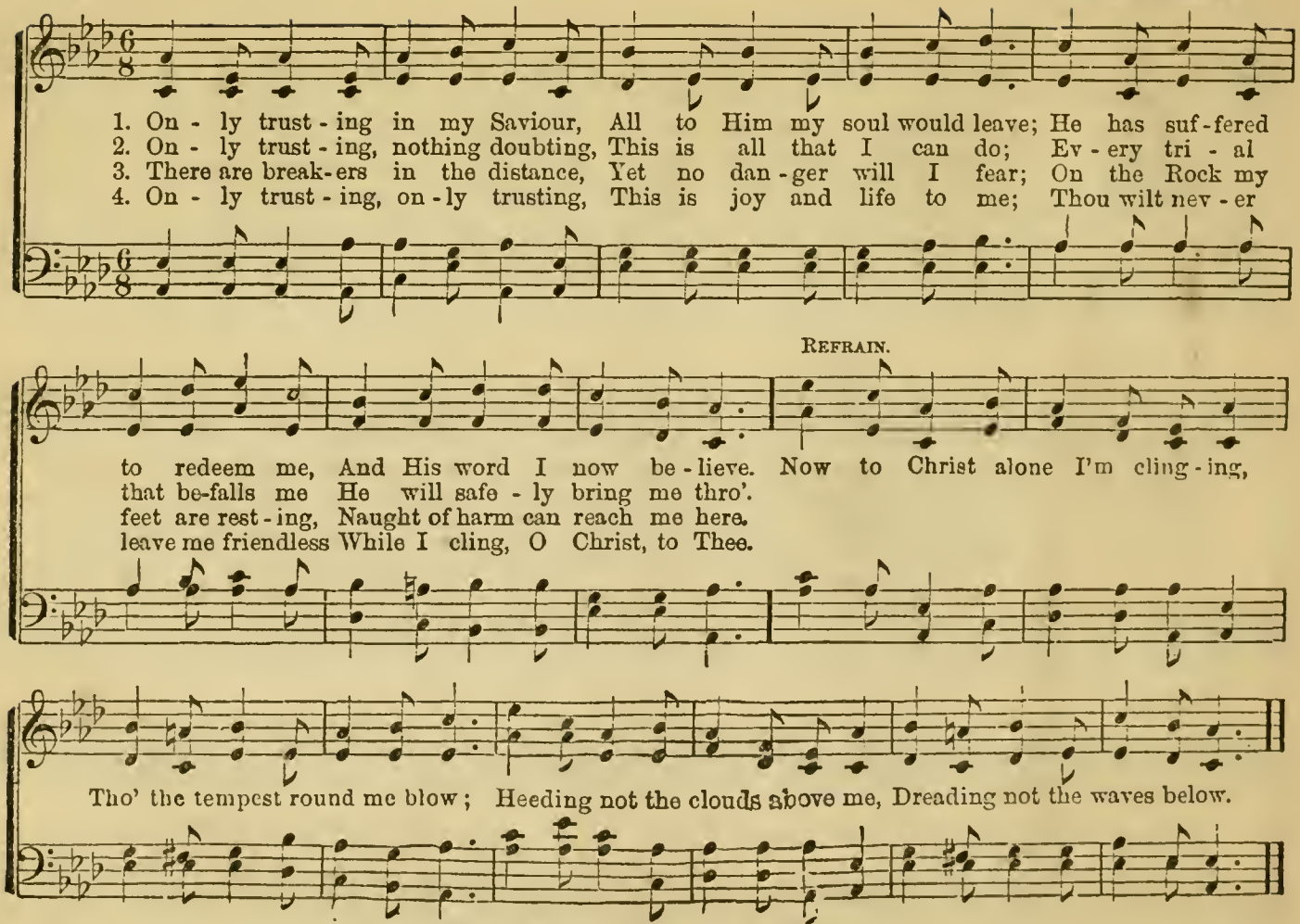
CHORUS.



From "Songs of Devotion," by permission.

No. 45. ROUND THE CROSS.

F. J. C. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. On - ly trust - ing in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave; He has suf - fered
2. On - ly trust - ing, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do; Ev - ery tri - al
3. There are break - ers in the distance, Yet no dan - ger will I fear; On the Rock my
4. On - ly trust - ing, on - ly trusting, This is joy and life to me; Thou wilt nev - er
REFRAIN.
to redeem me, And His word I now be - lieve. Now to Christ alone I'm cling - ing,
that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.
Tho' the tempest round me blow; Heeding not the clouds above me, Dreading not the waves below.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

46 BLESSED BIBLE.
New Golden Censer, p. 142.

1 BLESSED Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my spirit cheer!
What on earth like this to covet?
What a store of wealth is here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow;
Not one ray of light or bliss
He from earthly joy could borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

2 Yes, dear Bible! I will hide thee
Deeper, deeper in this heart; [me,
Thou through all my life wilt guide
And in death we will not part;
Part in death? O Bible! never!
Through the vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever
Sweeter still thy truth shall be.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.
47 Winnowed Hymns, 20. Key C.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

STATE STREET. S. M.
48 Bradbury Trio, 71. Key B♭.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.
49 Christian Songs, 201. Key A♭.

1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine.
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

HAPPY DAY.
50 Christian Songs. 198 Key G.

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.
Happy day, Happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pra
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

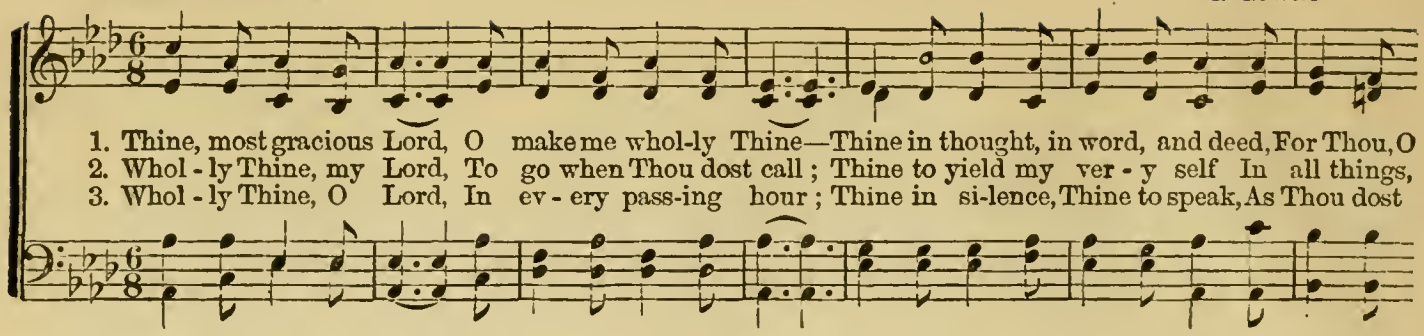
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to the sacred shrine I move.

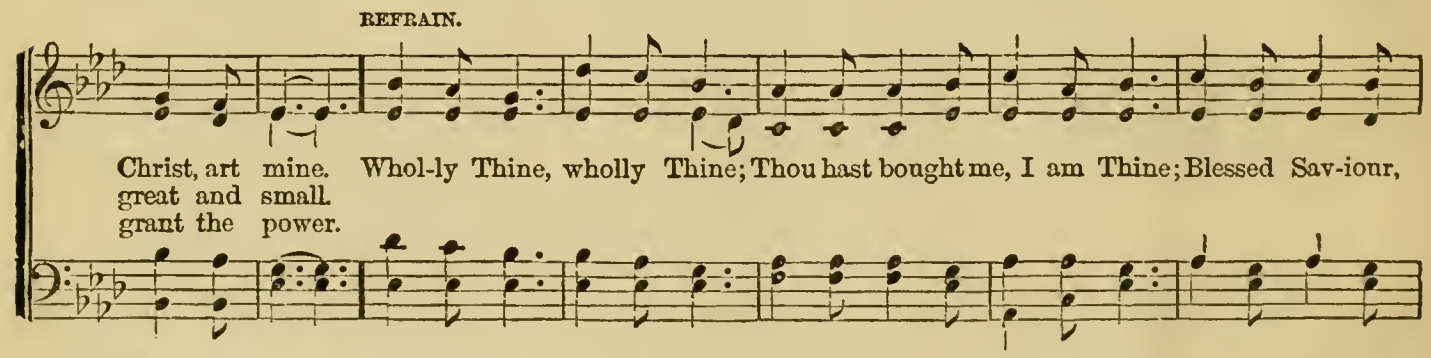
3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

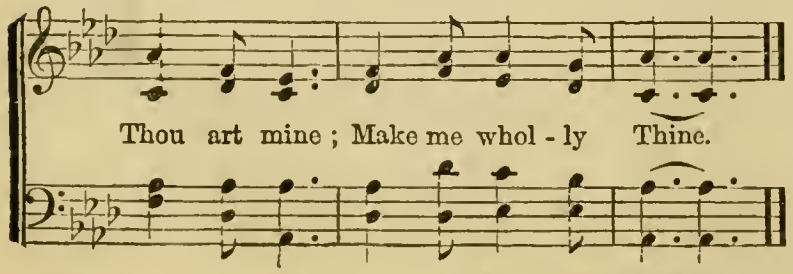
From "Book of Praise,"

No. 51. WHOLLY THINE.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.


1. Thine, most gracious Lord, O make me whol-ly Thine—Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For Thou, O
2. Whol - ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call; Thine to yield my ver - y self In all things,
3. Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, In ev - ery pass-ing hour; Thine in si-lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost


REFRAIN.
Christ, art mine. Whol-ly Thine, wholly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine; Blessed Sav-iour,
great and small.
grant the power.



4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

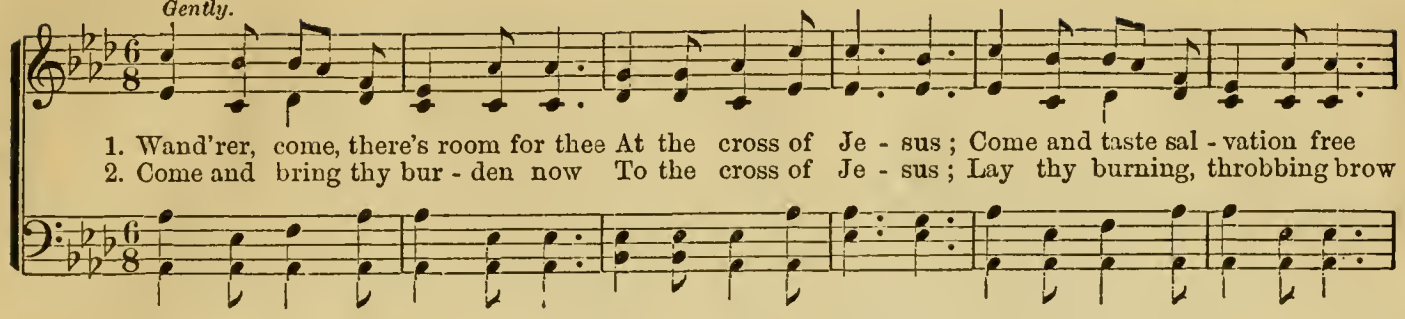
5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love
Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

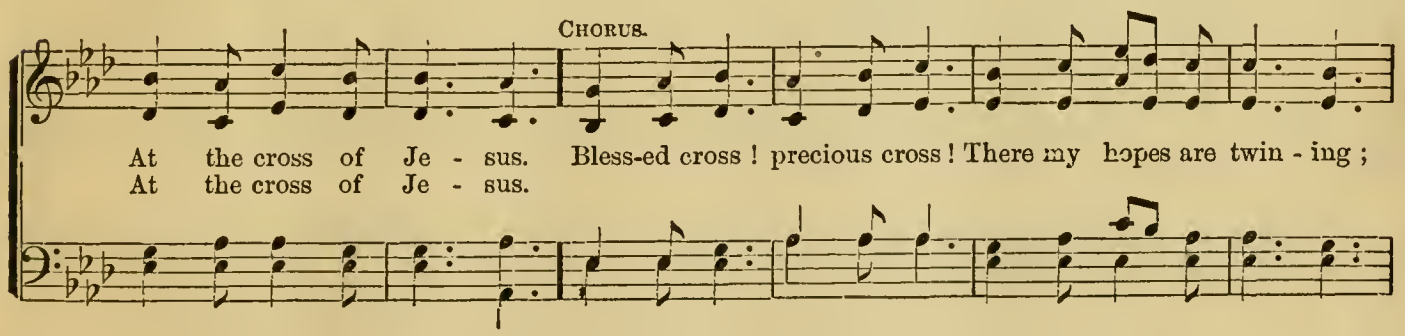
No. 52. BLESSED CROSS OF JESUS.

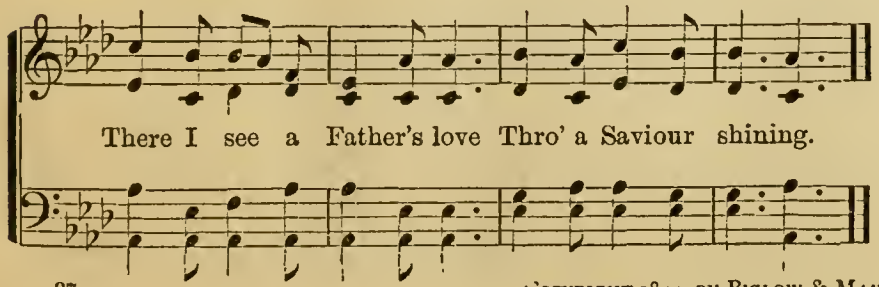
FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Gently.


1. Wand'rer, come, there's room for thee At the cross of Je - sus ; Come and taste sal - vation free
2. Come and bring thy bur - den now To the cross of Je - sus ; Lay thy burning, throbbing brow

CHORUS.





3 O what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus ;
Love thy broken heart will bind
At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus ;
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus

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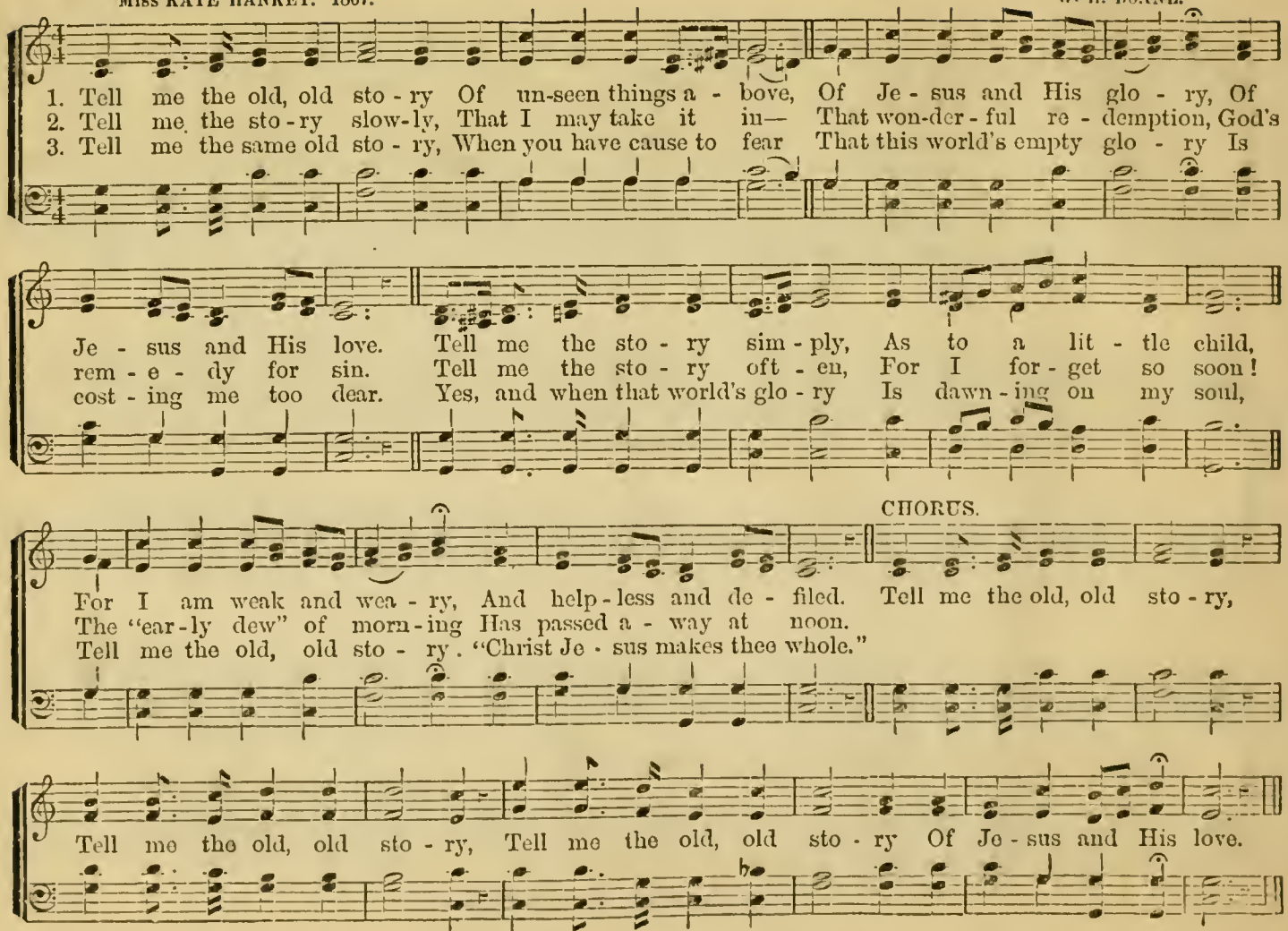
No. 53. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

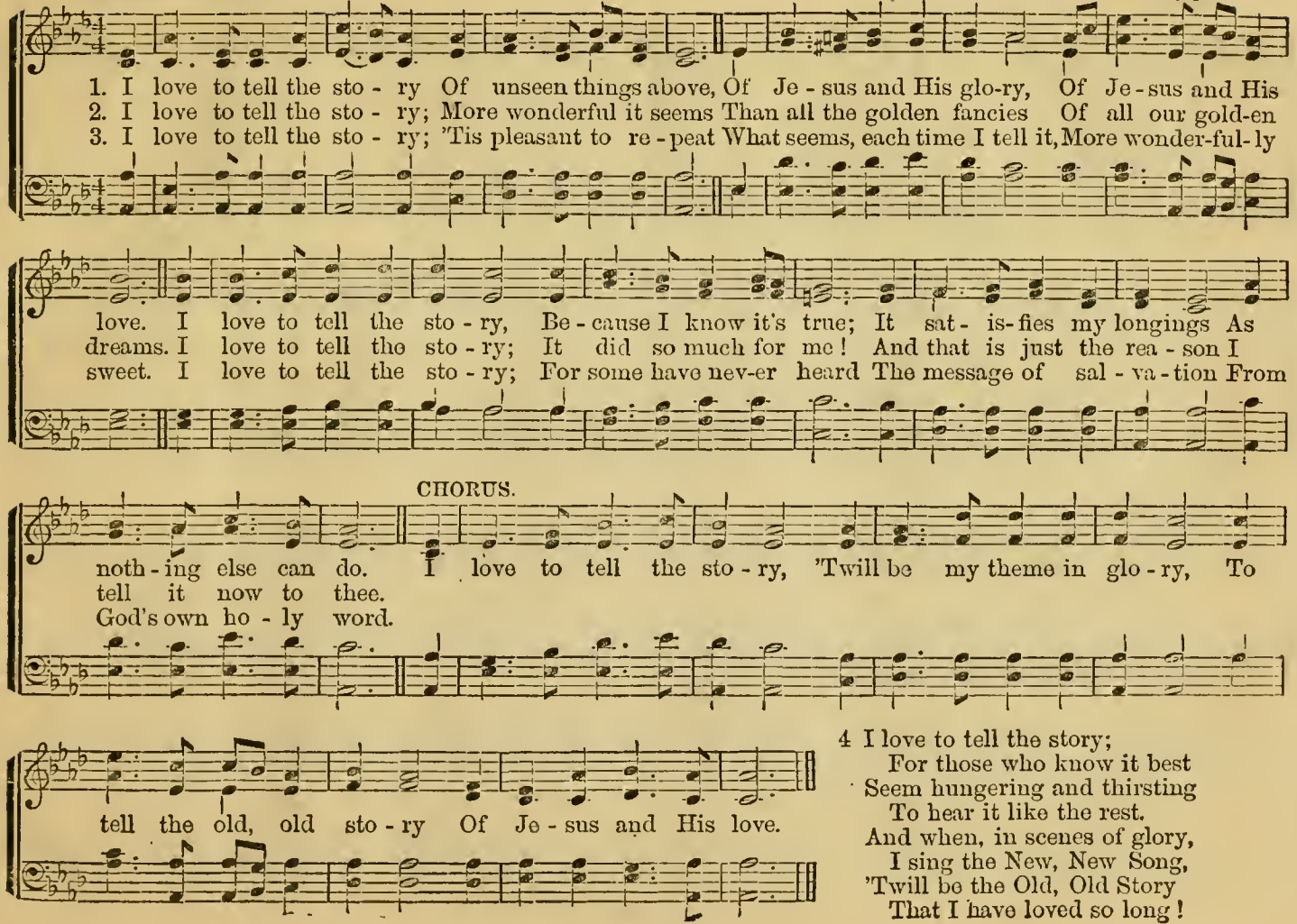
Miss KATE HANKEY. 1867. W. H. DOANE.


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow-ly, That I may take it in— That won-der - ful re - demption, God's
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is
Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon!
cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,
CHORUS.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry. "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

From "Songs of Devotion," by permission.

No. 54. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Miss KATE HANKEY. 1867. WM. G. FISCHER. 1869. by per.

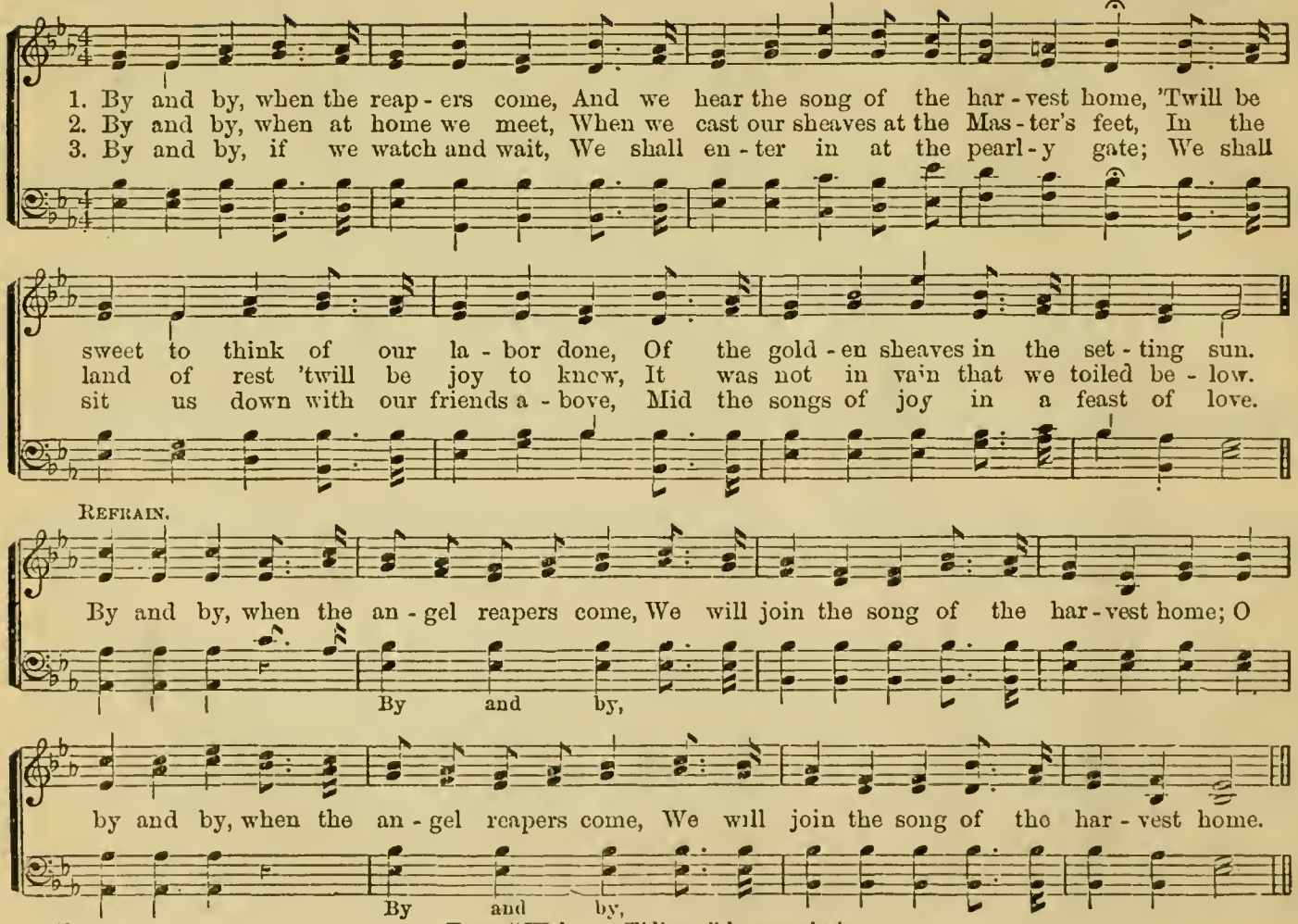

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our gold-en
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful-ly
love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is-fies my longings As
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va - tion From
CHORUS.
noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!

By permission.

No. 55.

BY AND BY.

F. J. C. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. By and by, when the reap - ers come, And we hear the song of the har - vest home, 'Twill be
2. By and by, when at home we meet, When we cast our sheaves at the Mas - ter's feet, In the
3. By and by, if we watch and wait, We shall en - ter in at the pearl - y gate; We shall
sweet to think of our la - bor done, Of the gold - en sheaves in the set - ting sun.
land of rest 'twill be joy to know, It was not in vain that we toiled be - low.
sit us down with our friends a - bove, Mid the songs of joy in a feast of love.
Refrain.
By and by, when the an - gel reapers come, We will join the song of the har - vest home; O
By and by,
by and by, when the an - gel reapers come, We will join the song of the har - vest home.
By and by,

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

56 Key E♭.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I 'll lay my honors down.

---

57 DOWNS. C. M.

1 LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oh! may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

58 Key F.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour!—oh! blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HEBRON. L. M.

59 Bradbury Trio, 19. Key B♭.

1 WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints thro' Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

2 The saints who now with Jesus sleep,
His own Almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.

3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

60 Key F.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

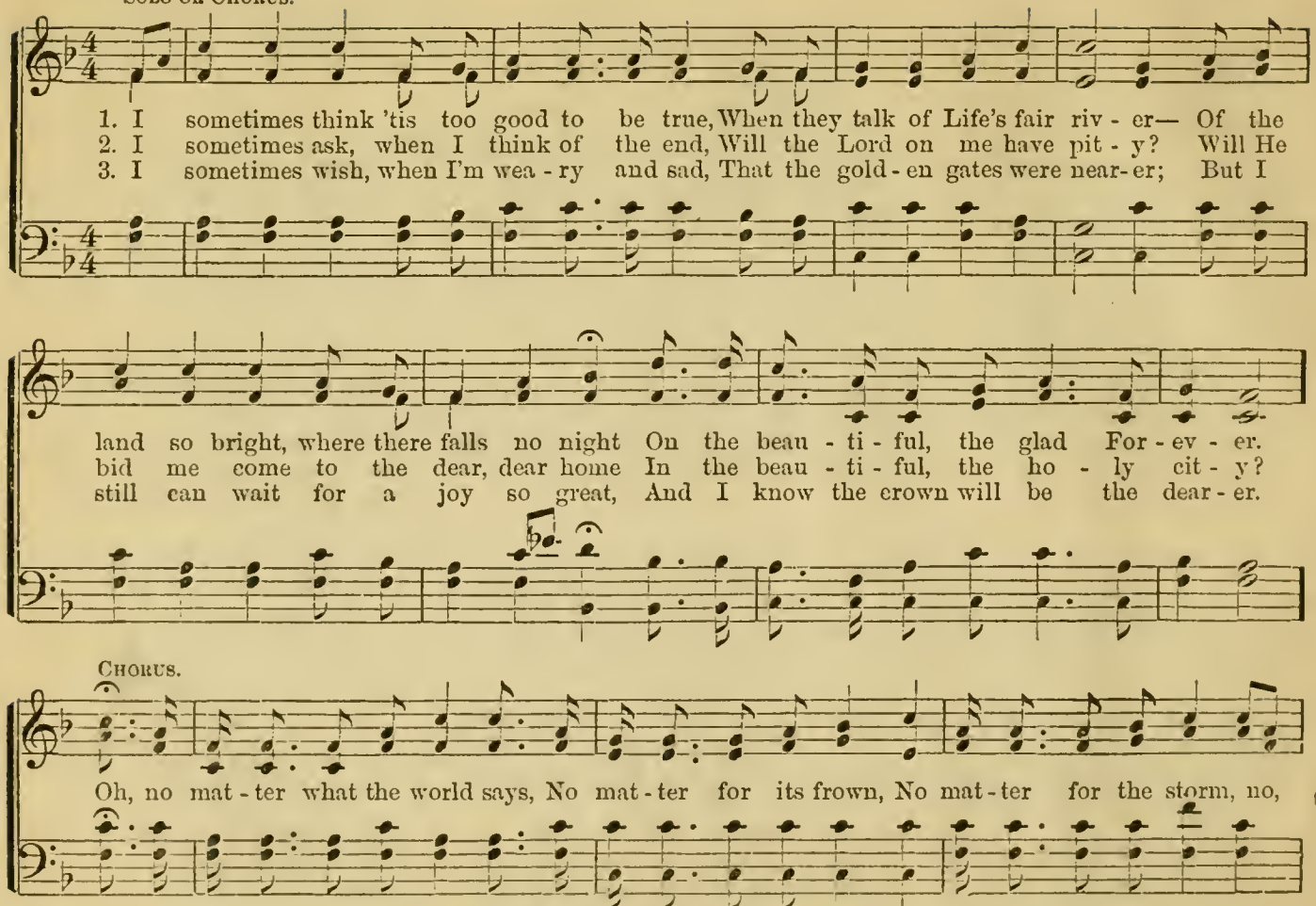
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

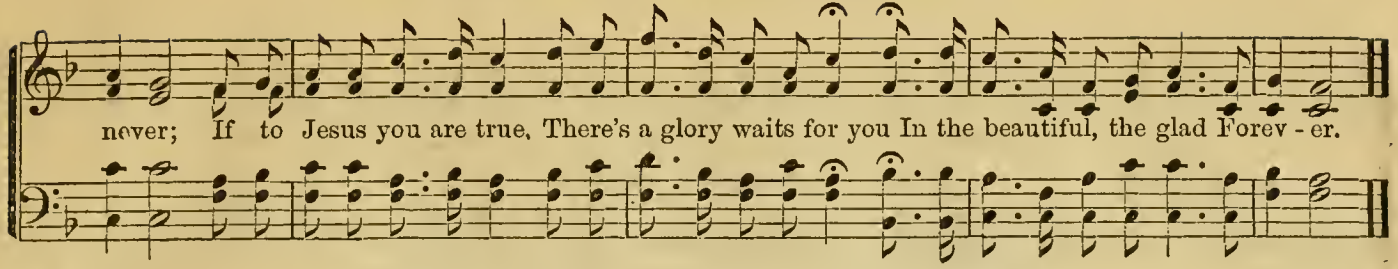
No. 61. THE GLAD FOREVER.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. R. Lowry.

Solo or Chorus.

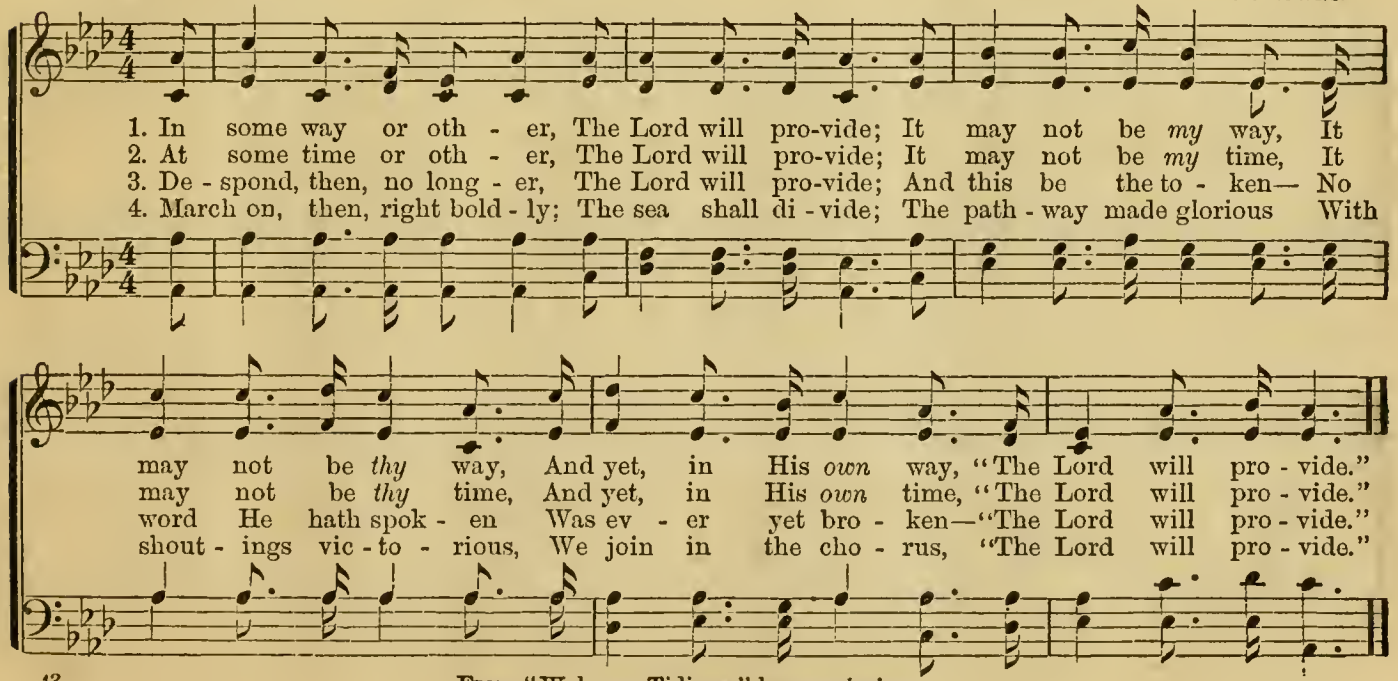

1. I sometimes think 'tis too good to be true, When they talk of Life's fair riv - er— Of the
2. I sometimes ask, when I think of the end, Will the Lord on me have pit - y? Will He
3. I sometimes wish, when I'm wea - ry and sad, That the gold - en gates were near - er; But I
land so bright, where there falls no night On the beau - ti - ful, the glad For - ev - er.
bid me come to the dear, dear home In the beau - ti - ful, the ho - ly cit - y?
still can wait for a joy so great, And I know the crown will be the dear - er.
Chorus.
Oh, no mat - ter what the world says, No mat - ter for its frown, No mat - ter for the storm, no,

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.



No. 62. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

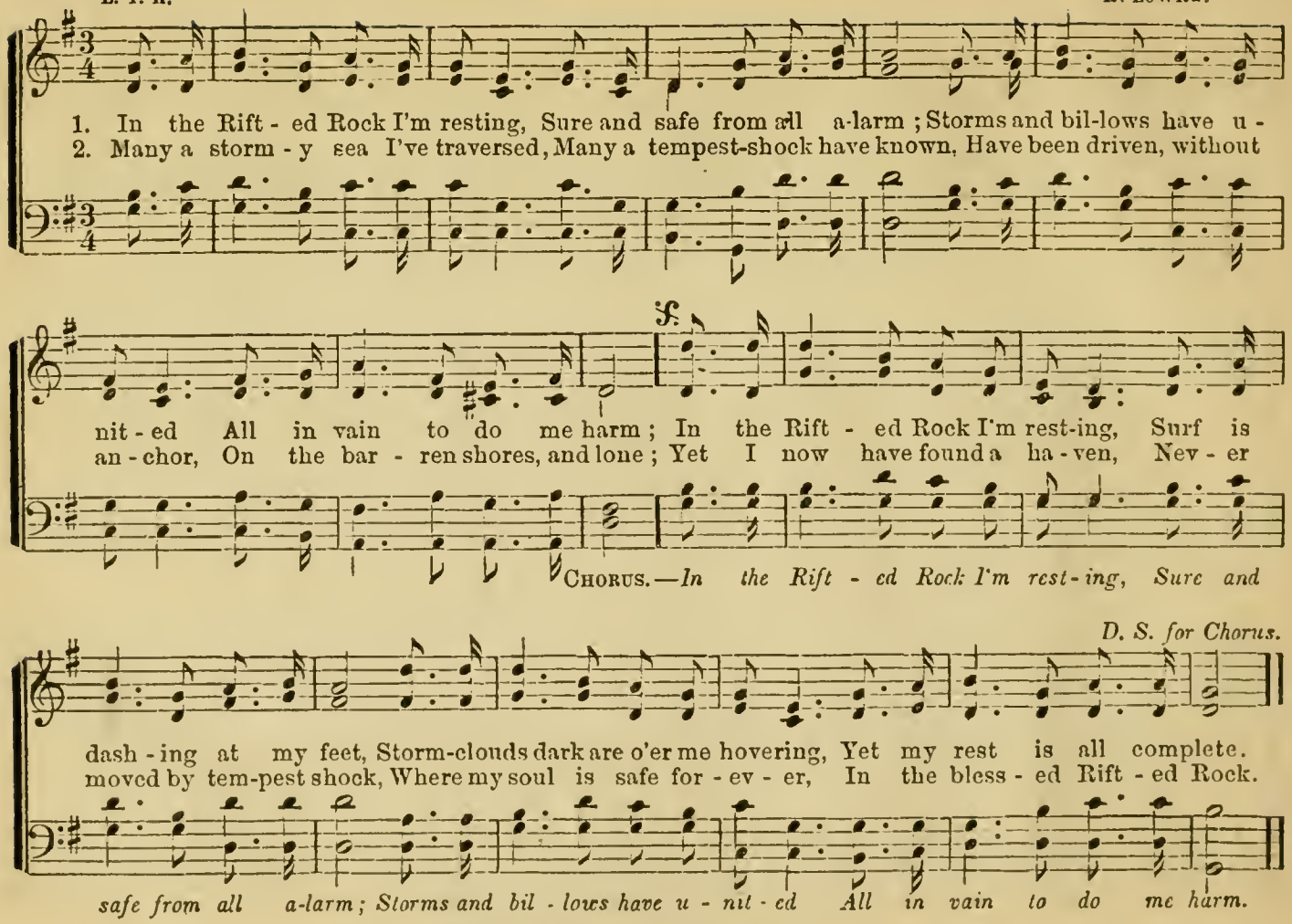
Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. R. Lowry.


1. In some way or oth - er, The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be *my* way, It
2. At some time or oth - er, The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be *my* time, It
3. De - spond, then, no long - er, The Lord will pro-vide; And this be the to - ken— No
4. March on, then, right bold - ly; The sea shall di - vide; The path - way made glorious With
may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro - vide."
may not be *thy* time, And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
word He hath spok - en Was ev - er yet bro - ken—"The Lord will pro - vide."
shout - ings vic - to - rious, We join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will pro - vide."

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

No. 63. THE RIFTED ROCK.

L. T. H. R. LOWRY.

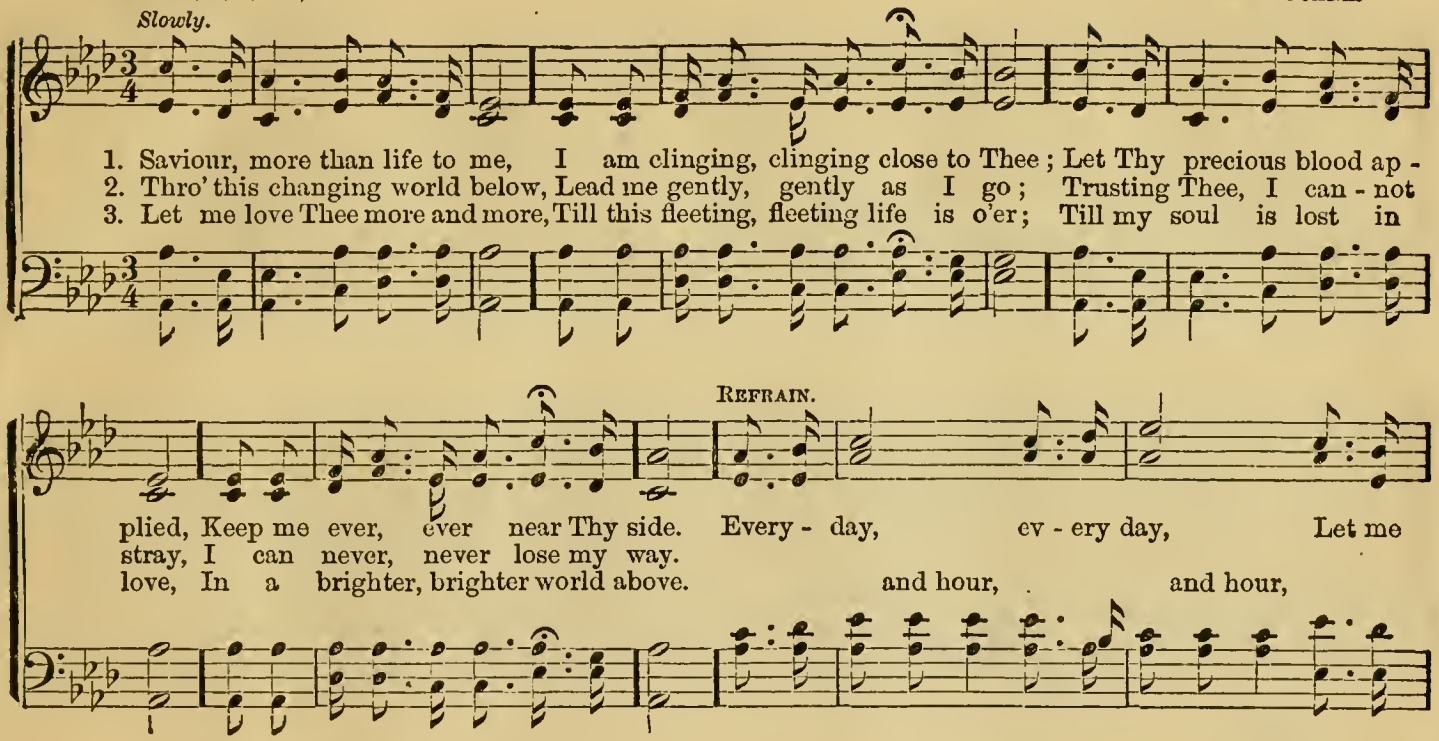

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Sure and safe from all a-larm; Storms and bil-lows have u -
2. Many a storm - y sea I've traversed, Many a tempest-shock have known, Have been driven, without
nit - ed All in vain to do me harm; In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Surf is
an - chor, On the bar - ren shores, and lone; Yet I now have found a ha - ven, Nev - er
Chorus.—In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and
D. S. for Chorus.
dash - ing at my feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.
moved by tem-pest shock, Where my soul is safe for - ev - er, In the bless - ed Rift - ed Rock.
safe from all a-larm; Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed All in vain to do me harm.

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 64. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1874. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

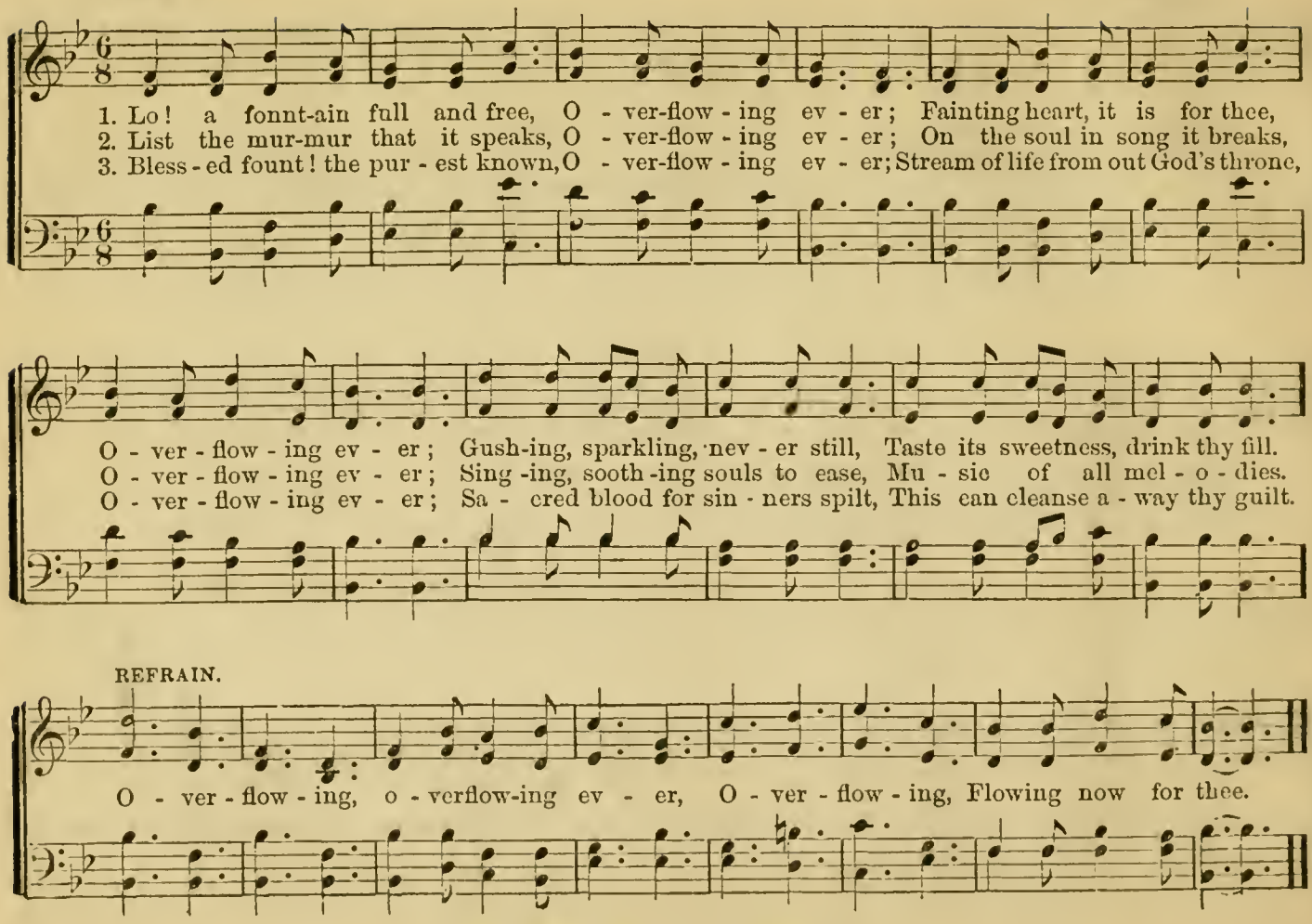

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood ap-
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go; Trusting Thee, I can-not
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in
REFRAIN.
plied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side. Every-day, ev-ery day, Let me
stray, I can never, never lose my way.
love, In a brighter, brighter world above. and hour, and hour,
feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 65. E. F. C. H.

OVERFLOWING EVER.

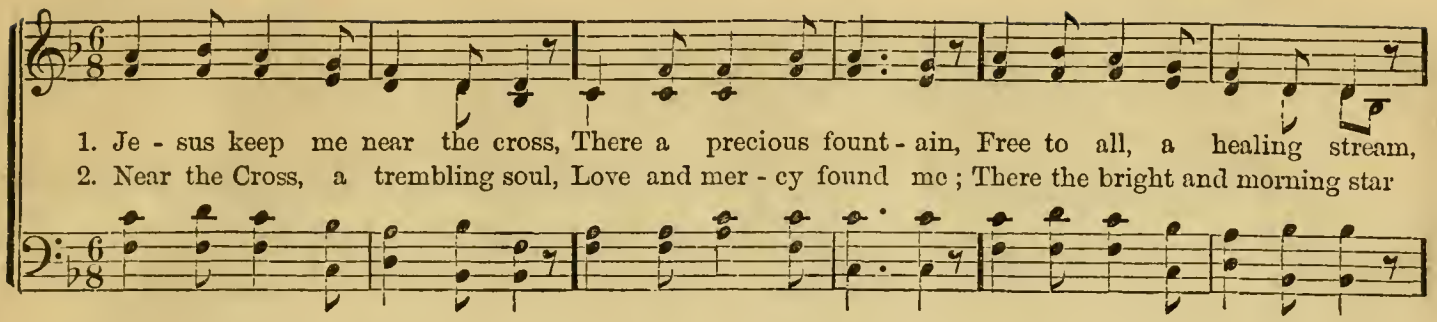
R. LOWRY.

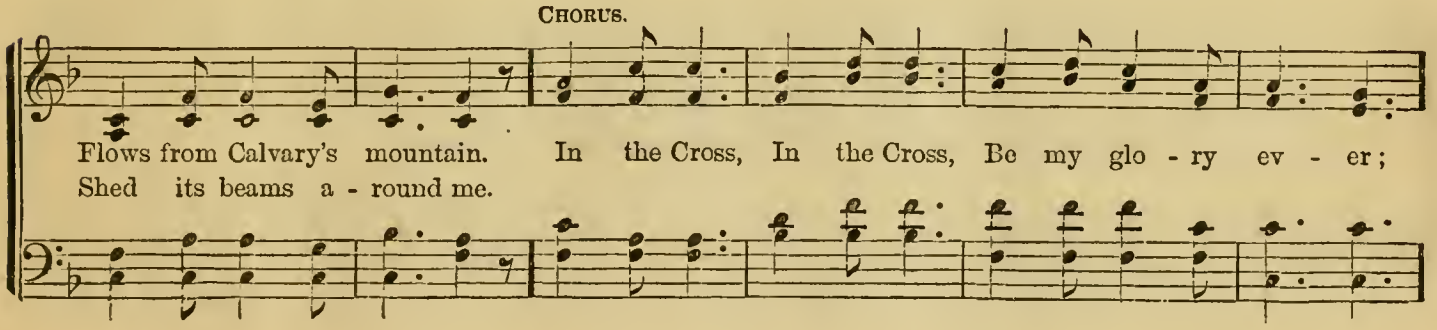
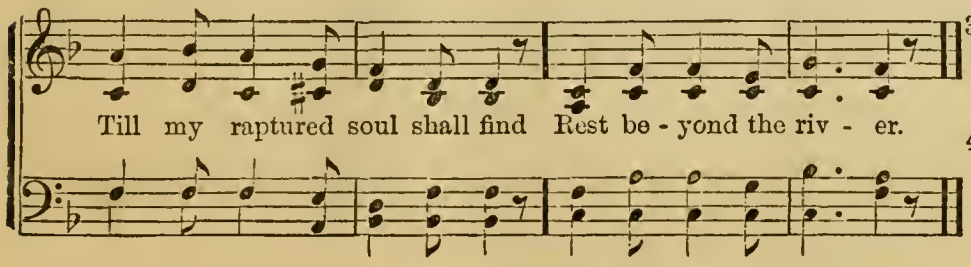

1. Lo! a fonnt-ain full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Fainting heart, it is for thee,
2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; On the soul in song it breaks,
3. Bless - ed fount! the pur - est known, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Stream of life from out God's throne,
O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Gush-ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sing -ing, sooth -ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.
O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.
REFRAIN.
O - ver - flow - ing, o - verflow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flowing now for thee.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 66. NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a precious fount - ain, Free to all, a healing stream,
2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morning star



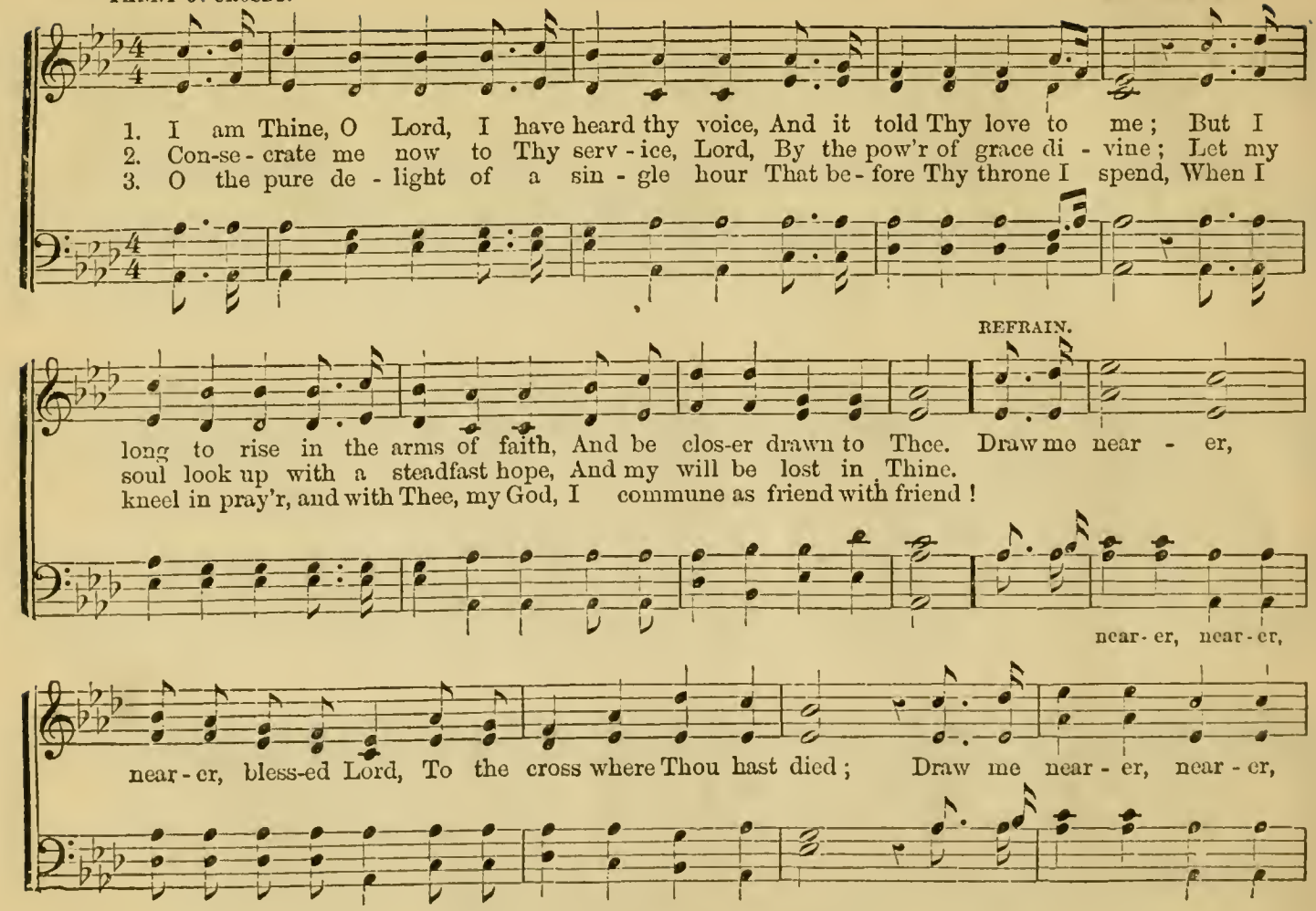
3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God.
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the heavenly land,
Just beyond the river.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

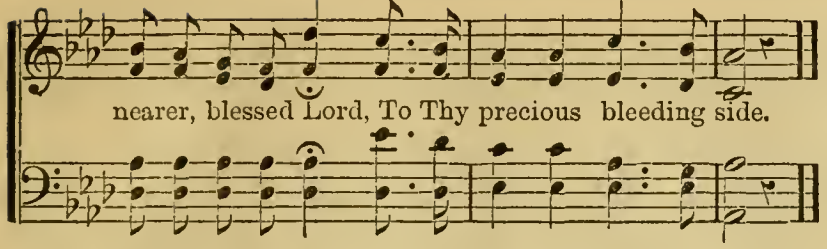
No. 67. DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I
REFRAIN.
long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near-er,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

DRAW ME NEARER. Concluded.



4.

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I cannot reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me nearer, &c.

No. 68. ONE IN CHRIST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slow and gliding. | *1st time.* | *2d time.* |

1 { Here in Christian love we meet, One in Christ, One in Christ; }
{ Pre - cious bond in un - ion sweet, One in Christ, (*Omit*..... } One in Christ; Here be - fore His

2 { Fill'd with rapture, lost in praise, One in Christ, One in Christ; }
{ While our grateful songs we raise, One in Christ, (*Omit*..... } One in Christ; Bless-ed name! our

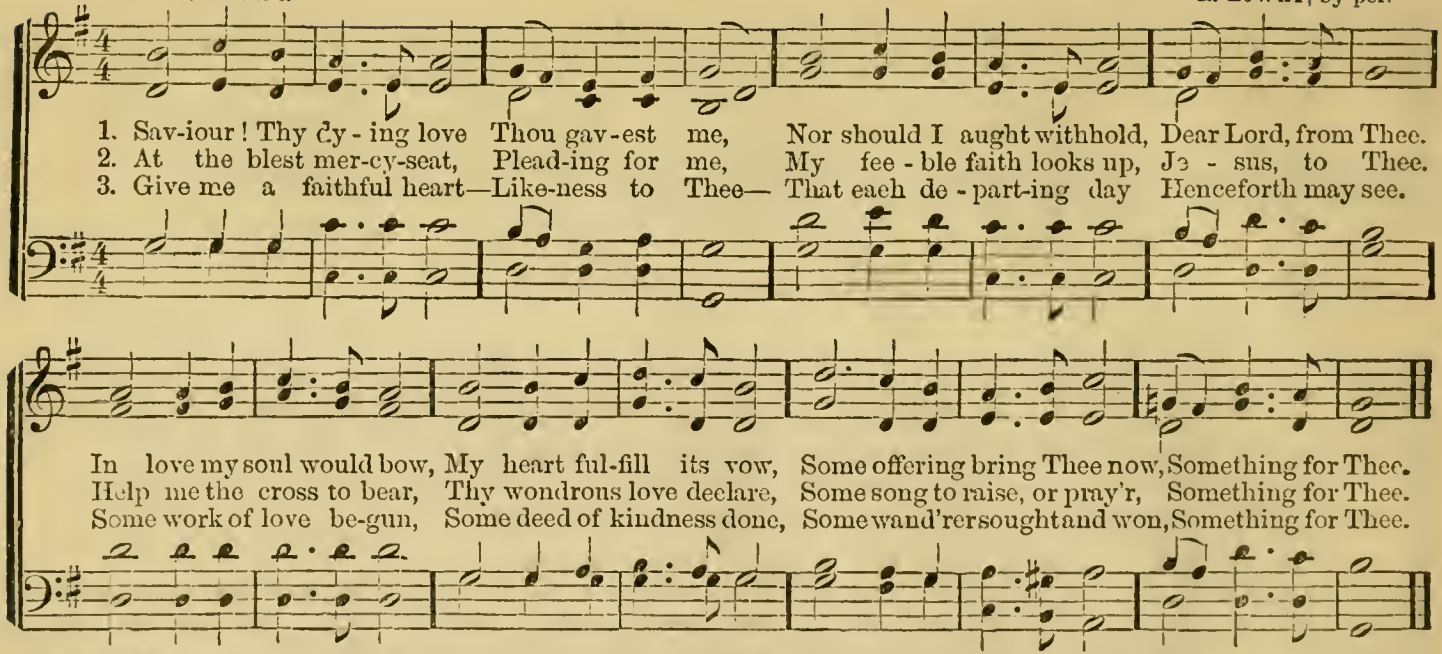
3 { May we still in love a - bide, One in Christ, One in Christ; }
{ Walk-ing ev - er by His side, One in Christ, (*Omit*..... } One in Christ; When our tri - als

throne we bend, Heart and mind and spirit blend, While our pray'rs of faith ascend; One in Christ, One in Christ.
Sav - iour dear. O to feel Him now so near, Making all His children here One in Christ, One in Christ.
all are o'er, May we reach the heavenly shore, There to dwell for-ev-er-more, One in Christ, One in Christ.

From "PURE GOLD," by permission.

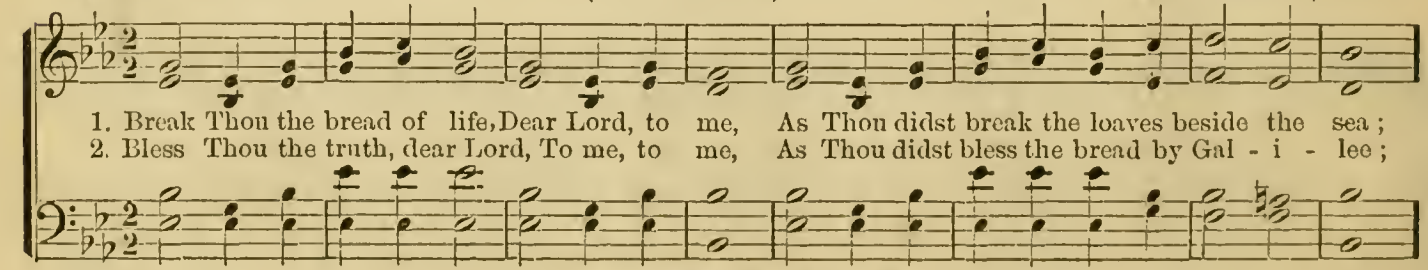
No. 69. SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS. R. LOWRY, by per.


1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee.
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee.
3. Give me a faithful heart—Like-ness to Thee— That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see.
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.

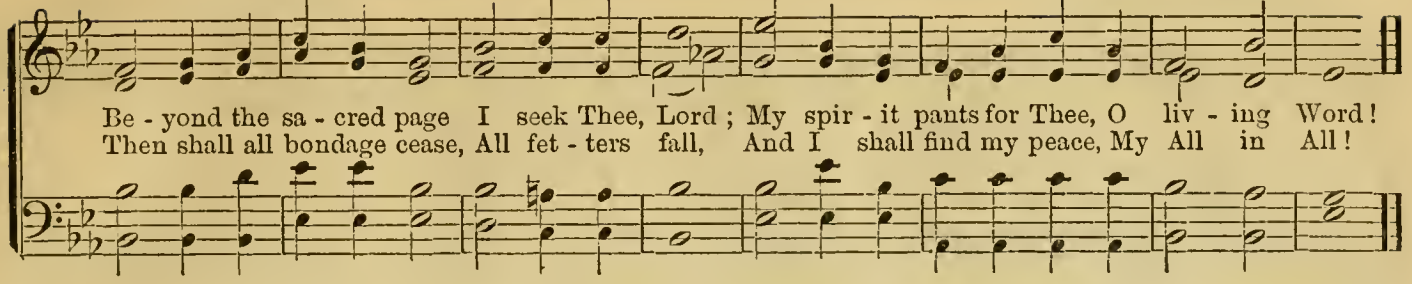
No. 70. BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (STUDY SONG.) WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread by Gal-i-lee;

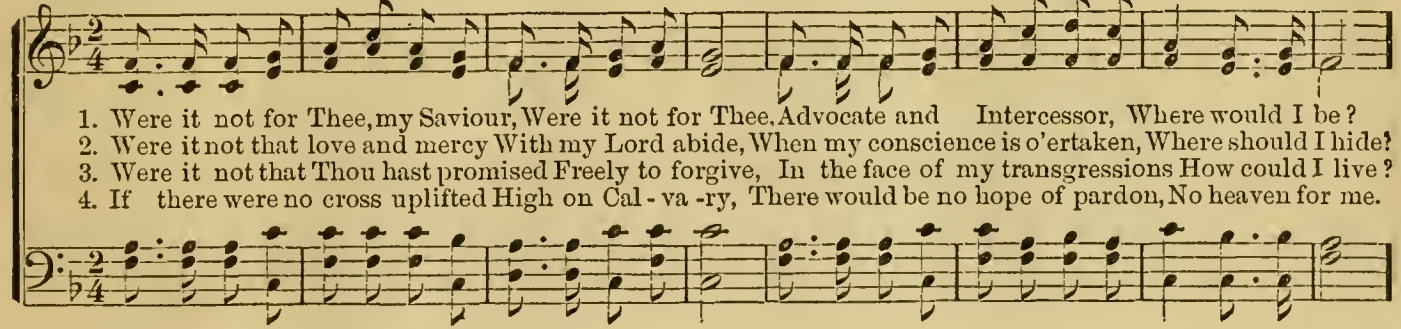
By permission, J. H. Vincent.

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE. Concluded.

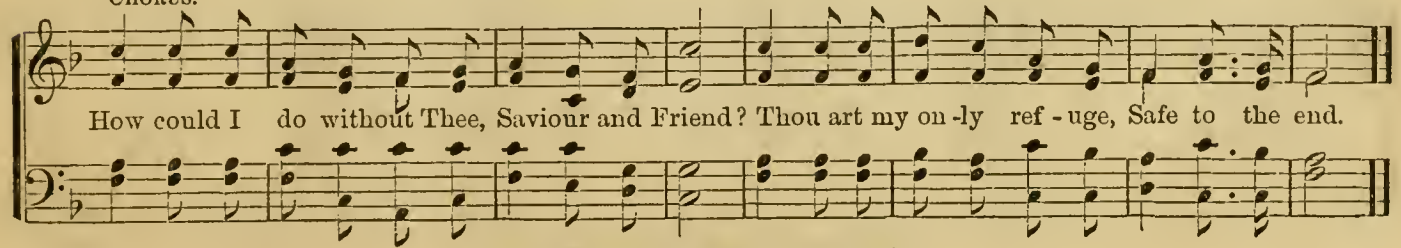

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord ; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All!

No. 71. IN TIME OF NEED.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. R. LOWRY


1. Were it not for Thee, my Saviour, Were it not for Thee. Advocate and Intercessor, Where would I be?
2. Were it not that love and mercy With my Lord abide, When my conscience is o'ertaken, Where should I hide?
3. Were it not that Thou hast promised Freely to forgive, In the face of my transgressions How could I live?
4. If there were no cross uplifted High on Cal - va - ry, There would be no hope of pardon, No heaven for me.

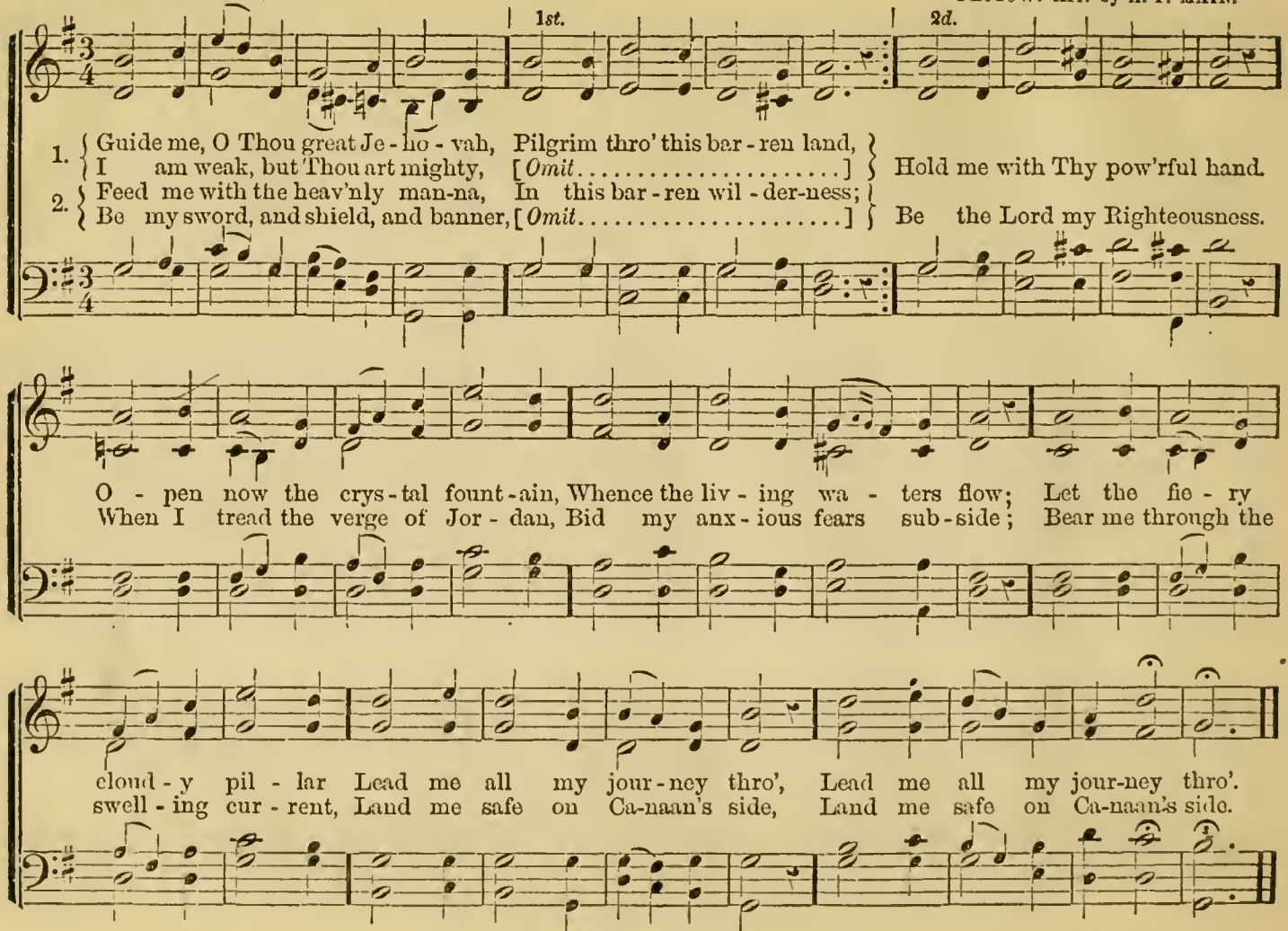
CHORUS.



From "Welcome Tidings," by permission

No. 72 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

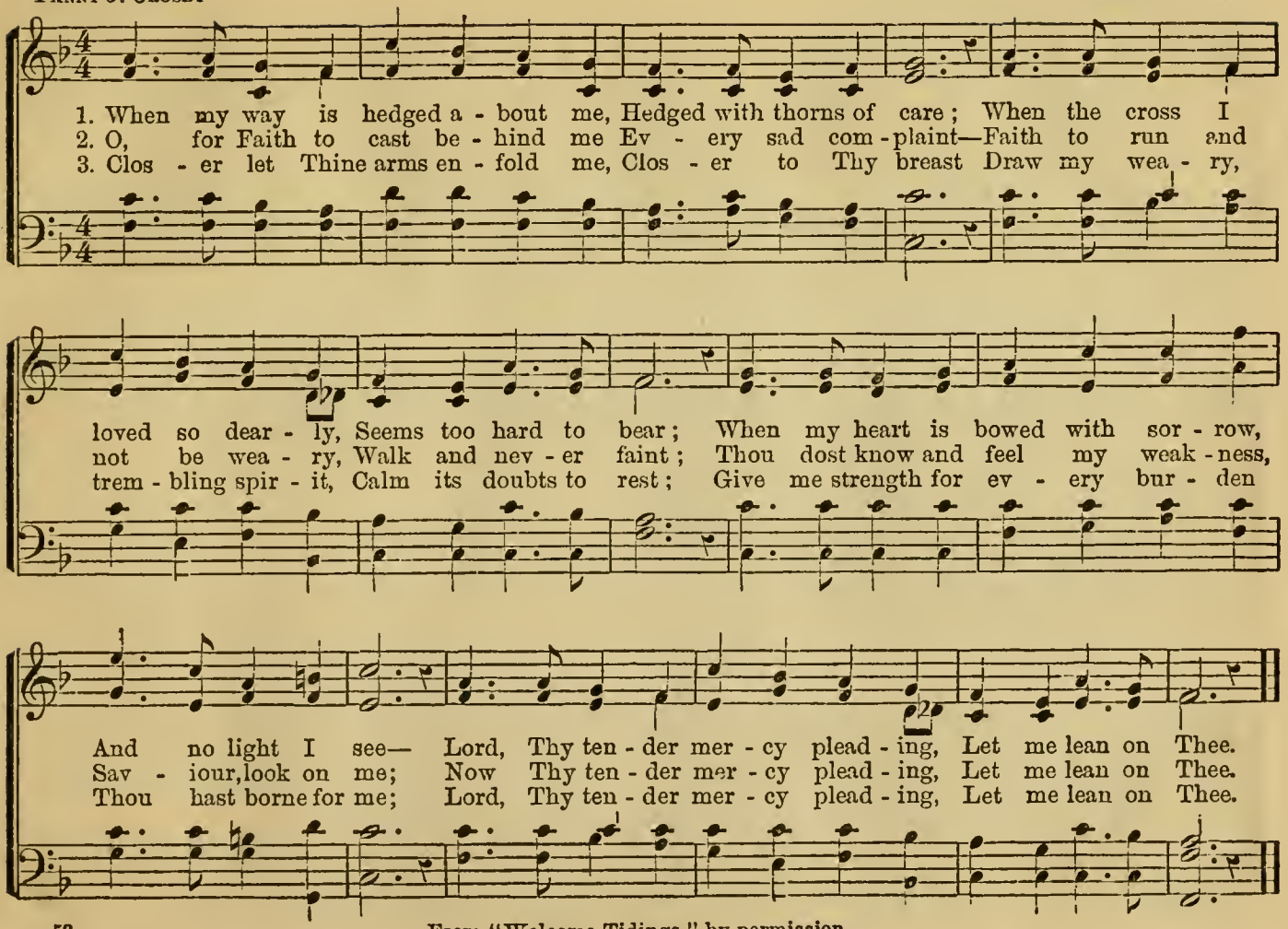
Rev. WM. WILLIAMS, 1773. FLOTOW. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1st.
2d.
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, [Omit.....]
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
2. Feed me with the heav'nly man-na, In this bar - ren wil - der-ness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner, [Omit.....]
Be the Lord my Righteousness.
O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry
When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Bear me through the
cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro', Lead me all my jour-ney thro'.
swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side.

From "Book of Praise," by permission.

No. 73. LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

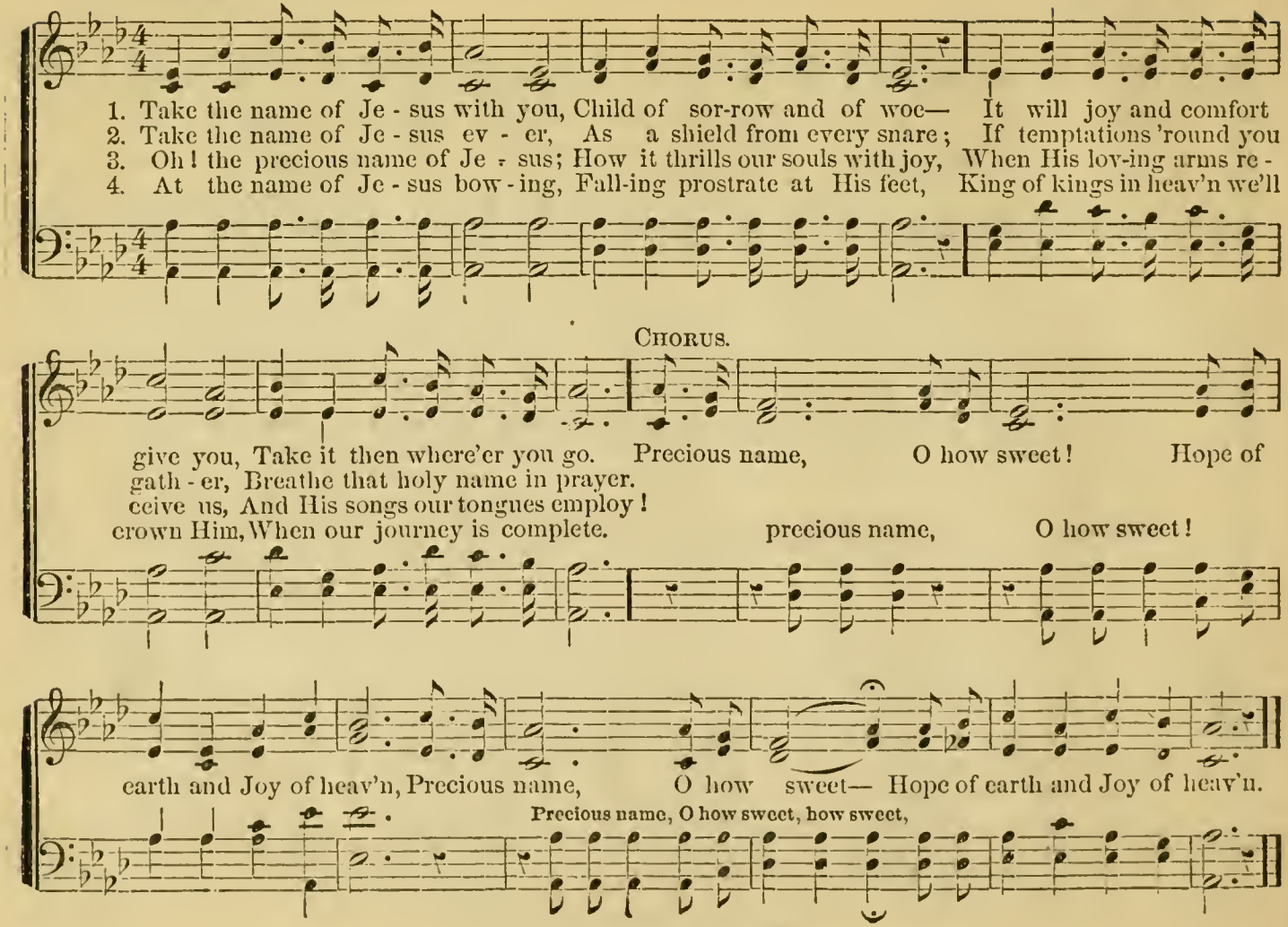
FANNY J. CROSBY HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. When my way is hedged a - bout me, Hedged with thorns of care; When the cross I
2. O, for Faith to cast be - hind me Ev - ery sad com - plaint—Faith to run and
3. Clos - er let Thine arms en - fold me, Clos - er to Thy breast Draw my wea - ry,
loved so dear - ly, Seems too hard to bear; When my heart is bowed with sor - row,
not be wea - ry, Walk and nev - er faint; Thou dost know and feel my weak - ness,
trem - bling spir - it, Calm its doubts to rest; Give me strength for ev - ery bur - den
And no light I see— Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
Sav - iour, look on me; Now Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.
Thou hast borne for me; Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

No. 74. THE PRECIOUS NAME.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare; If temptations 'round you
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy, When His lov-ing arms re -
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll
Chorus.
give you, Take it then where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
gath - er, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
crown Him, When our journey is complete.
precious name, O how sweet!
earth and Joy of heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

75 MARTYRDOM. C. M.

Christian Songs, 201. Key A♭.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

---

76 SESSIONS, L. M. Key C.

1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds His glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before Him and adore.

---

77 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground,

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy name:
But O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

---

78 DUKE STREET. L. M. Key F.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

---

79 DUNDEE. C. M. Key F.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

3 His voice sublime is heard afar:
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

4 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

---

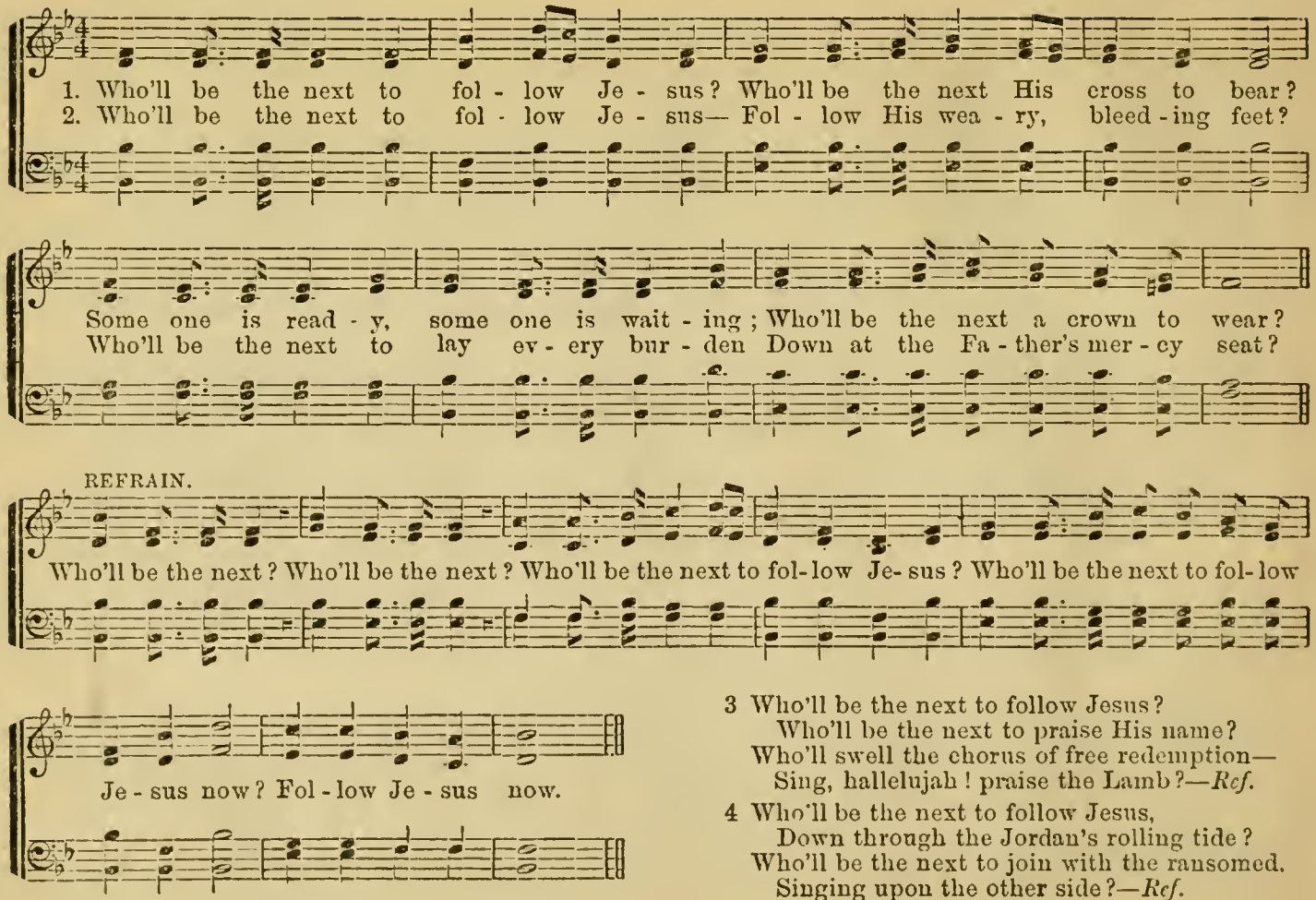
80 ROTHWELL. L. M. Key F.

1 NOW with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

2 Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill,
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

No. 81. WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.


1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus— Fol - low His wea - ry, bleed - ing feet?
Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev - ery bur - den Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat?
REFRAIN.
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol-low Je- sus? Who'll be the next to fol-low
Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

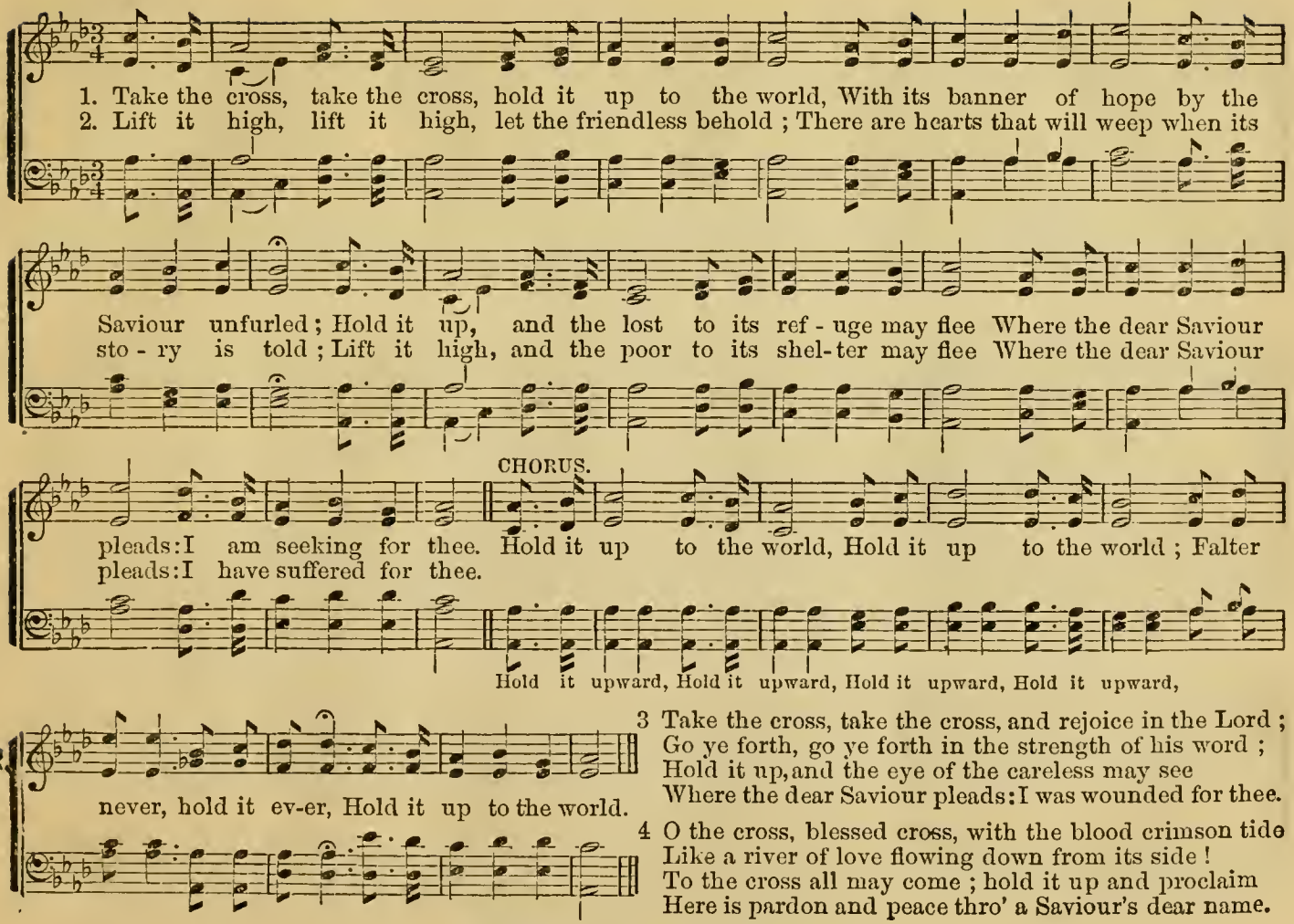
3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—*Ref.*

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?—*Ref.*

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 82. TAKE THE CROSS.

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the cross, take the cross, hold it up to the world, With its banner of hope by the
2. Lift it high, lift it high, let the friendless behold ; There are hearts that will weep when its
Saviour unfurled ; Hold it up, and the lost to its ref - uge may flee Where the dear Saviour
sto - ry is told ; Lift it high, and the poor to its shel-ter may flee Where the dear Saviour
CHORUS.
pleads: I am seeking for thee. Hold it up to the world, Hold it up to the world ; Falter
pleads: I have suffered for thee.
Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward, Hold it upward,
never, hold it ev-er, Hold it up to the world.

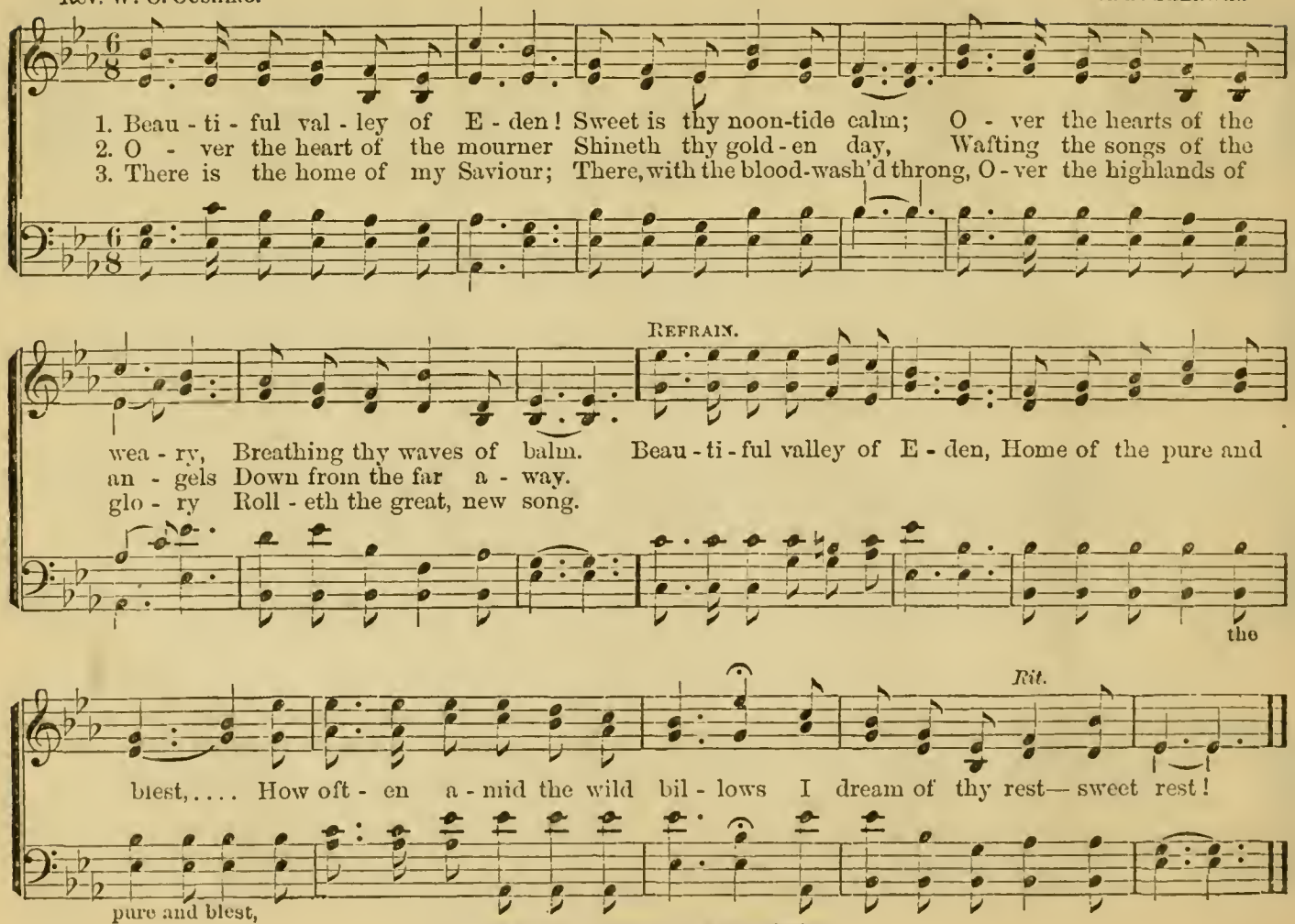
3 Take the cross, take the cross, and rejoice in the Lord ;
Go ye forth, go ye forth in the strength of his word ;
Hold it up, and the eye of the careless may see
Where the dear Saviour pleads: I was wounded for thee.

4 O the cross, blessed cross, with the blood crimson tide
Like a river of love flowing down from its side !
To the cross all may come ; hold it up and proclaim
Here is pardon and peace thro' a Saviour's dear name.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 83. BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day, Wafting the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, O - ver the highlands of
Refrain.
wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm. Beau - ti - ful valley of E - den, Home of the pure and
an - gels Down from the far a - way.
glo - ry Roll - eth the great, new song.
the
Rit.
blest,.... How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest— sweet rest!
pure and blest,

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

84

1 THE harp at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

2 And prayer is made and prayer is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

3 Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.

4 They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

5 The green earth sends her incense up,
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

6 The mists above the morning rills,
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills,
Are sunset's purple air.

7 The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

8 With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost,
From all its sunlit leaves.

9 The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

10 So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

Jno. G. Whittier.

---

85 L. M.

LORD of eternal purity,
Who dost this world with light adorn,
And paint the tracts of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn;
Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within;
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly power of sin.

---

86 HENDON. 7s. Key E♭.

1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, "God is Love."

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen, "God is Love."

3 All the charities that start
From the fountains of the heart,
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is Love."

4 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All are voices from above.
Loudly sounding, "God is Love."

---

87 CHRISTMAS. C. M. Key E♭.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

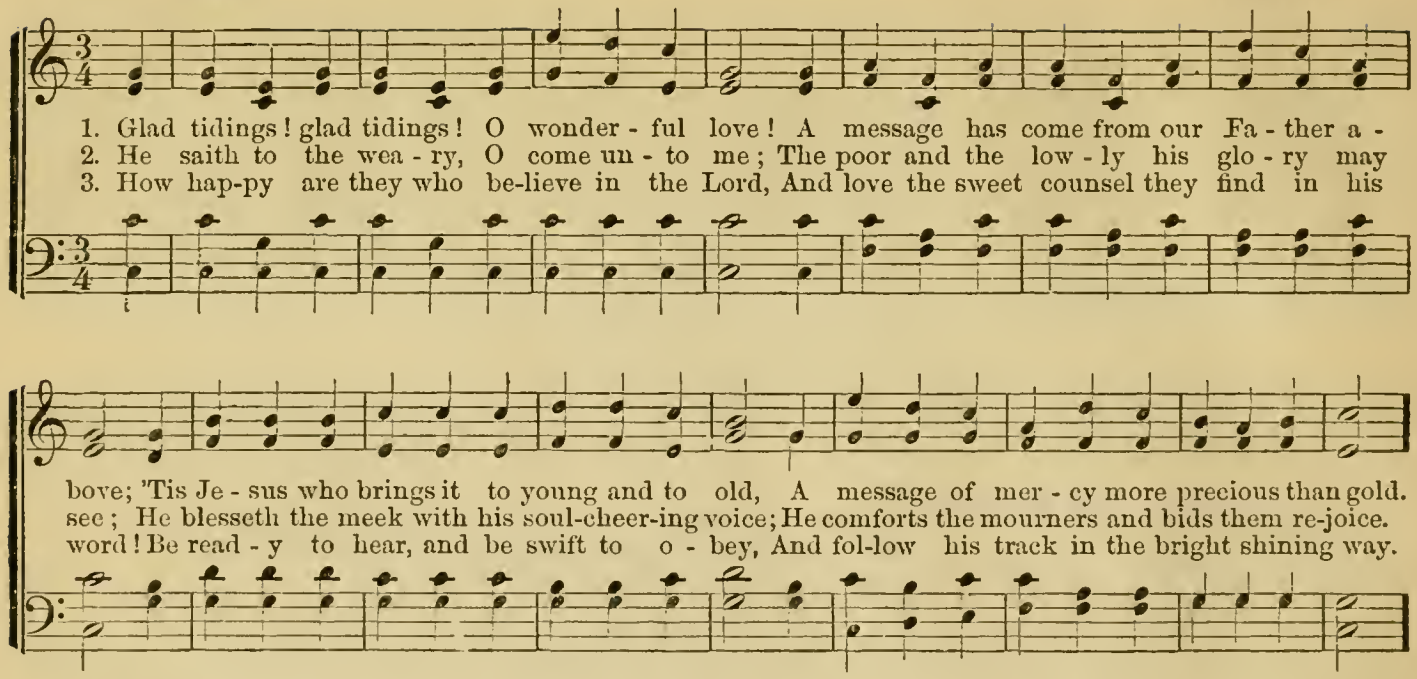
2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

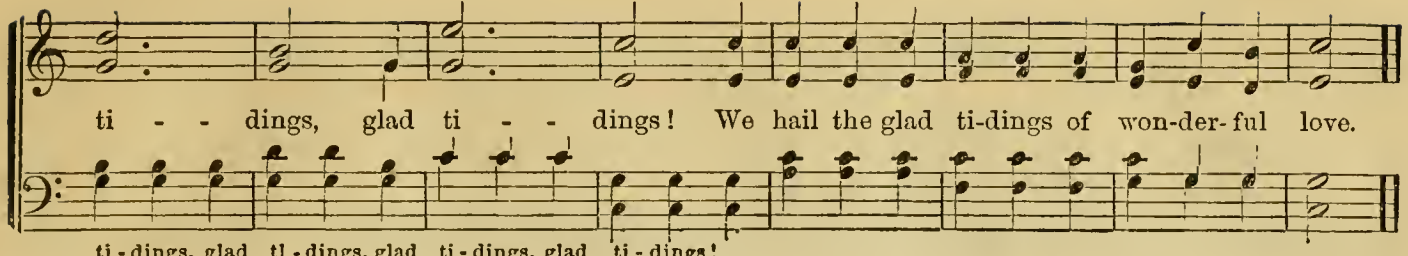
No. 88. GLAD TIDINGS.

F. J. CROSBY. R. LOWRY.


1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! O wonder - ful love! A message has come from our Fa - ther a -
2. He saith to the wea - ry, O come un - to me; The poor and the low - ly his glo - ry may
3. How hap-py are they who be-lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet counsel they find in his
bove; 'Tis Je - sus who brings it to young and to old, A message of mer - cy more precious than gold.
see; He blesseth the meek with his soul-cheer-ing voice; He comforts the mourners and bids them re-joice.
word! Be read - y to hear, and be swift to o - bey, And fol-low his track in the bright shining way.
REFRAIN.
Glad ti - - - dings, glad ti - - dings! O wonder - ful, wonder - ful, wonder - ful love! Glad
Glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings! Glad

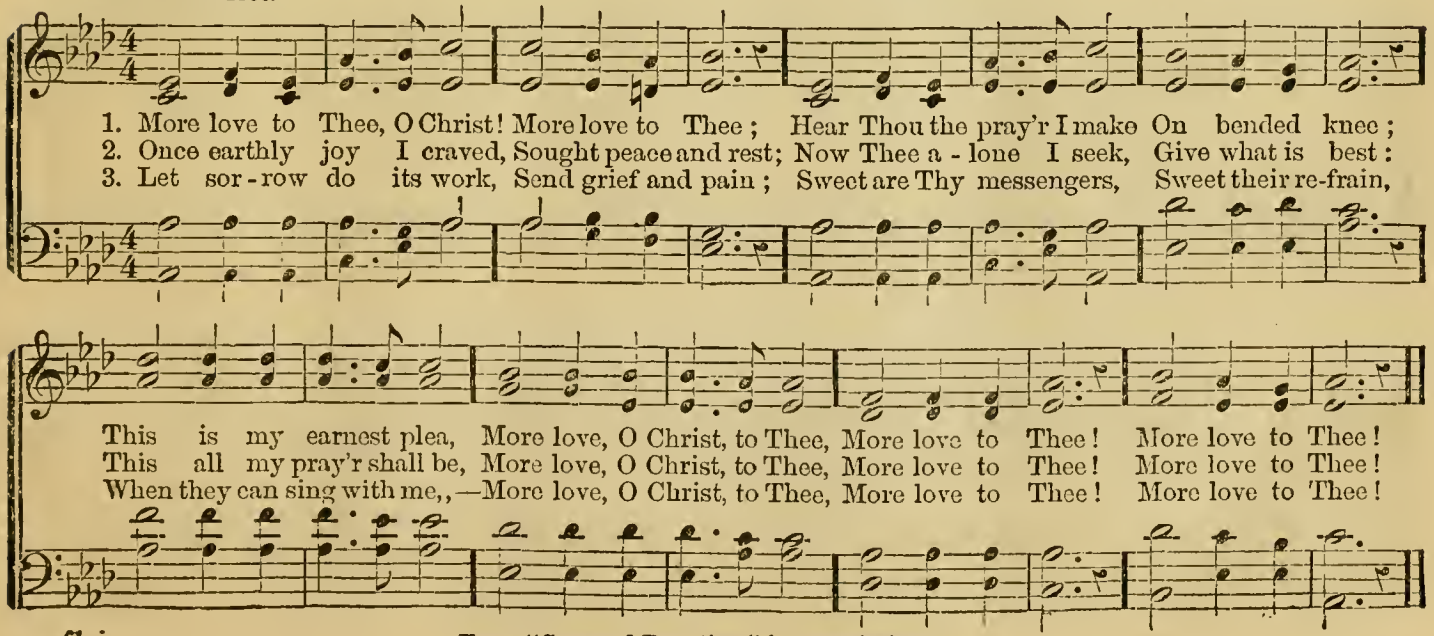
From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded.



No. 89. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

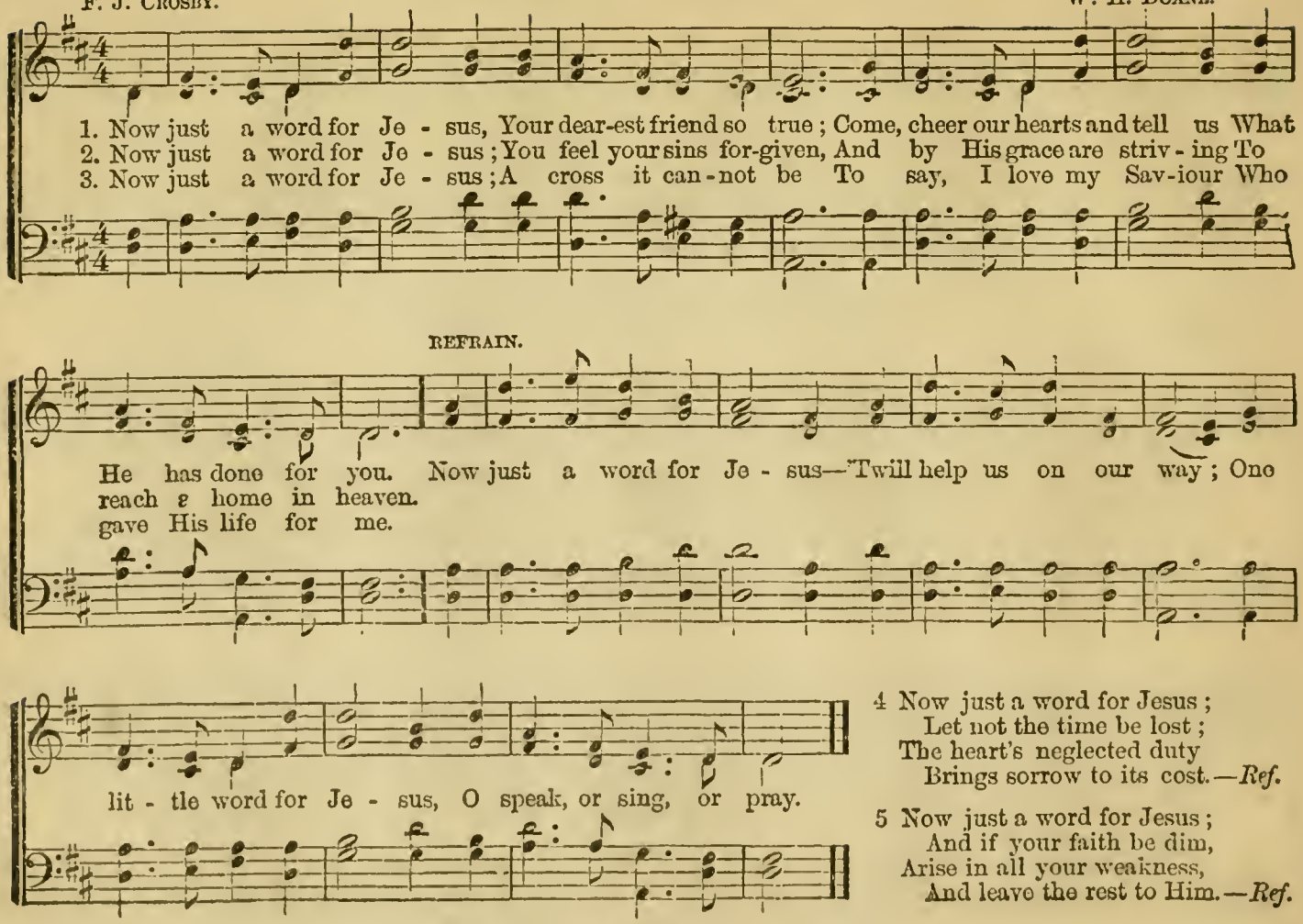
Mrs. E. PRENTISS. WM. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their re-frain,
This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

From "Songs of Devotion," by permission.

No. 90. JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear-est friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given, And by His grace are striv - ing To
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can-not be To say, I love my Sav-iour Who
REFRAIN.
He has done for you. Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way; One
reach e home in heaven.
gave His life for me.
lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

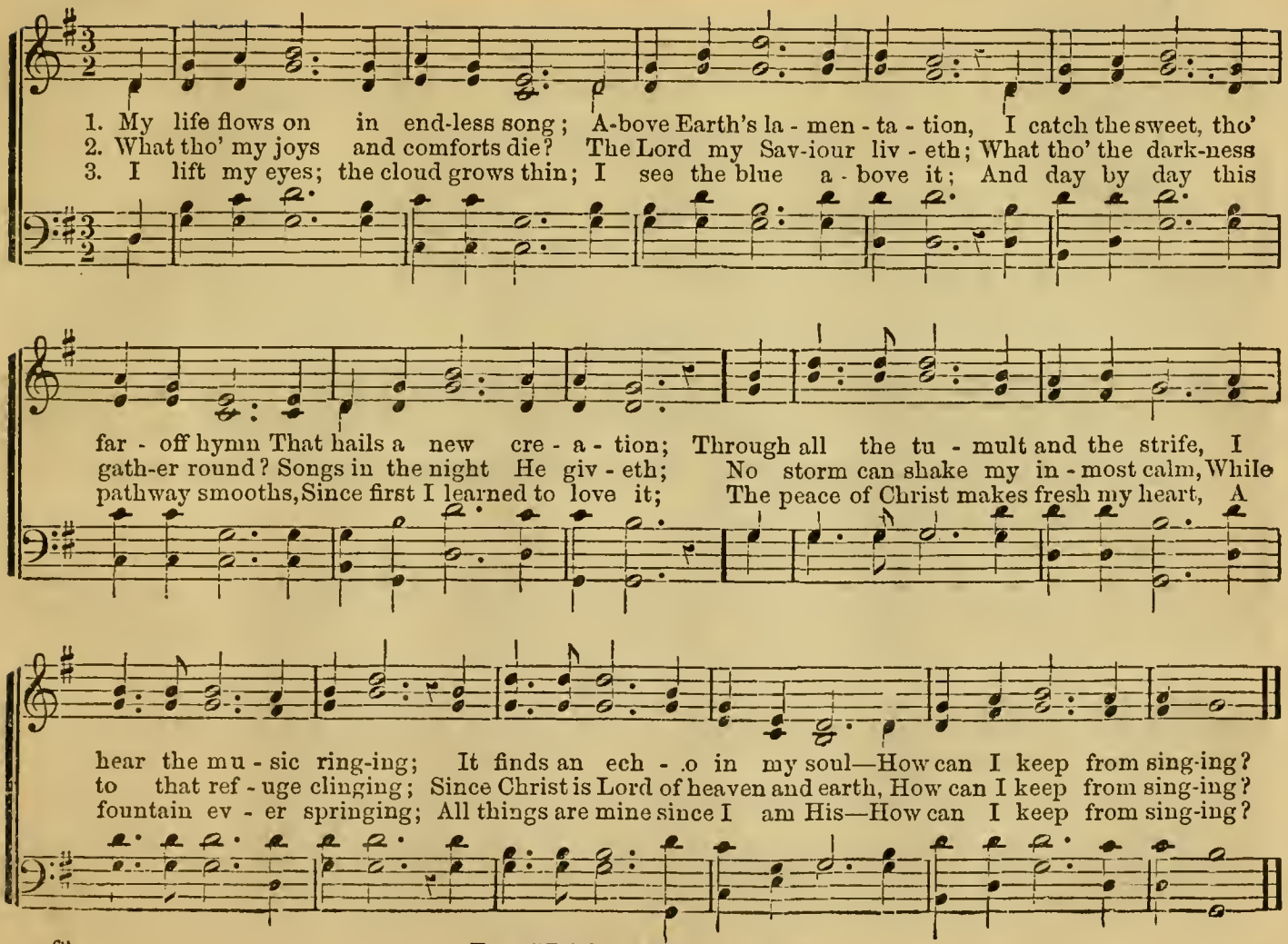
4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 91. HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING.

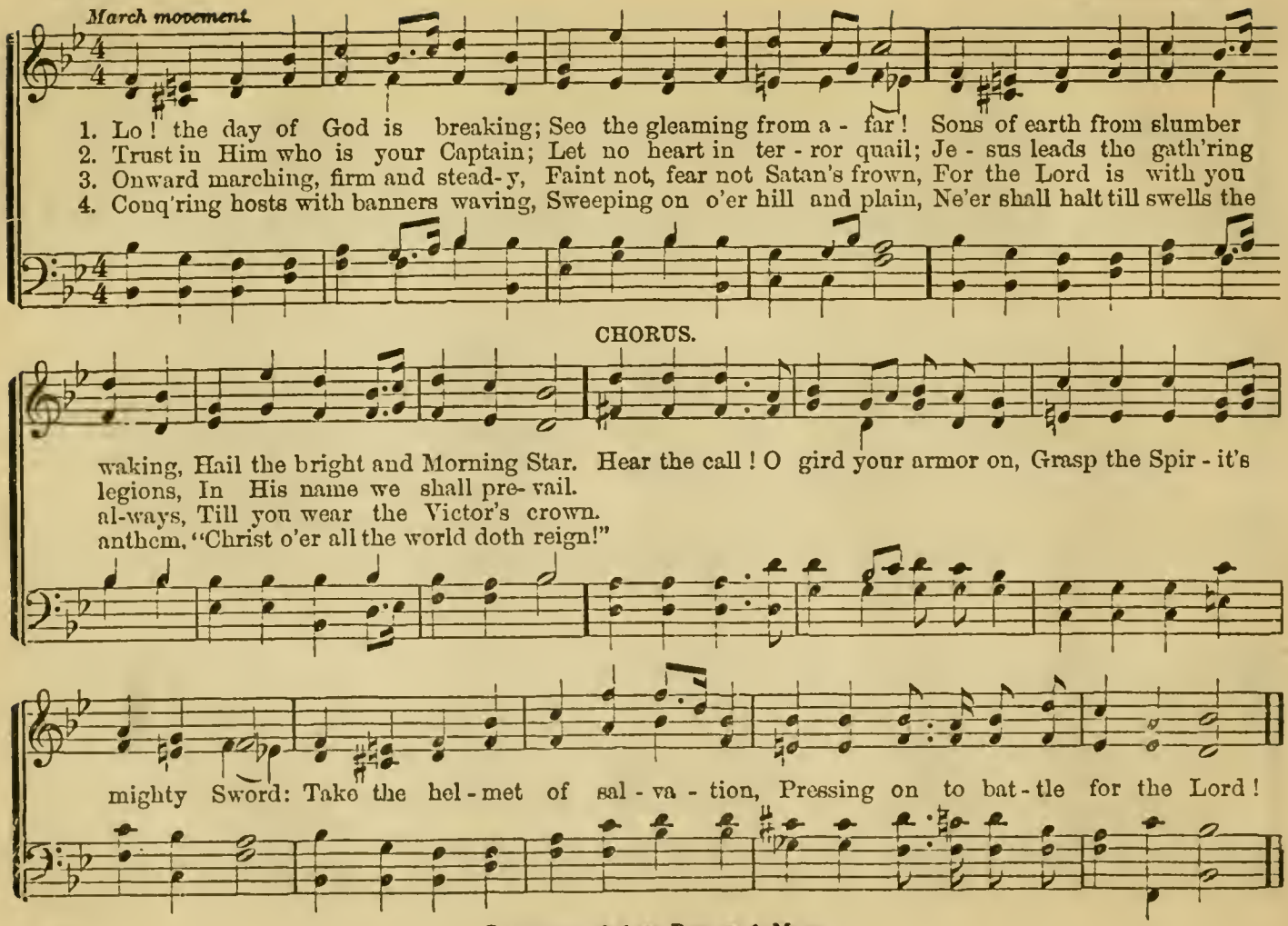
R. LOWRY.


1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove Earth's la - men - ta - tion, I catch the sweet, tho' far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion; Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring-ing; It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Sav-iour liv - eth; What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth; No storm can shake my in - most calm, While to that ref - uge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it; And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it; The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er springing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

No. 92. HEAR THE CALL.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.


March movement.
1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far! Sons of earth from slumber
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail; Je - sus leads the gath'ring
3. Onward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Satan's frown, For the Lord is with you
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain, Ne'er shall halt till swells the
CHORUS.
waking, Hail the bright and Morning Star. Hear the call! O gird your armor on, Grasp the Spir - it's
legions, In His name we shall pre- vail.
al-ways, Till you wear the Victor's crown.
anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"
mighty Sword: Take the hel - met of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to bat - tle for the Lord!

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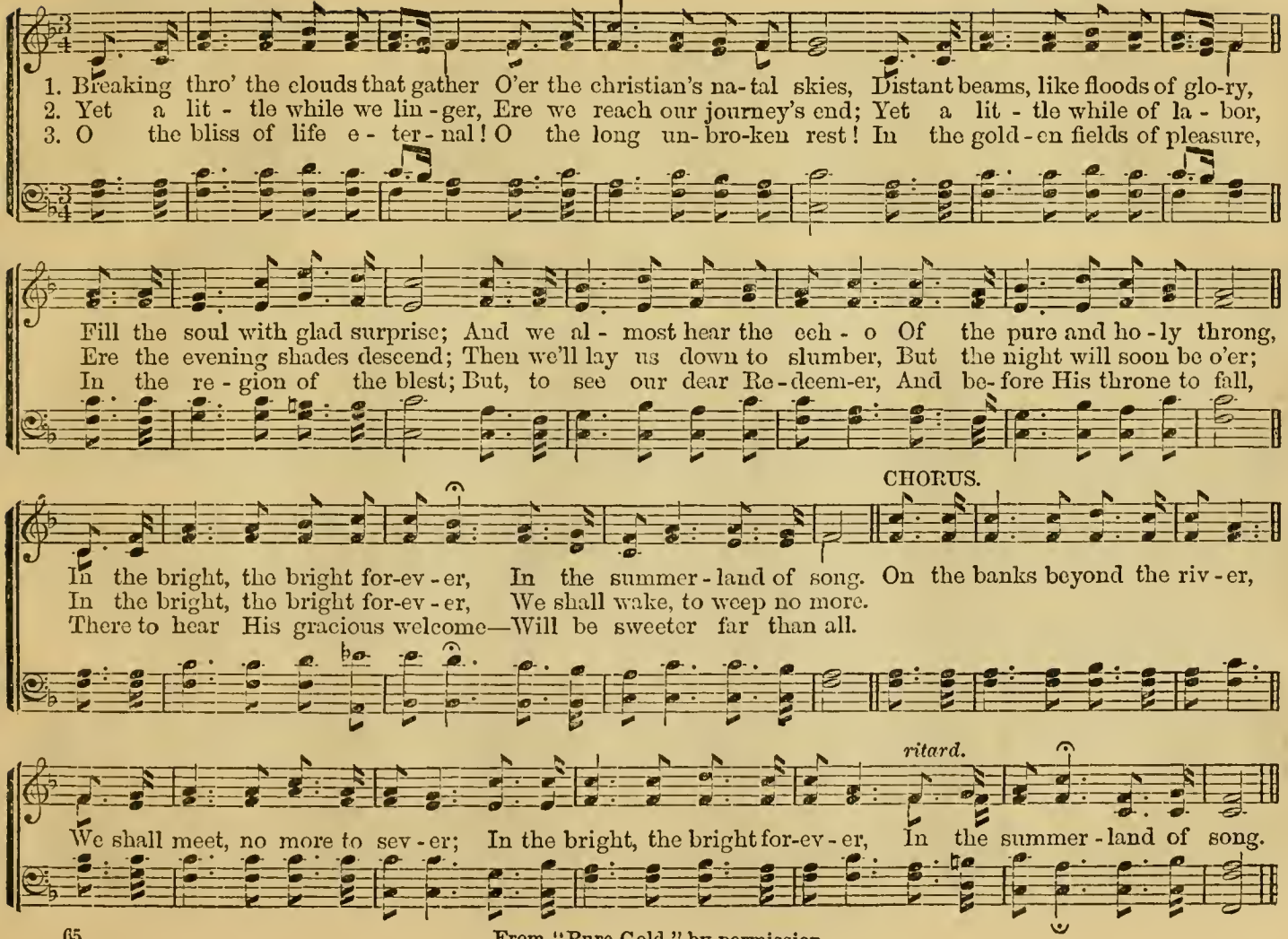
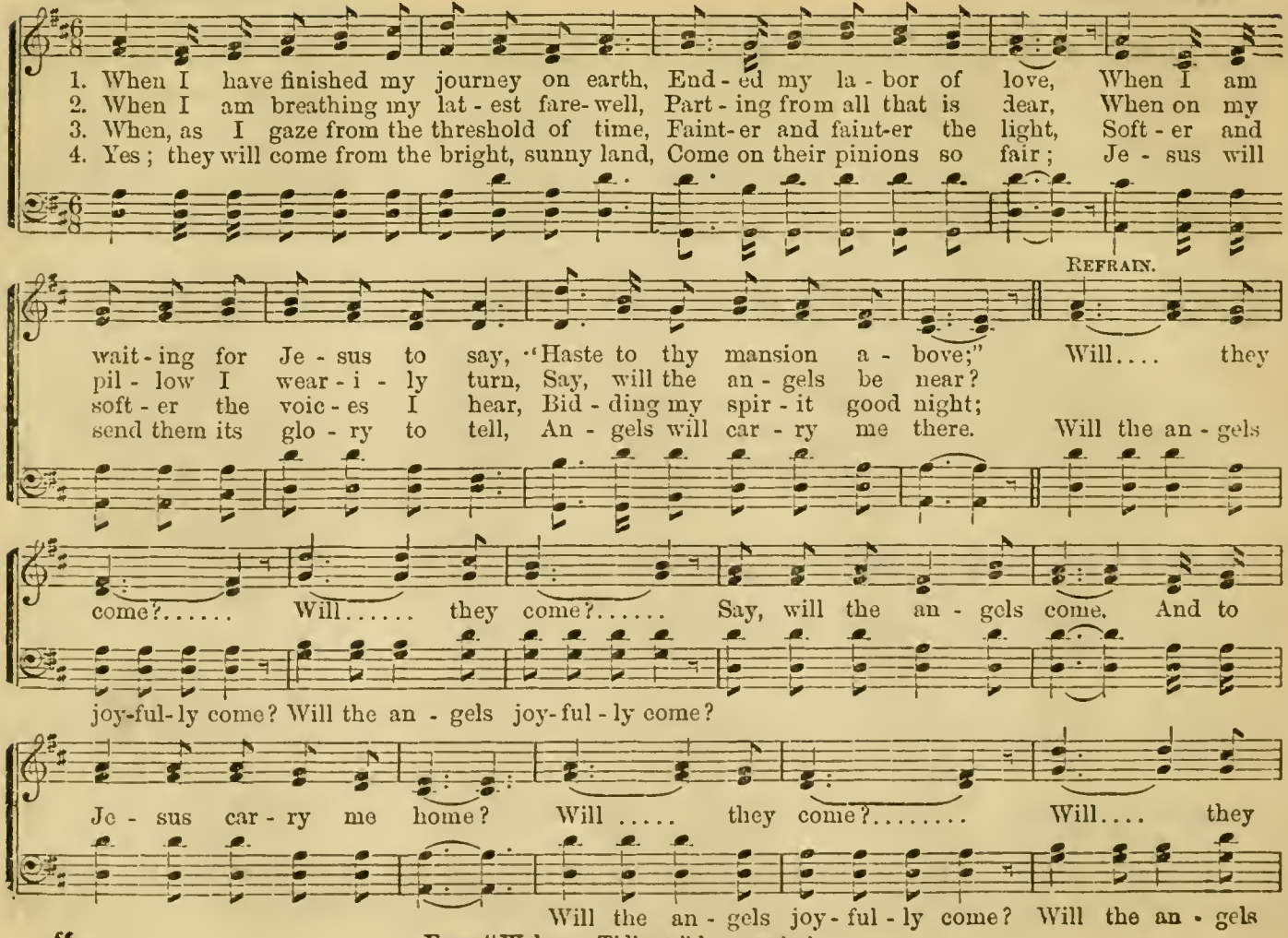
No. 93. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1871. HUBERT P. MAIN. 1871.


1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor,
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleasure,
Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore His throne to fall,
CHORUS.
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.
ritard.
We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the summer-land of song.

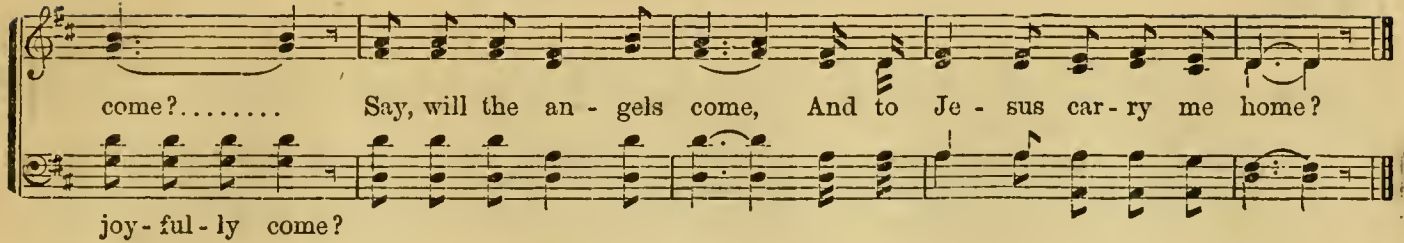
From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 94. WILL THE ANGELS COME?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When I have finished my journey on earth, End-ed my la-bor of love, When I am
2. When I am breathing my lat-est fare-well, Part-ing from all that is dear, When on my
3. When, as I gaze from the threshold of time, Faint-er and faint-er the light, Soft-er and
4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sunny land, Come on their pinions so fair; Je-sus will
REFRAIN.
wait-ing for Je-sus to say, "Haste to thy mansion a-bove;" Will.... they
pil-low I wear-i-ly turn, Say, will the an-gels be near?
soft-er the voic-es I hear, Bid-ding my spir-it good night;
send them its glo-ry to tell, An-gels will car-ry me there. Will the an-gels
come?..... Will..... they come?..... Say, will the an-gels come. And to
joy-ful-ly come? Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come?
Je-sus car-ry me home? Will ..... they come?..... Will.... they
Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come? Will the an-gels

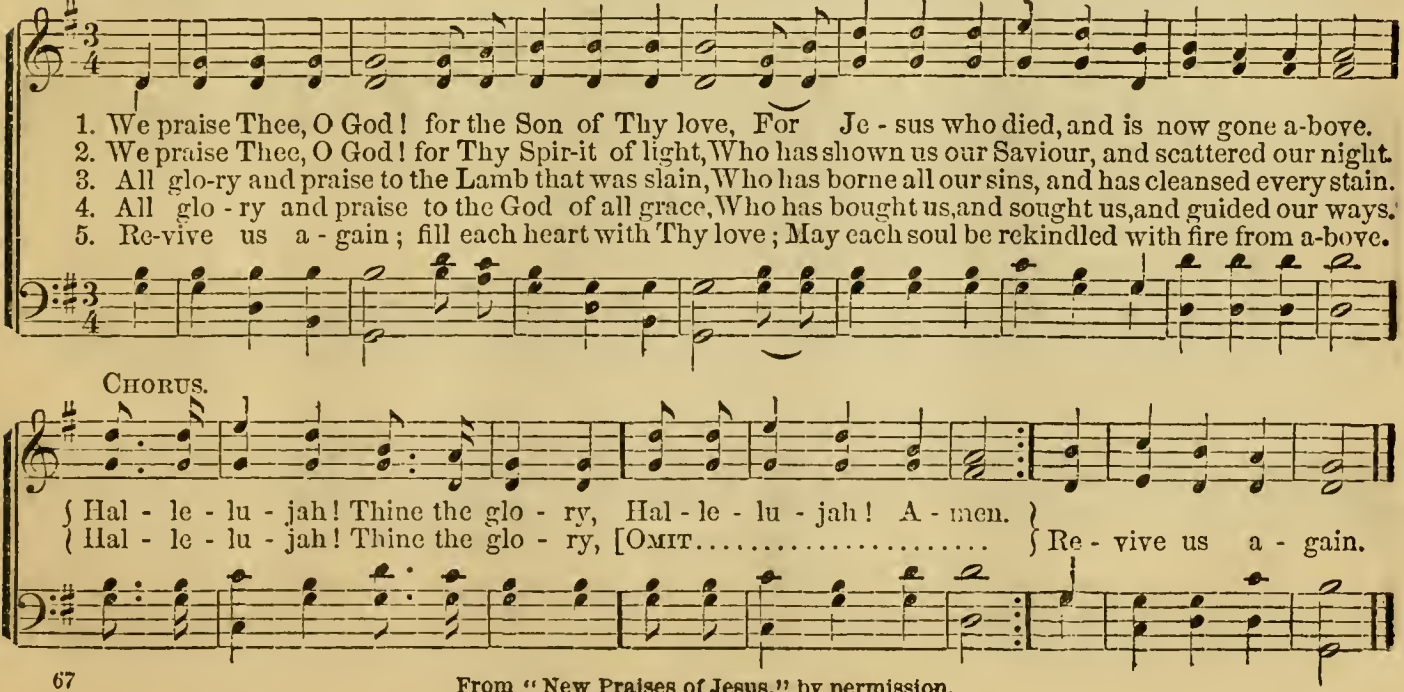
From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

WILL THE ANGELS COME? Concluded.



No. 95. REVIVE US AGAIN.

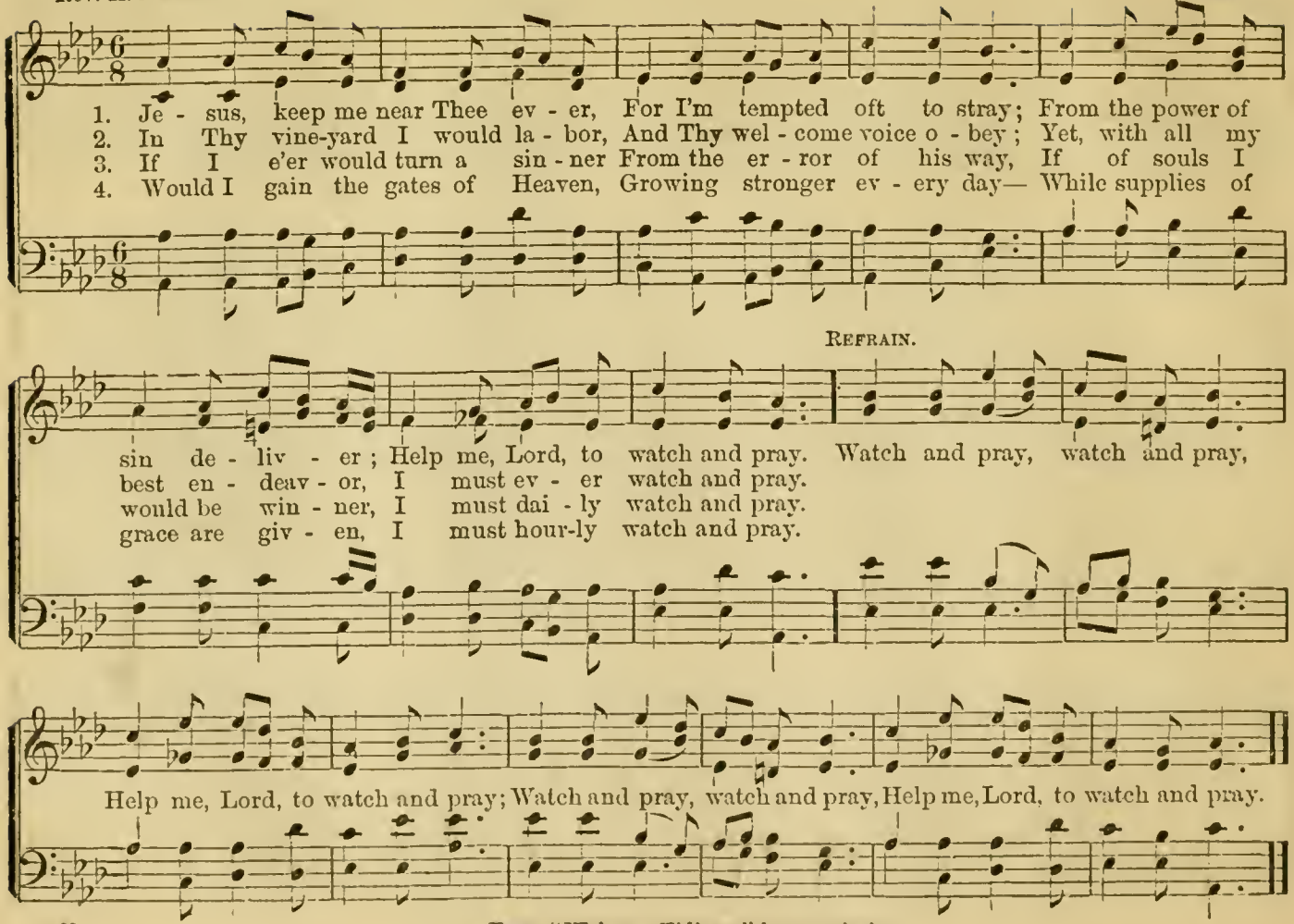
Dr. W. P. MACKAY, 1866. J. J. HUSBAND, 1793.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Re-vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from a-bove.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, [OMIT..... Re - vive us a - gain.

From "New Praises of Jesus," by permission.

No. 96. WATCH AND PRAY.

Rev. A. Kenyon. R. Lowry.


1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee ev - er, For I'm tempted oft to stray; From the power of
2. In Thy vine-yard I would la - bor, And Thy wel - come voice o - bey; Yet, with all my
3. If I e'er would turn a sin - ner From the er - ror of his way, If of souls I
4. Would I gain the gates of Heaven, Growing stronger ev - ery day— While supplies of
Refrain.
sin de - liv - er; Help me, Lord, to watch and pray. Watch and pray, watch and pray,
best en - deav - or, I must ev - er watch and pray.
would be win - ner, I must dai - ly watch and pray.
grace are giv - en, I must hour-ly watch and pray.
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray; Watch and pray, watch and pray, Help me, Lord, to watch and pray.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

97 BETHANY. 6s. & 4s.
Bradbury Trio, 77. Key G.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

---

98 WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Bradbury Trio, 104. Key B♭.

1 WE bring no glittering treasures.
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine;
We all, Thy favors sharing,
Our voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's precious word of Truth,
To sinners Thou hast given,
To guide their steps in youth;
To tell the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
To tell of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That we, Thy love possessing,
May tread life's devious way;
Till where the pure are dwelling,
By grace we meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

99

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin a double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

---

100 DOWNS. C. M. Key E♭.

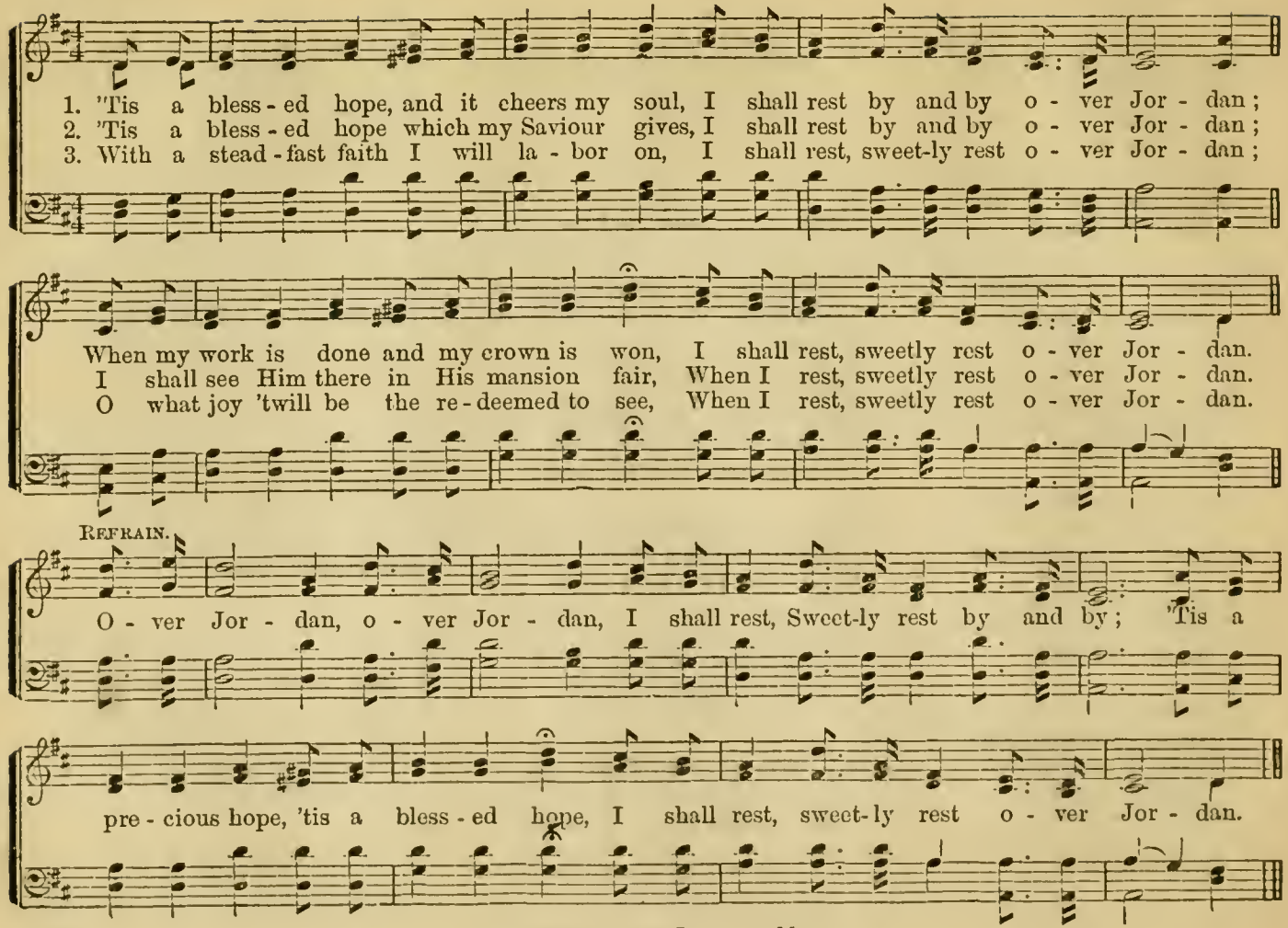
1 JEHOVAH, Christ, I Thee adore,
Who gave my soul to be;
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.

2 The Lord, the mighty God Thou art,
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

No. 101.

F. J. V. A.

REST OVER JORDAN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis a bless - ed hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and by o - ver Jor - dan;
2. 'Tis a bless - ed hope which my Saviour gives, I shall rest by and by o - ver Jor - dan;
3. With a stead - fast faith I will la - bor on, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan;
When my work is done and my crown is won, I shall rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.
I shall see Him there in His mansion fair, When I rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.
O what joy 'twill be the re - deemed to see, When I rest, sweetly rest o - ver Jor - dan.
REFRAIN.
O - ver Jor - dan, o - ver Jor - dan, I shall rest, Sweet-ly rest by and by; 'Tis a
pre - cious hope, 'tis a bless - ed hope, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan.

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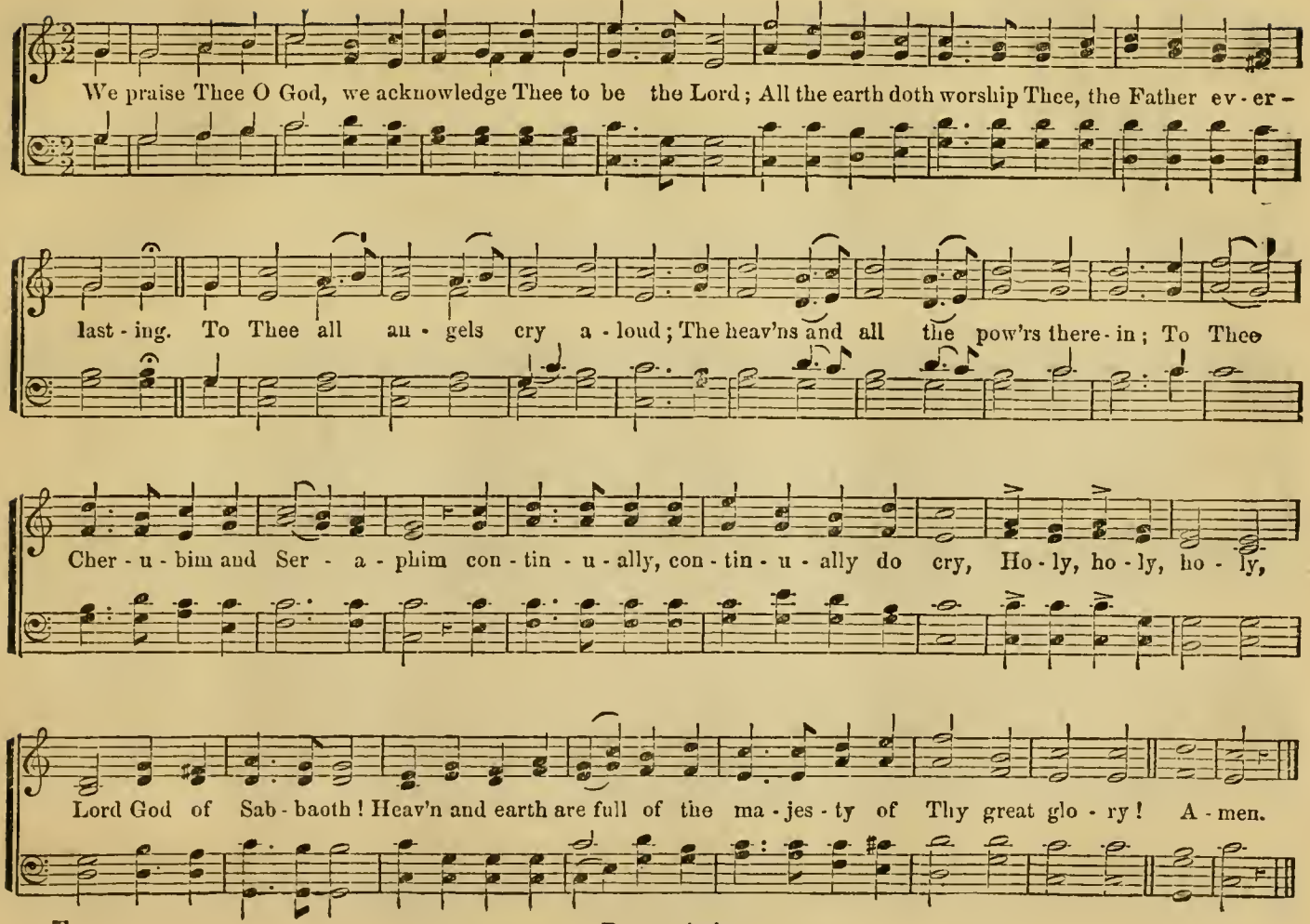
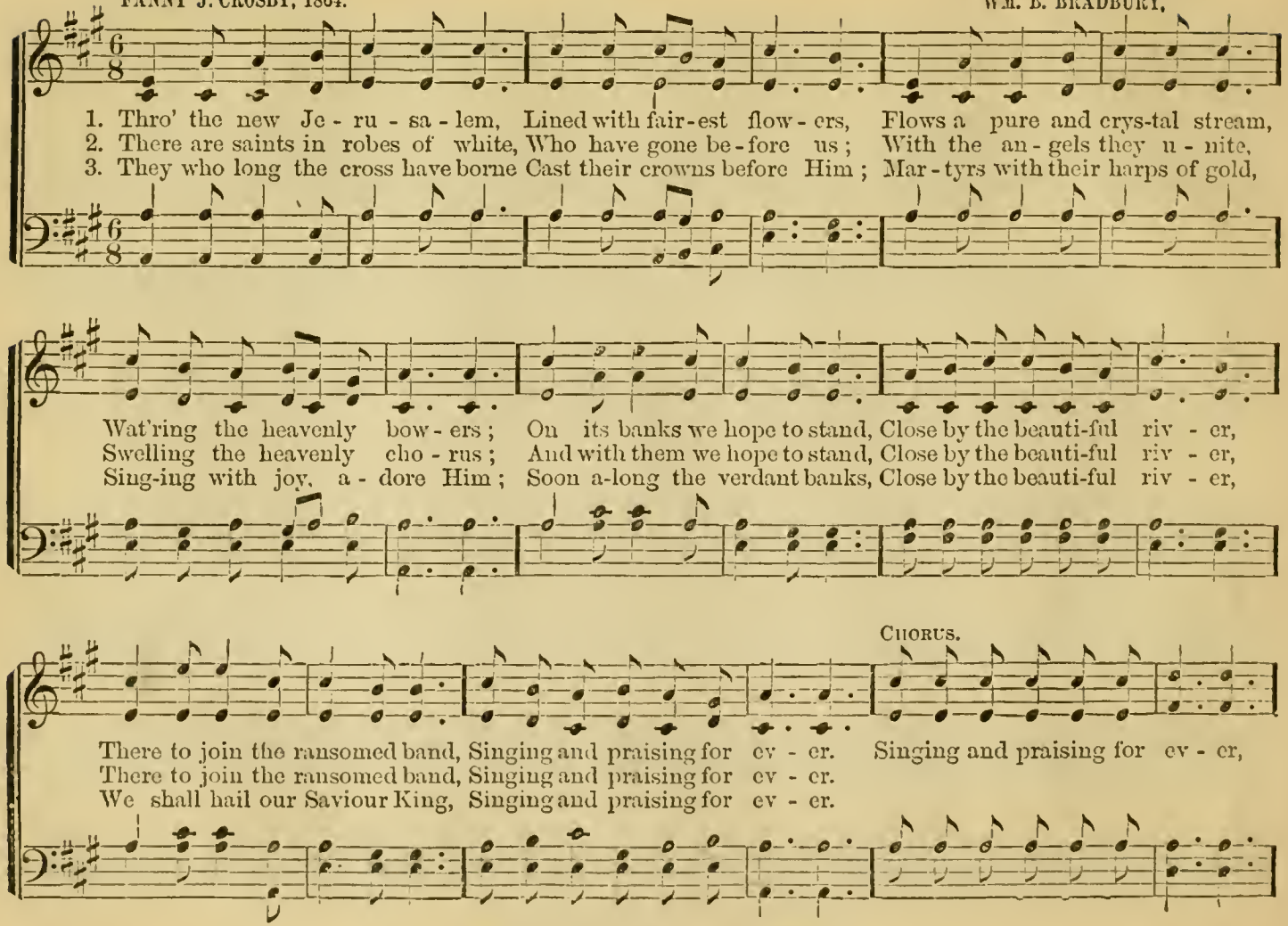
No. 102. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

Wm. F. Sherwin, 1874.

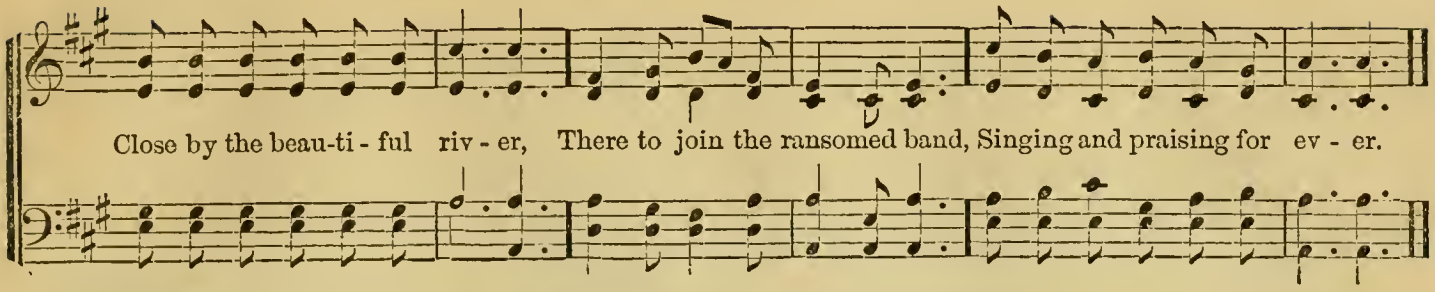

We praise Thee O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father ev-er-
last-ing. To Thee all an-gels cry a-loud; The heav'ns and all the pow'rs there-in; To Thee
Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phim con-tin-u-ally, con-tin-u-ally do cry, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
Lord God of Sab-baoth! Heav'n and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of Thy great glo-ry! A-men.

By permission.

No. 103. SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER.

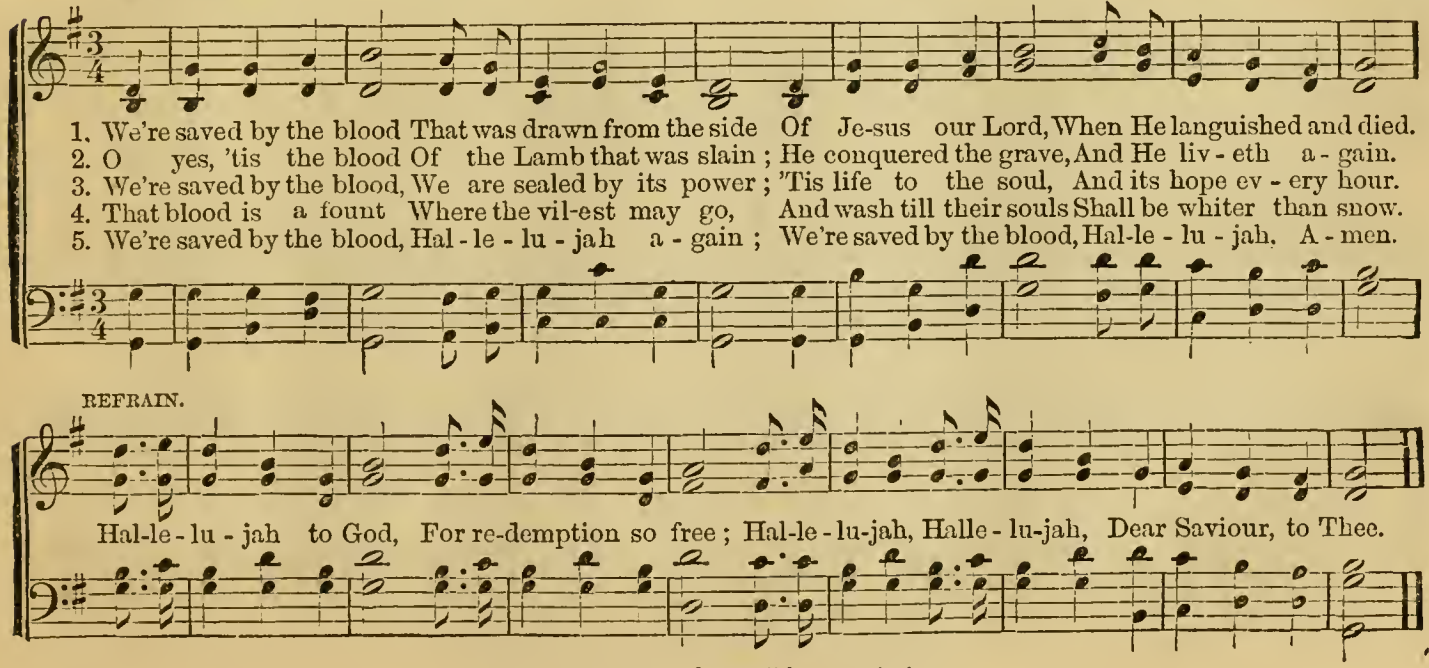
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1864. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thro' the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Lined with fair-est flow - ers, Flows a pure and crys-tal stream,
2. There are saints in robes of white, Who have gone be-fore us; With the an - gels they u - nite,
3. They who long the cross have borne Cast their crowns before Him; Mar - tyrs with their harps of gold,
Wat'ring the heavenly bow - ers; On its banks we hope to stand, Close by the beauti-ful riv - er,
Swelling the heavenly cho - rus; And with them we hope to stand, Close by the beauti-ful riv - er,
Sing-ing with joy, a - dore Him; Soon a-long the verdant banks, Close by the beauti-ful riv - er,
CHORUS.
There to join the ransomed band, Singing and praising for ev - er. Singing and praising for ev - er,
There to join the ransomed band, Singing and praising for ev - er.
We shall hail our Saviour King, Singing and praising for ev - er.

From "Golden Shower," by permission.



No. 104. SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

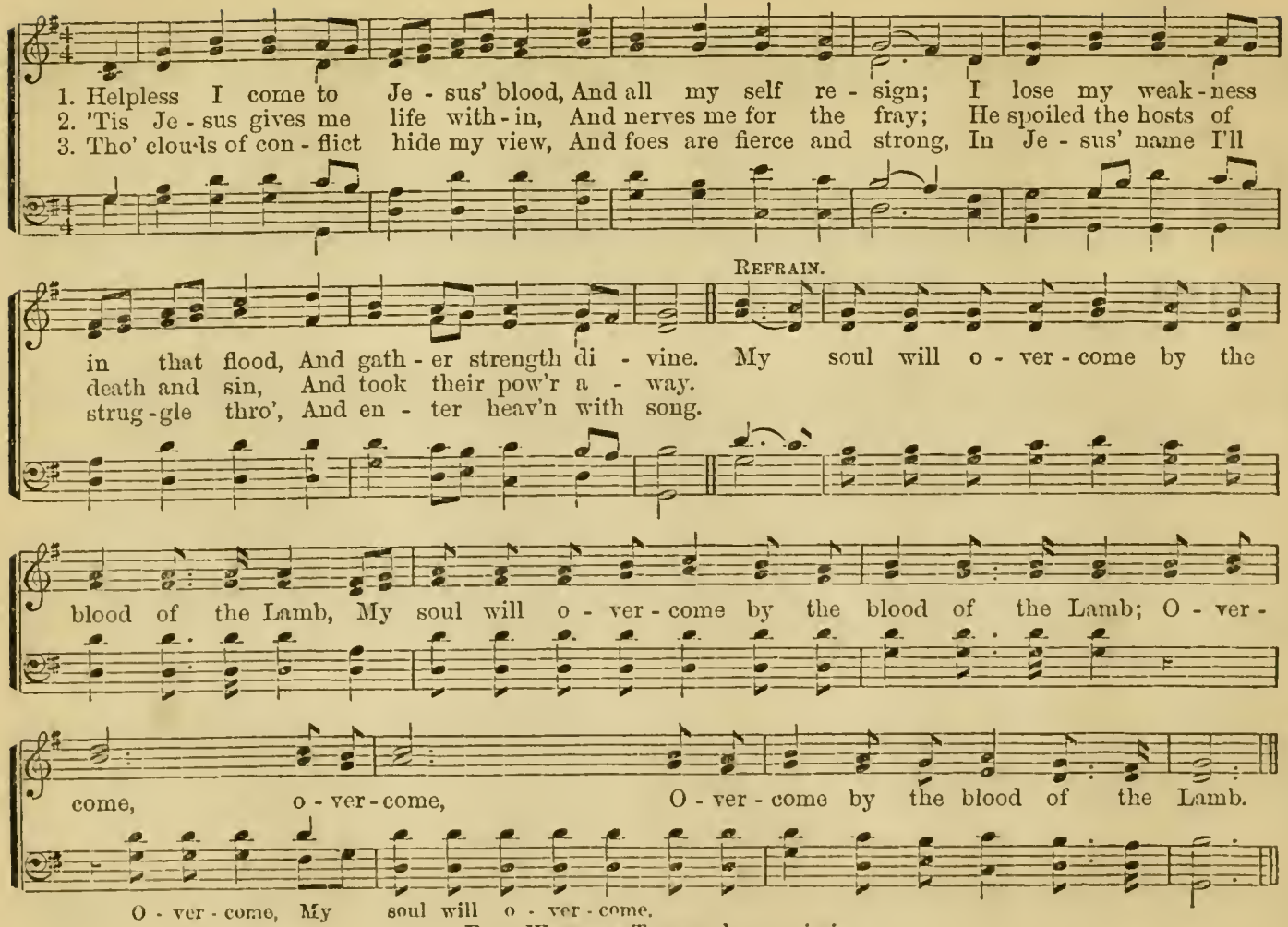

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je-sus our Lord, When He languished and died.
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain ; He conquered the grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power ; 'Tis life to the soul, And its hope ev - ery hour.
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil-est may go, And wash till their souls Shall be whiter than snow.
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain ; We're saved by the blood, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le - lu - jah to God, For re-demption so free ; Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.

From "Brightest and Best." by permission.

No. 105. MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

R. 1.

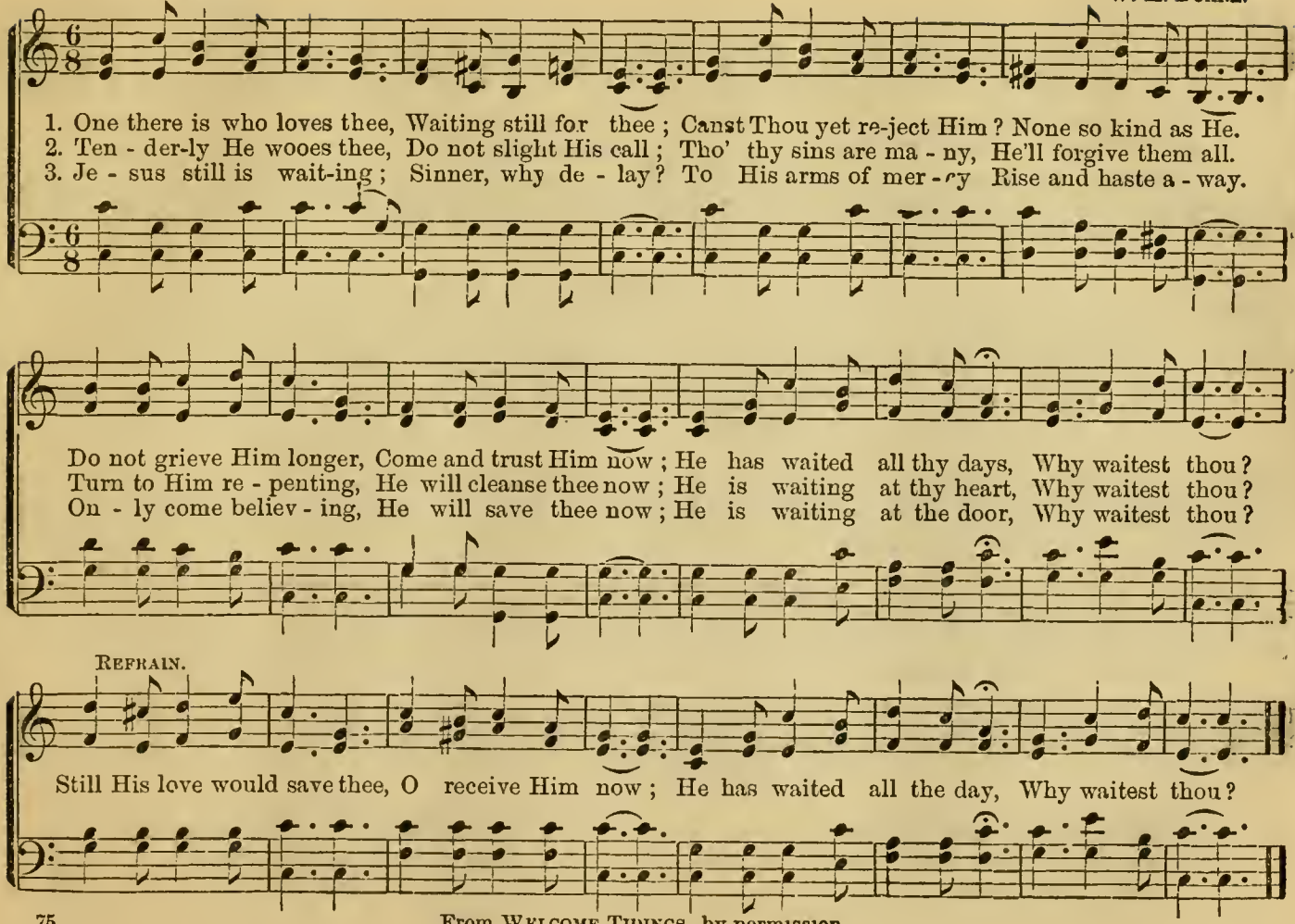
R. LOWRY.


1. Helpless I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my self re - sign; I lose my weak - ness
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray; He spoiled the hosts of
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong, In Je - sus' name I'll
REFRAIN.
in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine. My soul will o - ver - come by the
death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
strug - gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.
blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver -
come, o - ver - come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.
O - ver - come, My soul will o - ver - come.

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

No. 106. WHY WAITEST THOU.

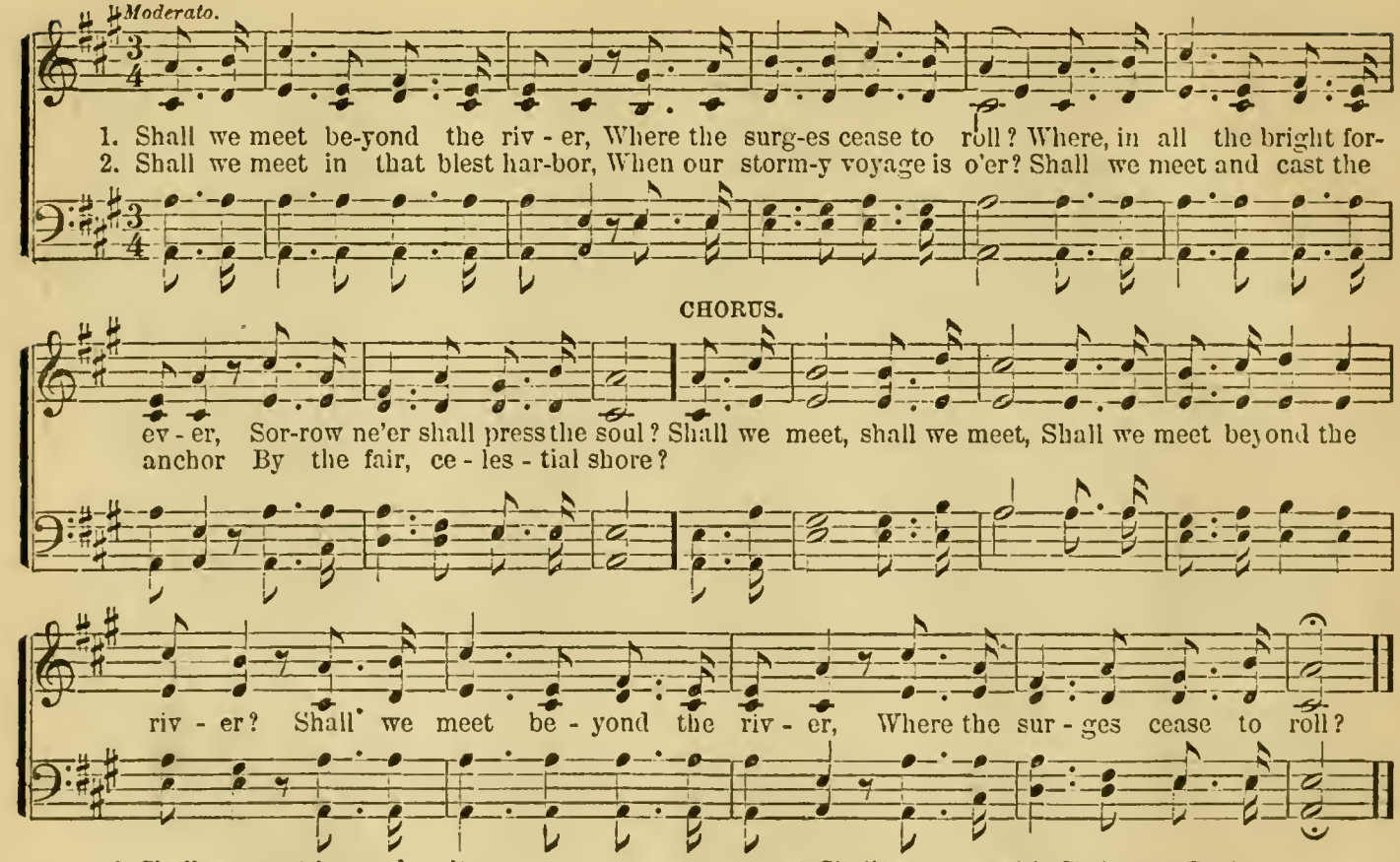
HARRY C. AYERS. W. H. DOANE.


1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst Thou yet re-ject Him? None so kind as He.
2. Ten - der-ly He wooes thee, Do not slight His call; Tho' thy sins are ma - ny, He'll forgive them all.
3. Je - sus still is wait-ing; Sinner, why de - lay? To His arms of mer - cy Rise and haste a - way.
Do not grieve Him longer, Come and trust Him now; He has waited all thy days, Why waitest thou?
Turn to Him re - penting, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart, Why waitest thou?
On - ly come believ - ing, He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door, Why waitest thou?
REFRAIN.
Still His love would save thee, O receive Him now; He has waited all the day, Why waitest thou?

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

No. 107. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE, by per.

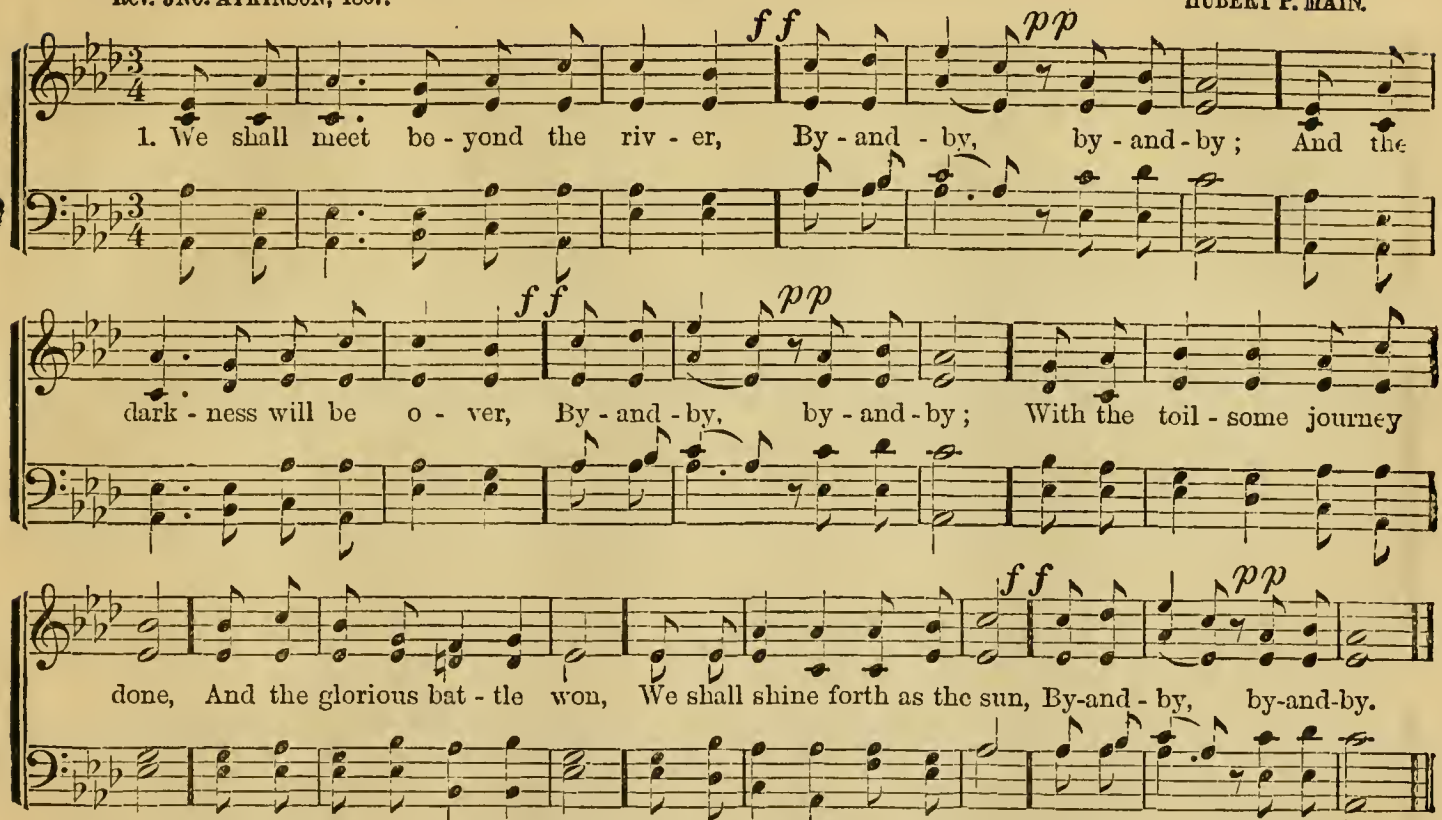

Moderato.
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where, in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the
CHORUS.
ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the
anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
riv - er? Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 108. WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

Rev. JNO. ATKINSON, 1867. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By - and - by, by - and - by; And the
dark - ness will be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by; With the toil - some journey
done, And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and - by, by-and-by.

2 Down with all of earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War, and strife, and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and by, by-and-by.

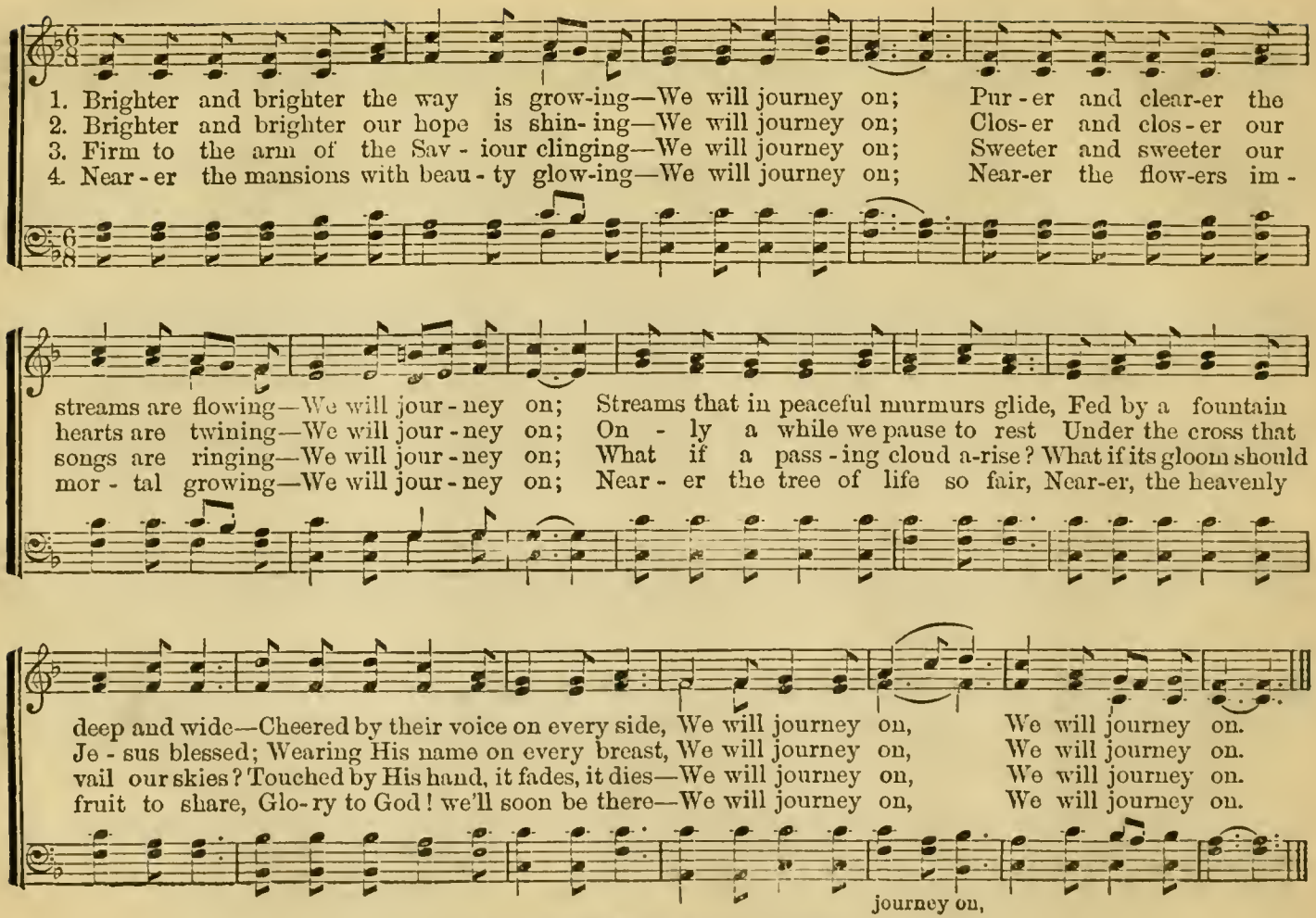
4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by—
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

No. 109.
F. J. C.

WE WILL JOURNEY ON.

R. LOWRY.

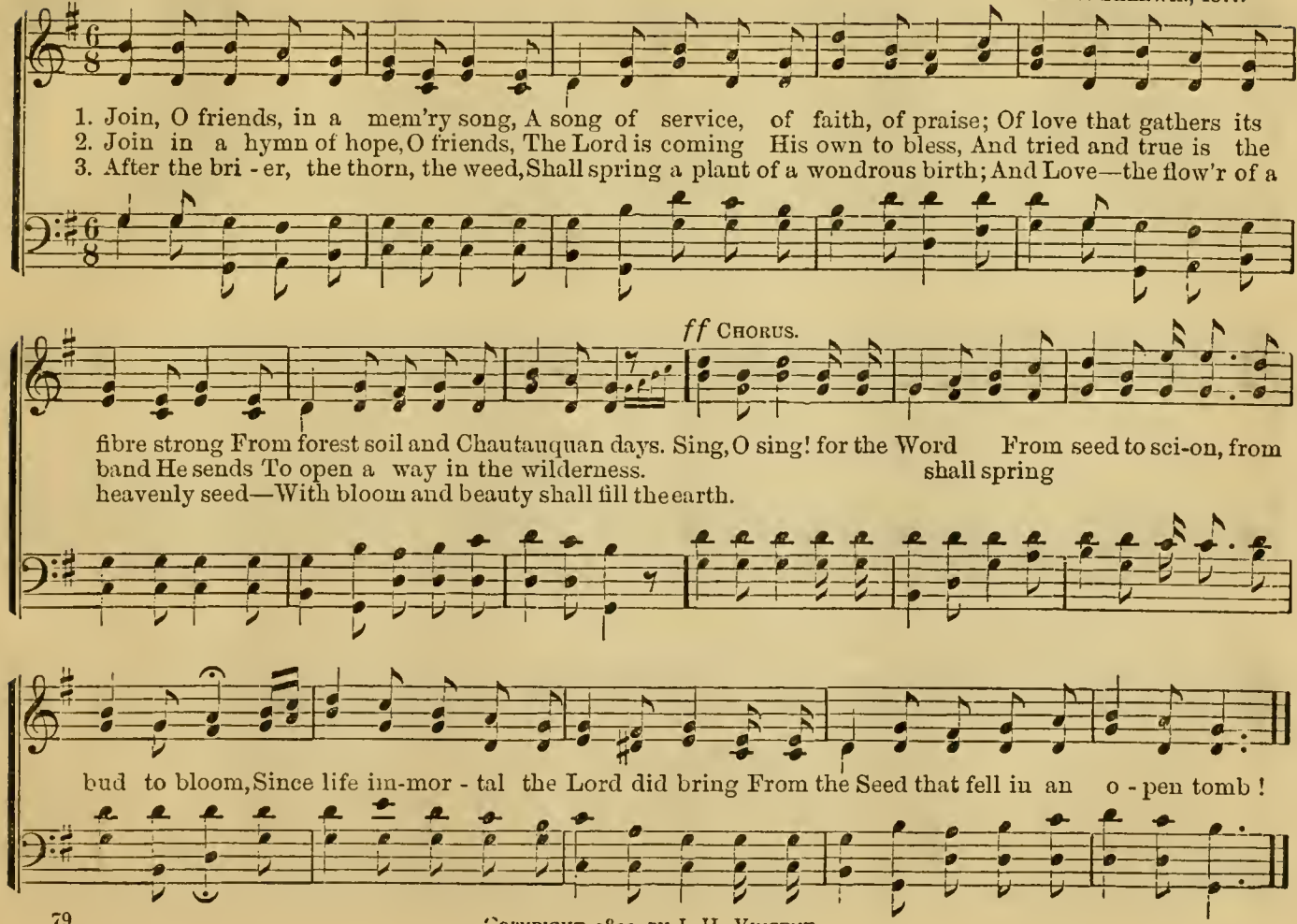

1. Brighter and brighter the way is grow-ing—We will journey on; Pur-er and clear-er the
2. Brighter and brighter our hope is shin-ing—We will journey on; Clos-er and clos-er our
3. Firm to the arm of the Sav-iour clinging—We will journey on; Sweeter and sweeter our
4. Near-er the mansions with beau-ty glow-ing—We will journey on; Near-er the flow-ers im-
streams are flowing—We will jour-ney on; Streams that in peaceful murmurs glide, Fed by a fountain
hearts are twining—We will jour-ney on; On-ly a while we pause to rest Under the cross that
songs are ringing—We will jour-ney on; What if a pass-ing cloud a-rise? What if its gloom should
mor-tal growing—We will jour-ney on; Near-er the tree of life so fair, Near-er, the heavenly
deep and wide—Cheered by their voice on every side, We will journey on, We will journey on.
Je-sus blessed; Wearing His name on every breast, We will journey on, We will journey on.
vail our skies? Touched by His hand, it fades, it dies—We will journey on, We will journey on.
fruit to share, Glo-ry to God! we'll soon be there—We will journey on, We will journey on.
journey on,

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 110. JOIN, O FRIENDS, IN A MEMORY SONG.

(ALUMNI SONG.)

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Join, O friends, in a mem'ry song, A song of service, of faith, of praise; Of love that gathers its
2. Join in a hymn of hope, O friends, The Lord is coming His own to bless, And tried and true is the
3. After the bri - er, the thorn, the weed, Shall spring a plant of a wondrous birth; And Love—the flow'r of a
ff CHORUS.
fibre strong From forest soil and Chautauquan days. Sing, O sing! for the Word From seed to sci-on, from
band He sends To open a way in the wilderness. shall spring
heavenly seed—With bloom and beauty shall fill the earth.
bud to bloom, Since life im-mor - tal the Lord did bring From the Seed that fell in an o - pen tomb!

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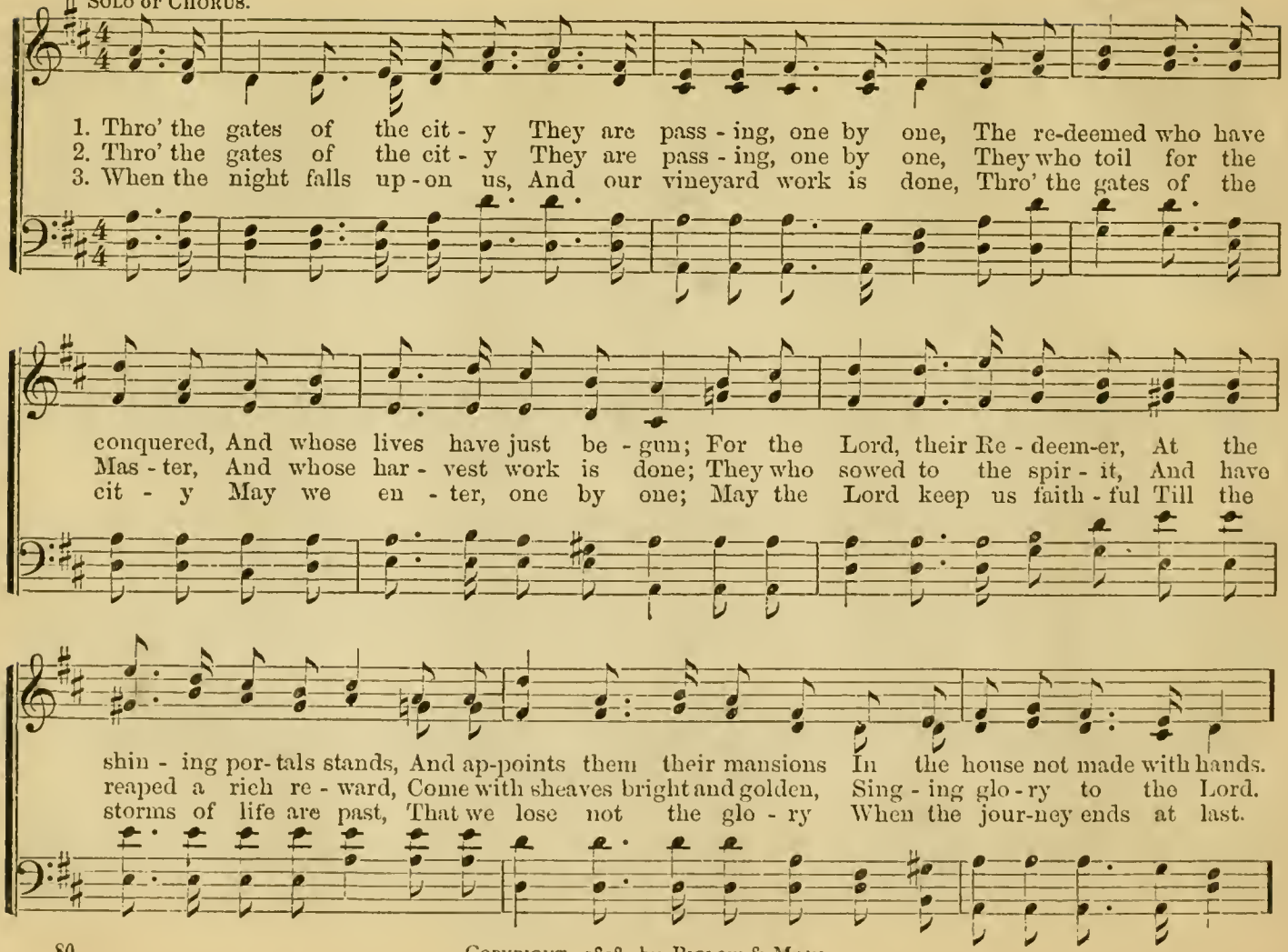
No. 111.

GATHERED HOME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Solo or Chorus.

Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. Thro' the gates of the cit - y They are pass - ing, one by one, The re-deemed who have
2. Thro' the gates of the cit - y They are pass - ing, one by one, They who toil for the
3. When the night falls up - on us, And our vineyard work is done, Thro' the gates of the
conquered, And whose lives have just be - gun; For the Lord, their Re - deem-er, At the
Mas - ter, And whose har - vest work is done; They who sowed to the spir - it, And have
cit - y May we en - ter, one by one; May the Lord keep us faith - ful Till the
shin - ing por - tals stands, And ap-points them their mansions In the house not made with hands.
reaped a rich re - ward, Come with sheaves bright and golden, Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lord.
storms of life are past, That we lose not the glo - ry When the jour-ney ends at last.

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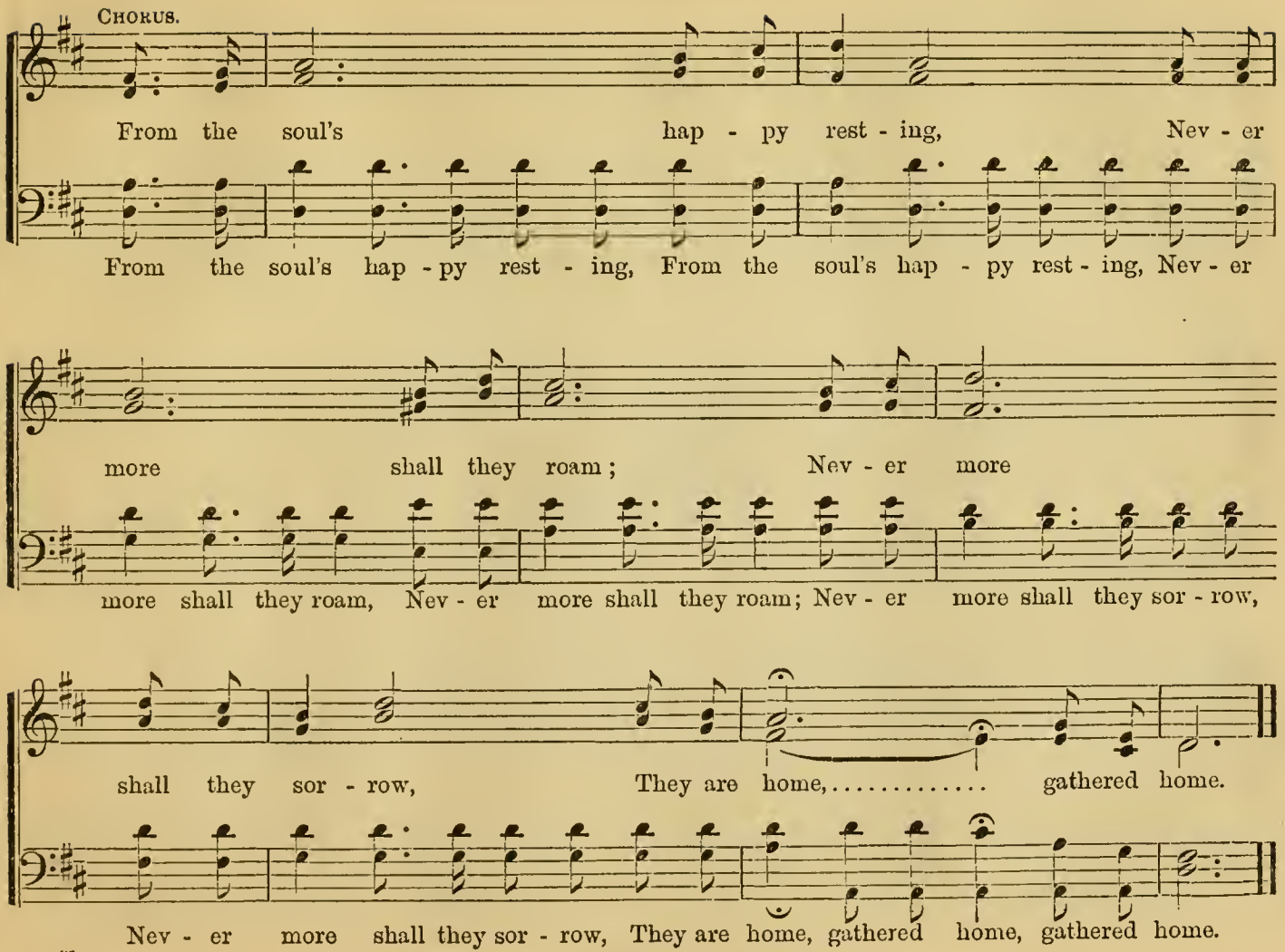
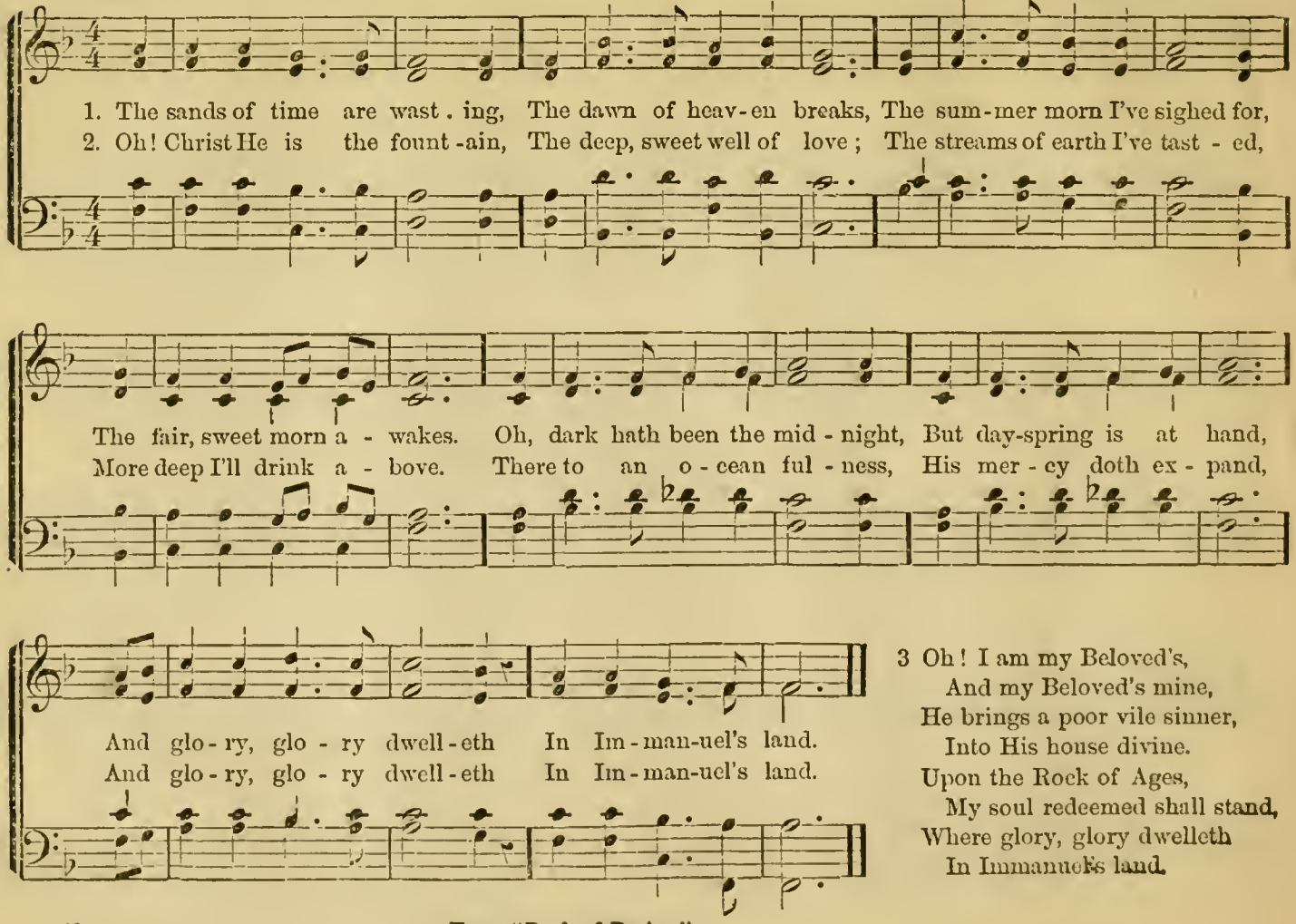
GATHERED HOME. Concluded.


Chorus.
From the soul's hap - py rest - ing, Nev - er
From the soul's hap - py rest - ing, From the soul's hap - py rest - ing, Nev - er
more shall they roam; Nev - er more
more shall they roam, Nev - er more shall they roam; Nev - er more shall they sor - row,
shall they sor - row, They are home,..... gathered home.
Nev - er more shall they sor - row, They are home, gathered home, gathered home.

No. 112. RUTHERFORD.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857. CHAS. D'URHAN, 1845.

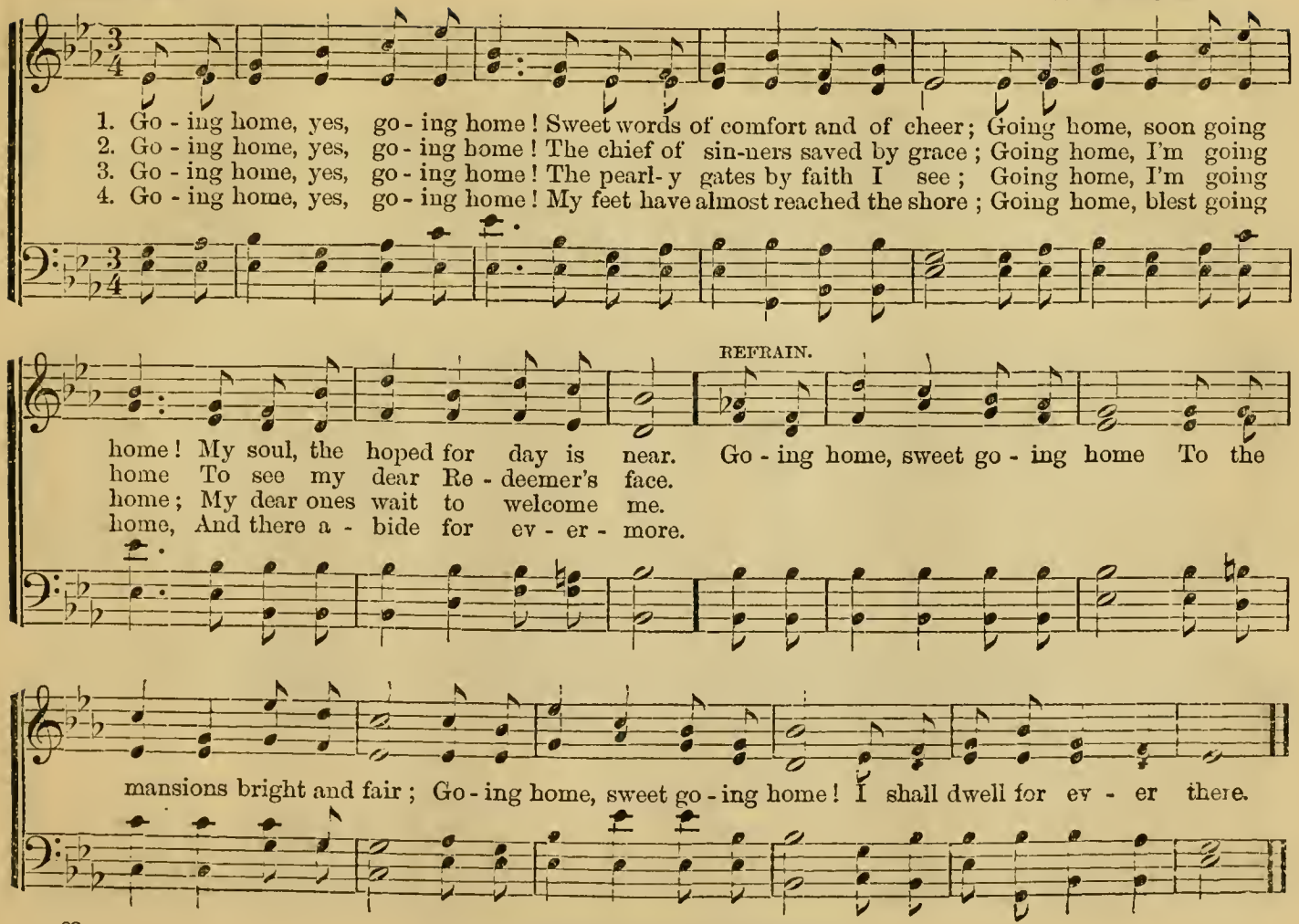

1. The sands of time are wast . ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The sum-mer morn I've sighed for,
2. Oh! Christ He is the fount -ain, The deep, sweet well of love ; The streams of earth I've tast - ed,
The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,
More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man-uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man-uel's land.

3 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner,
Into His house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages,
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

From "Book of Praise."

No. 113. GOING HOME.

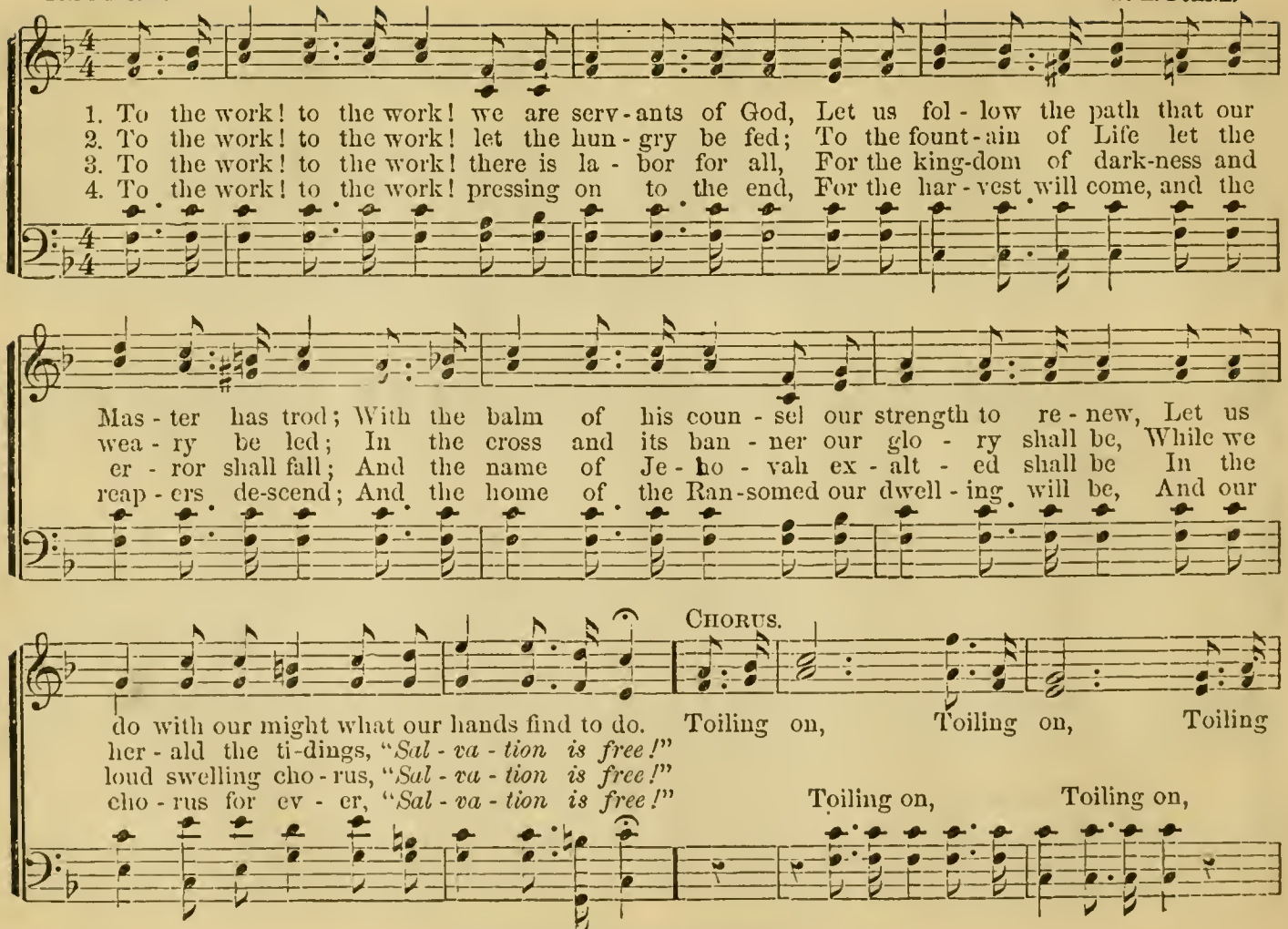
Wm. Stevenson. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home! Sweet words of comfort and of cheer; Going home, soon going
2. Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home! The chief of sin-ners saved by grace; Going home, I'm going
3. Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home! The pearl- y gates by faith I see; Going home, I'm going
4. Go - ing home, yes, go - ing home! My feet have almost reached the shore; Going home, blest going
REFRAIN.
home! My soul, the hoped for day is near. Go - ing home, sweet go - ing home To the
home To see my dear Re - deemer's face.
home; My dear ones wait to welcome me.
home, And there a - bide for ev - er - more.
mansions bright and fair; Go - ing home, sweet go - ing home! I shall dwell for ev - er there.

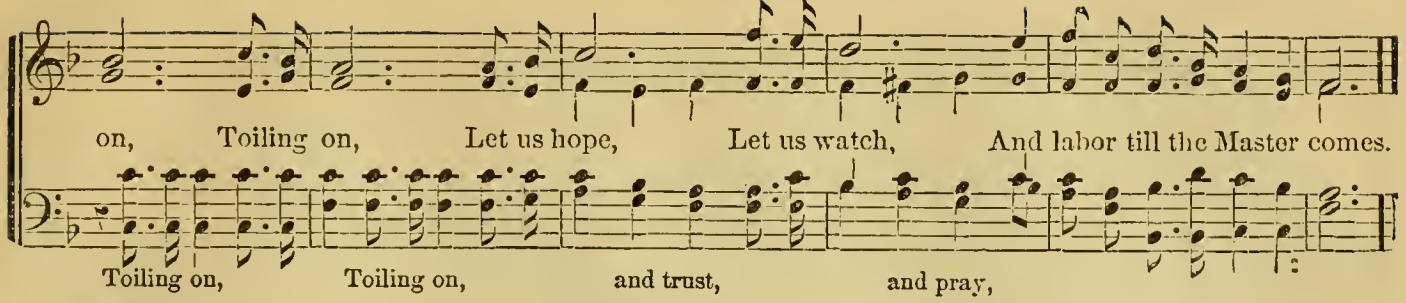
From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 114. TOILING ON.

FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

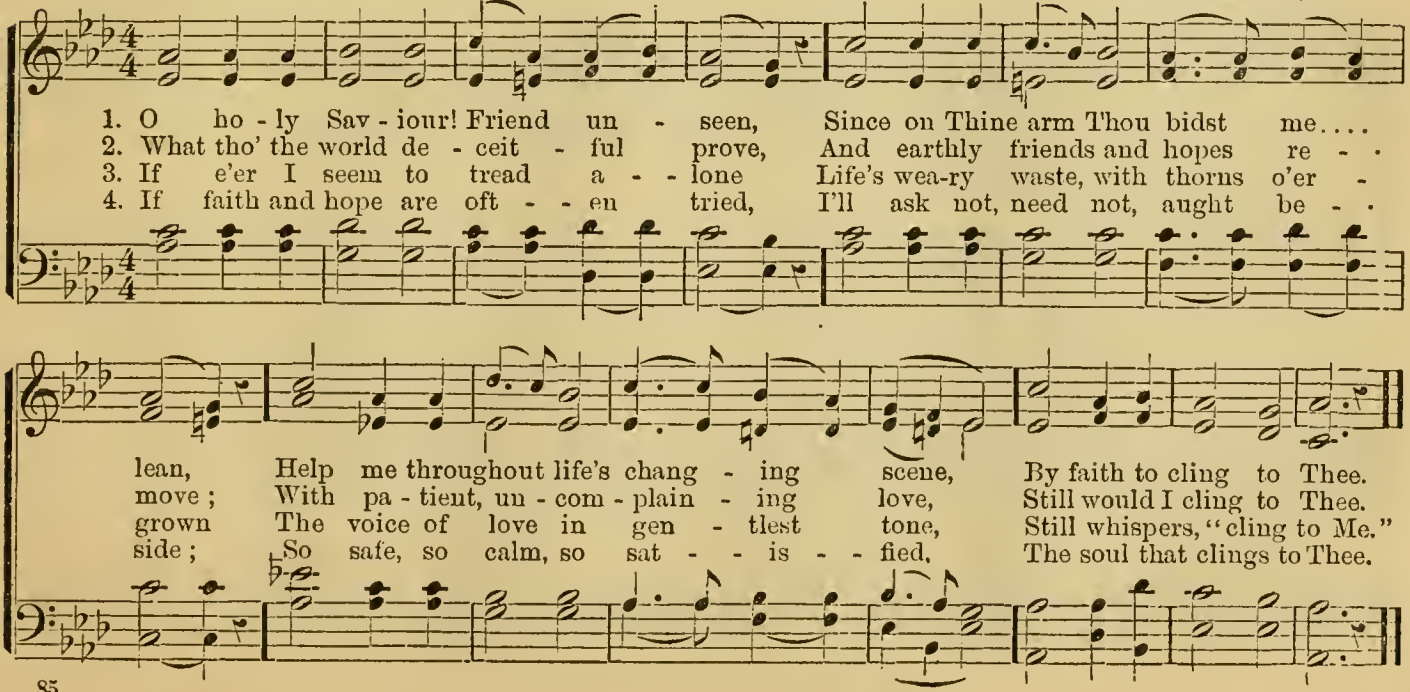

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the fount-ain of Life let the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and
4. To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end, For the har-vest will come, and the
Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of his coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us
wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we
er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be In the
reap-ers de-scend; And the home of the Ran-somed our dwell-ing will be, And our
Chorus.
do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling
her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
loud swelling cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
cho-rus for ev-er, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
Toiling on, Toiling on,

From PURE GOLD, by permission.



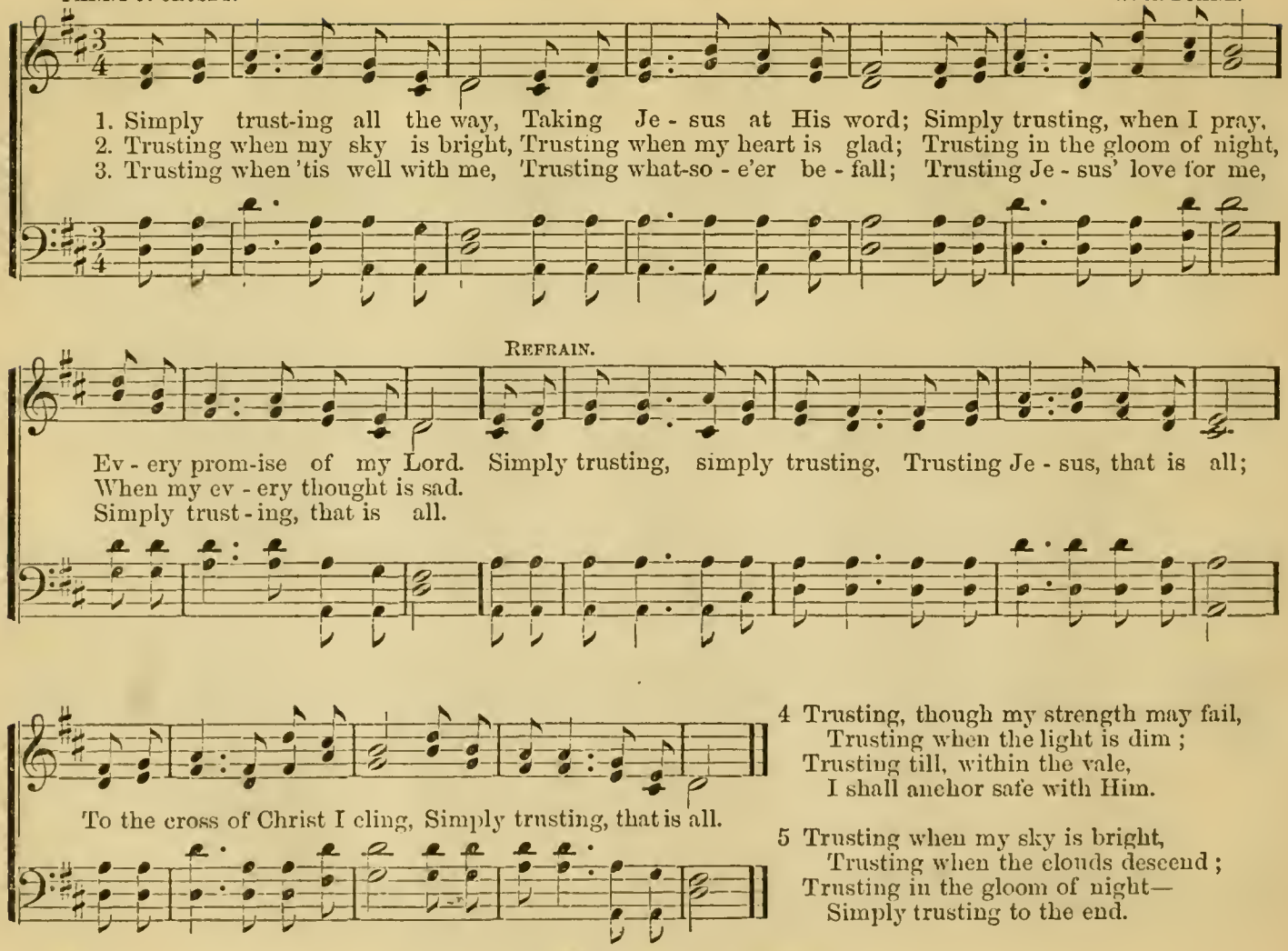
No. 115. FLEMMING.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. F. F. FLEMMING, 1810.


1. O ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me....
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re - -
3. If e'er I seem to tread a - - lone Life's wea-ry waste, with thorns o'er -
4. If faith and hope are oft - - en tried, I'll ask not, need not, aught be - -
lean, Help me throughout life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
move; With pa - tient, un - com - plain - ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
grown The voice of love in gen - tlest tone, Still whispers, "cling to Me."
side; So safe, so calm, so sat - - is - - fied, The soul that clings to Thee.

No. 116. TRUSTING JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Simply trust-ing all the way, Taking Je - sus at His word; Simply trusting, when I pray,
2. Trusting when my sky is bright, Trusting when my heart is glad; Trusting in the gloom of night,
3. Trusting when 'tis well with me, Trusting what-so - e'er be - fall; Trusting Je - sus' love for me,
REFRAIN.
Ev - ery prom-ise of my Lord. Simply trusting, simply trusting. Trusting Je - sus, that is all;
When my ev - ery thought is sad.
Simply trust - ing, that is all.
To the cross of Christ I cling, Simply trusting, that is all.

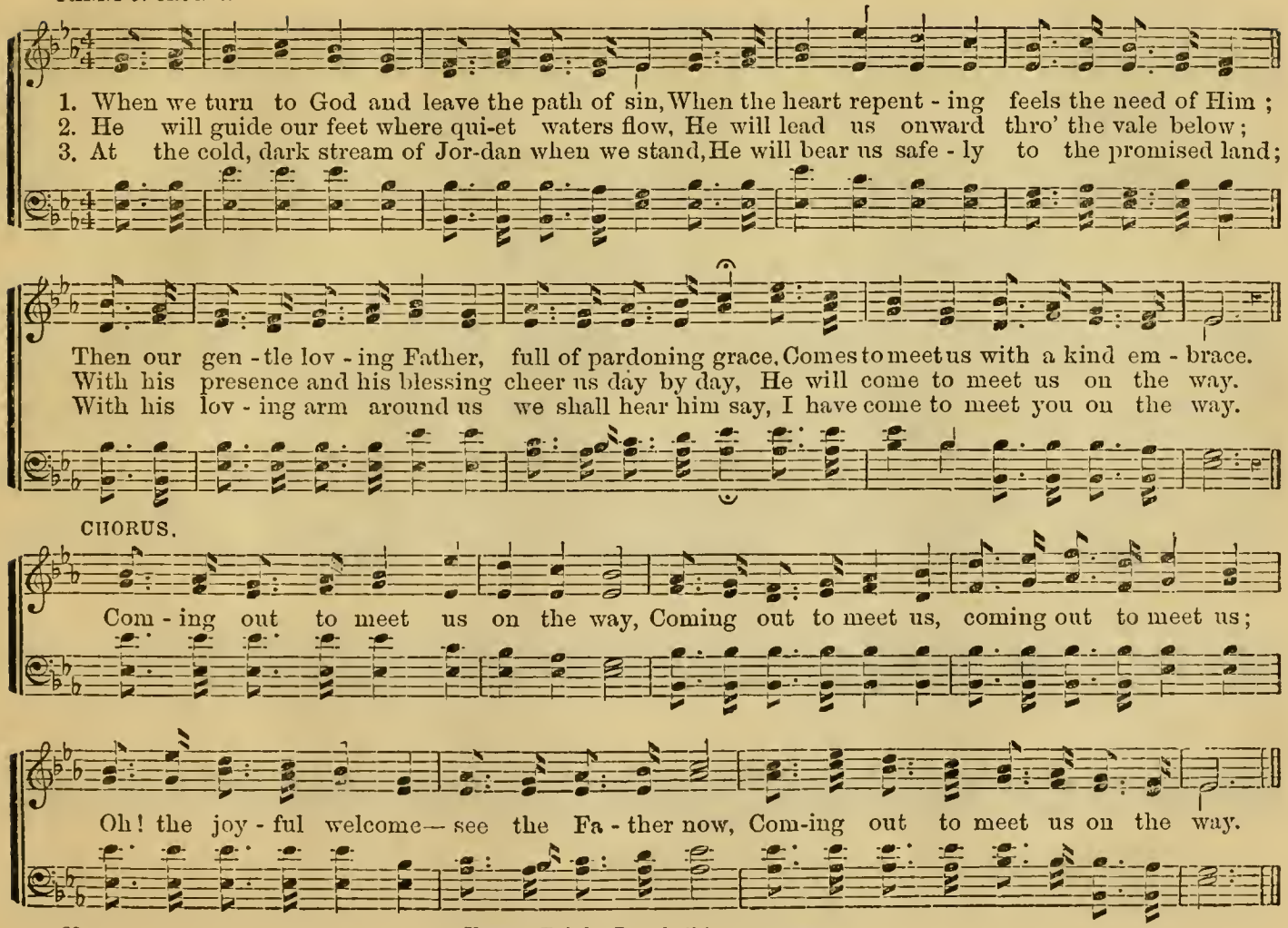
4 Trusting, though my strength may fail,
Trusting when the light is dim;
Trusting till, within the vale,
I shall anchor safe with Him.

5 Trusting when my sky is bright,
Trusting when the clouds descend;
Trusting in the gloom of night—
Simply trusting to the end.

From "Fountain of Song," by permission.

No. 117. HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US.

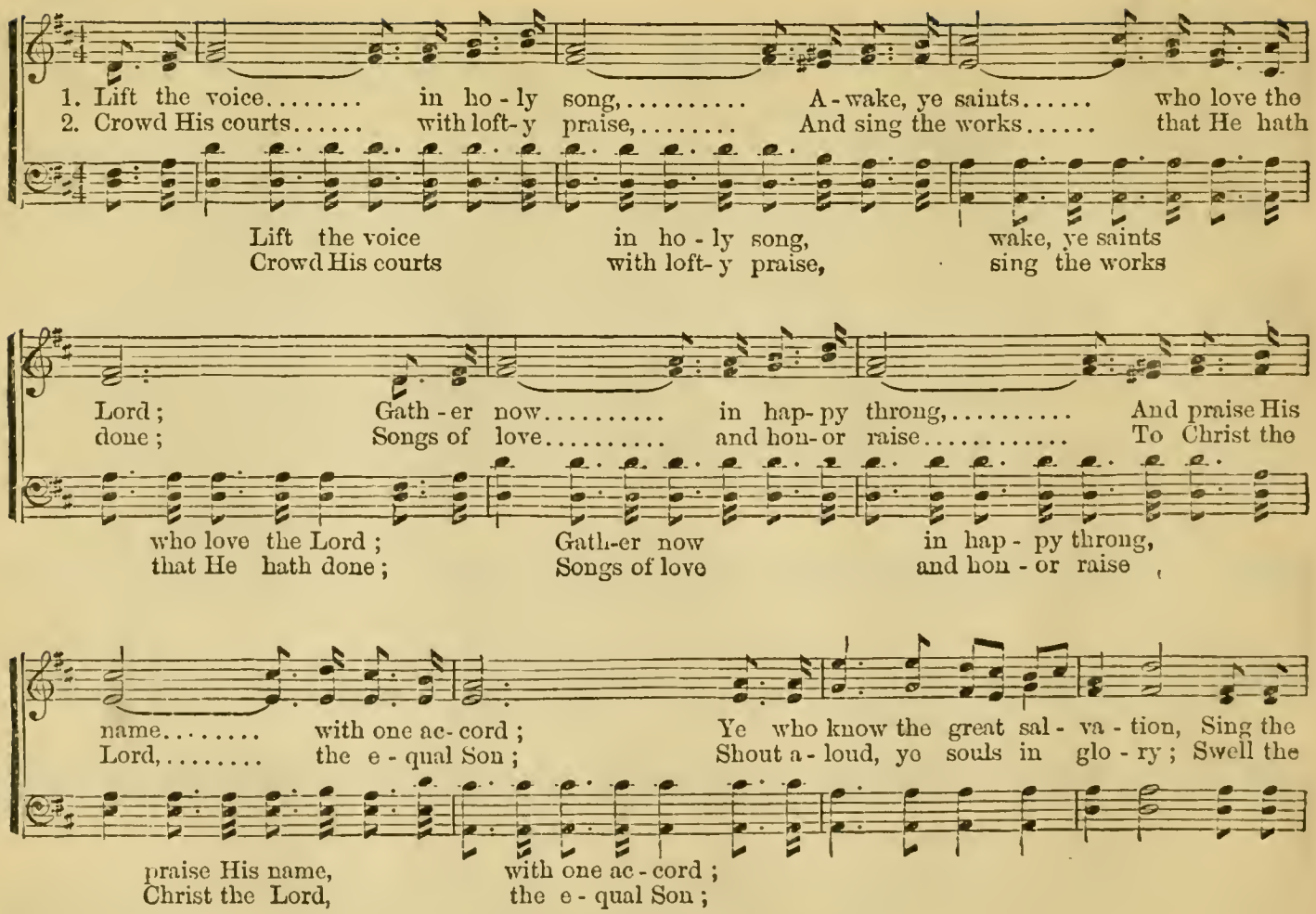
FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.


1. When we turn to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repent - ing feels the need of Him ;
2. He will guide our feet where qui-et waters flow, He will lead us onward thro' the vale below ;
3. At the cold, dark stream of Jor-dan when we stand, He will bear us safe - ly to the promised land;
Then our gen - tle lov - ing Father, full of pardoning grace, Comes to meet us with a kind em - brace.
With his presence and his blessing cheer us day by day, He will come to meet us on the way.
With his lov - ing arm around us we shall hear him say, I have come to meet you on the way.
CHORUS.
Com - ing out to meet us on the way, Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us;
Oh! the joy - ful welcome— see the Fa - ther now, Com-ing out to meet us on the way.

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

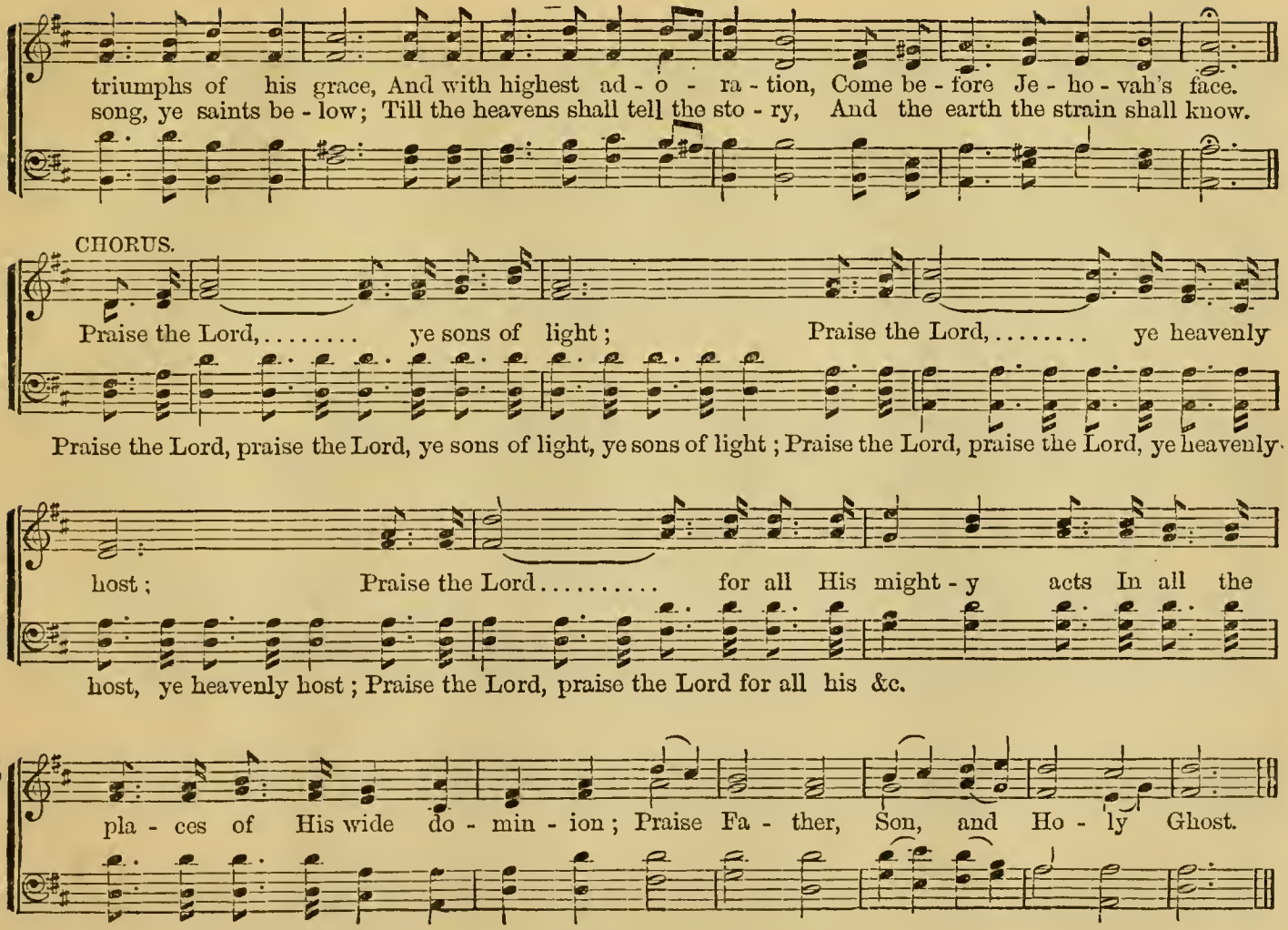
No. 118.
R. L.

PRAISE THE LORD.

R. LOWRY.

1. Lift the voice..... in ho - ly song,..... A - wake, ye saints..... who love the
2. Crowd His courts..... with loft - y praise,..... And sing the works..... that He hath
Lift the voice in ho - ly song, wake, ye saints
Crowd His courts with loft - y praise, sing the works
Lord; Gath - er now..... in hap - py throng,..... And praise His
done; Songs of love..... and hon - or raise..... To Christ the
who love the Lord; Gath - er now in hap - py throng,
that He hath done; Songs of love and hon - or raise
name..... with one ac - cord; Ye who know the great sal - va - tion, Sing the
Lord,..... the e - qual Son; Shout a - loud, ye souls in glo - ry; Swell the
praise His name, with one ac - cord;
Christ the Lord, the e - qual Son;

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

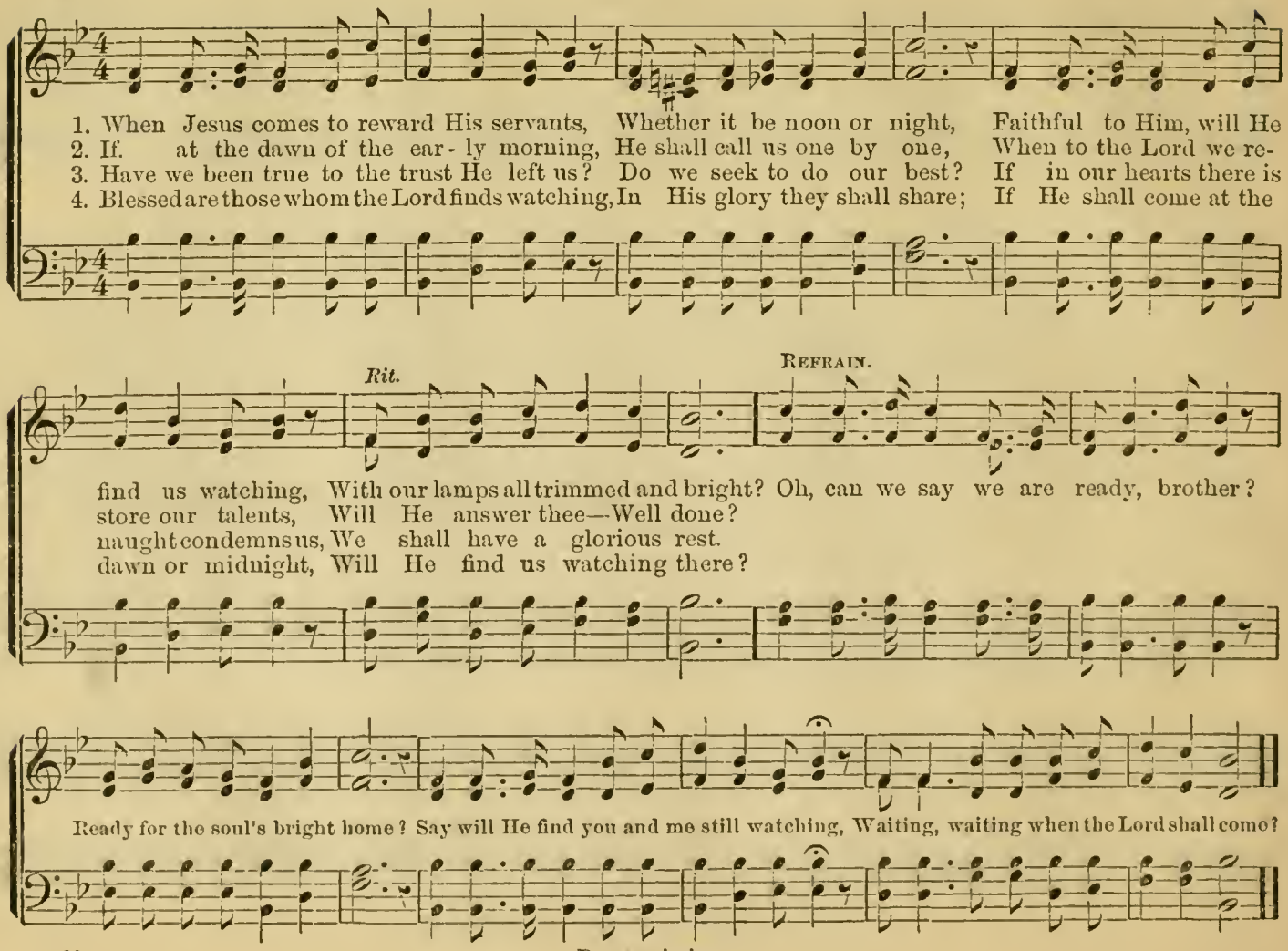
PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.


triumphs of his grace, And with highest ad - o - ra - tion, Come be - fore Je - ho - vah's face.
song, ye saints be - low; Till the heavens shall tell the sto - ry, And the earth the strain shall know.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord,..... ye sons of light; Praise the Lord,..... ye heavenly
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye sons of light, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye heavenly
host; Praise the Lord..... for all His might - y acts In all the
host, ye heavenly host; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for all his &c.
pla - ces of His wide do - min - ion; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 119. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

F. J. C. W. H. DOANE.


1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to Him, will He
2. If. at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share; If He shall come at the
Rit.
Refrain.
find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright? Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
store our talents, Will He answer thee—Well done?
naught condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?
Ready for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

By permission.

120 AULD LANG SYNE. Key F.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal grows;
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

---

121 LENOX. H. M. Key B♭.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

---

122 ARIEL. C. P. M. Key E♭.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come
When Christ, my Lord, will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

---

123 CORONATION. C. M.

Bradbury Trio, 179. Key G.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

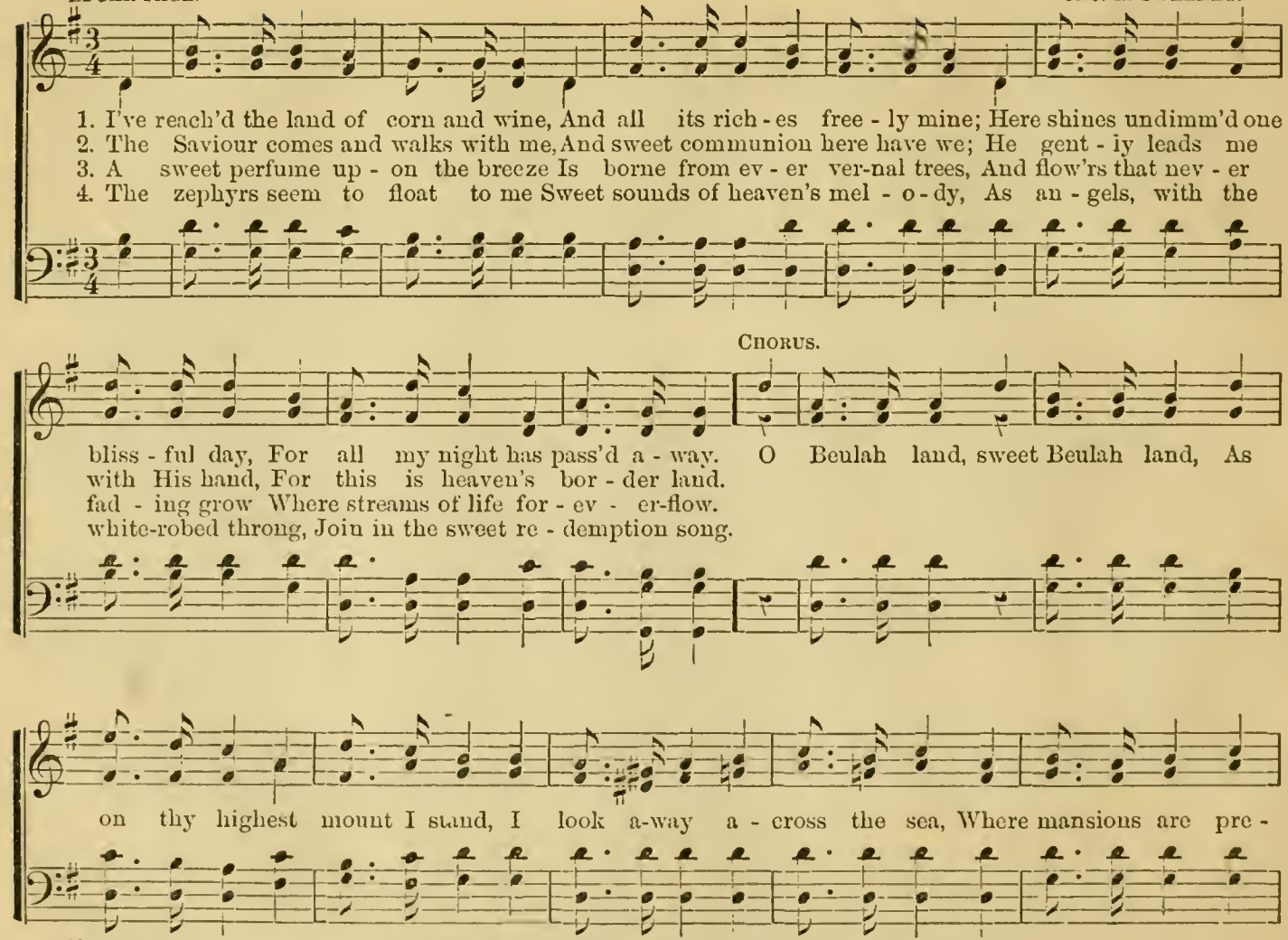
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 124.

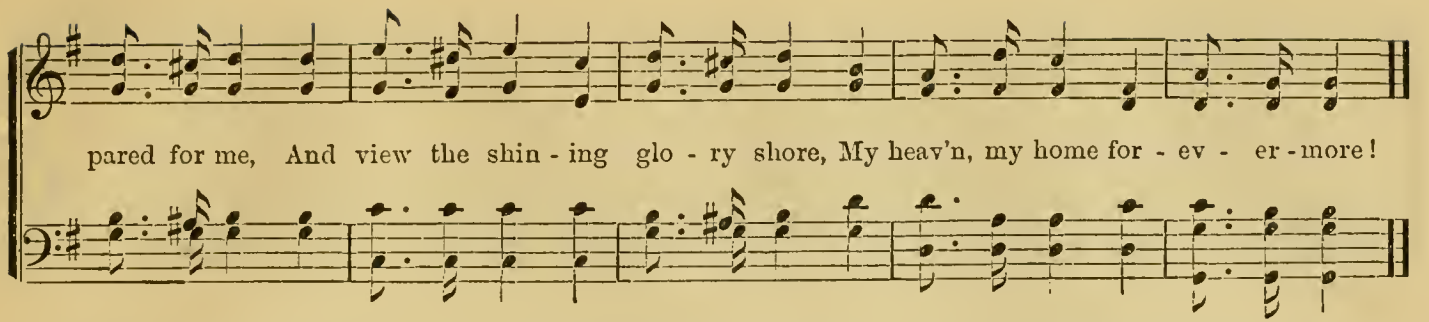
BEULAH LAND.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWEENEY.


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gent - ly leads me
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver-nal trees, And flow'rs that nev - er
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy, As an - gels, with the
Chorus.
bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way. O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As
with His hand, For this is heaven's bor - der land.
fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er-flow.
white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demption song.
on thy highest mount I stand, I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre -

From "Goodly Pearls," by permission of John J. Hood.

BEULAH LAND. Concluded.



125 MARTYN. 7s. Key F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring—
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart.
Rise to all eternity.

---

126 BETHANY. Key G.

1 Lord, at Thy mercy seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus my all.

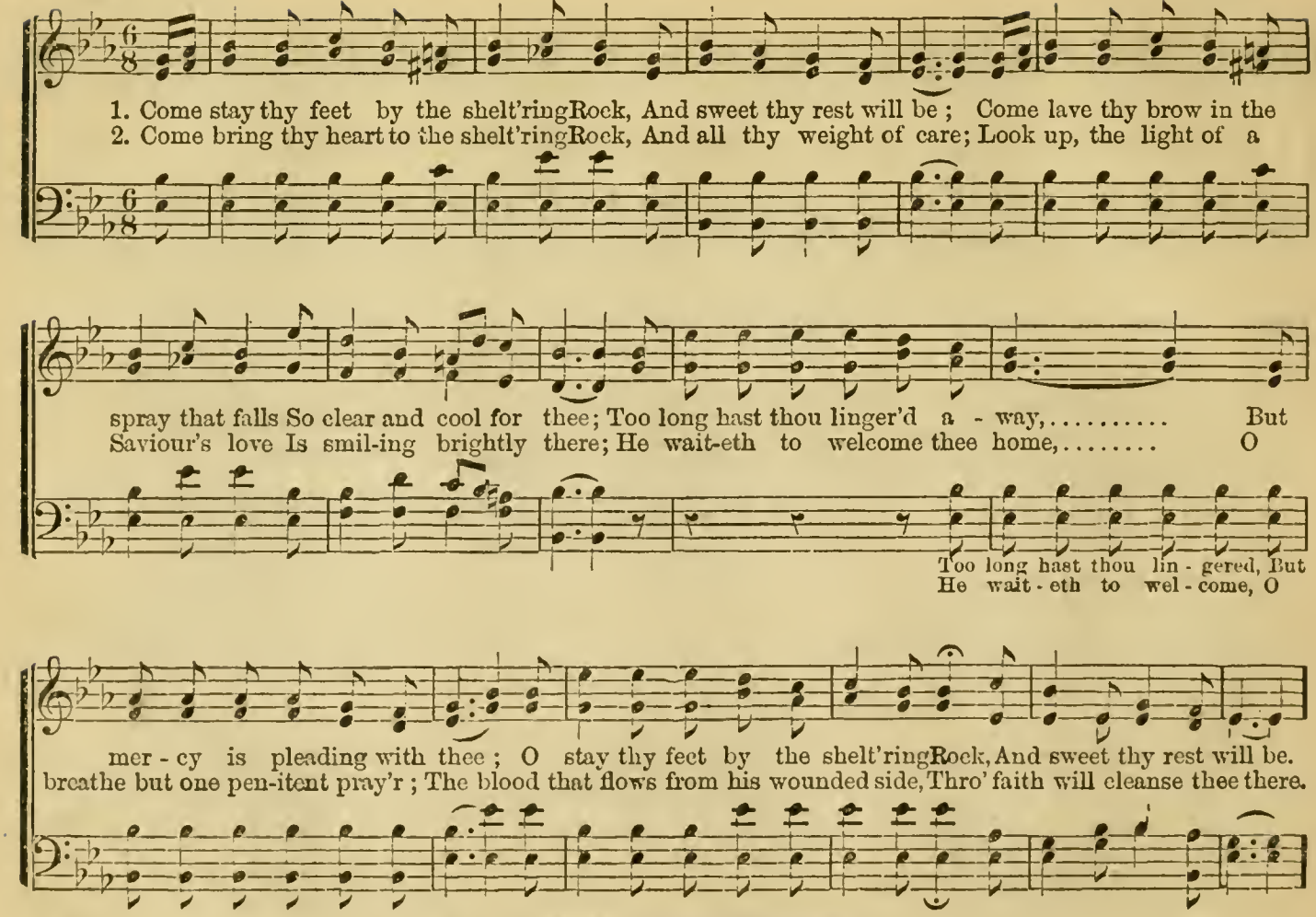
3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere in the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus my all.

4 Still at Thy merey-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

Fanny J. Crosby.

No. 127. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

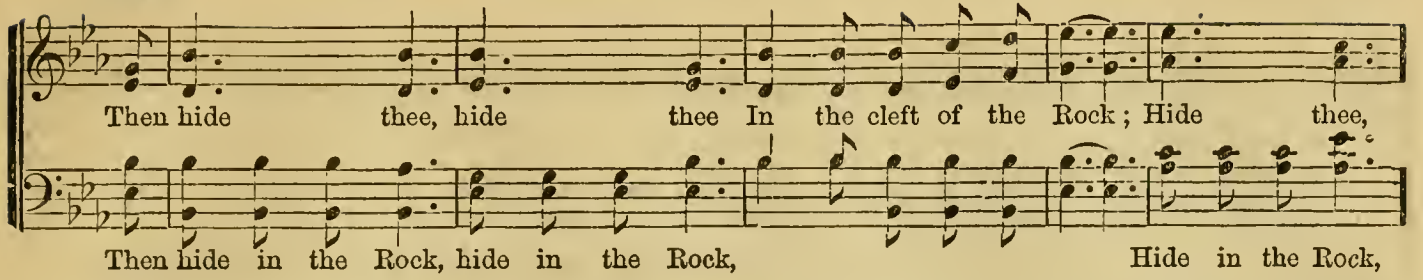
FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

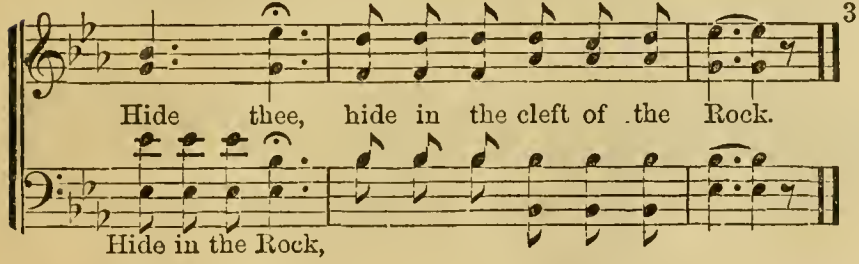

1. Come stay thy feet by the shelt'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be; Come lave thy brow in the
2. Come bring thy heart to the shelt'ring Rock, And all thy weight of care; Look up, the light of a
spray that falls So clear and cool for thee; Too long hast thou linger'd a - way, ... But
Saviour's love Is smil-ing brightly there; He wait-eth to welcome thee home, ... O
Too long hast thou lin - gered, But
He wait - eth to wel - come, O
mer - cy is pleading with thee; O stay thy feet by the shelt'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be.
breathe but one pen-itent pray'r; The blood that flows from his wounded side, Thro' faith will cleanse thee there.

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

THE SHELTERING ROCK. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

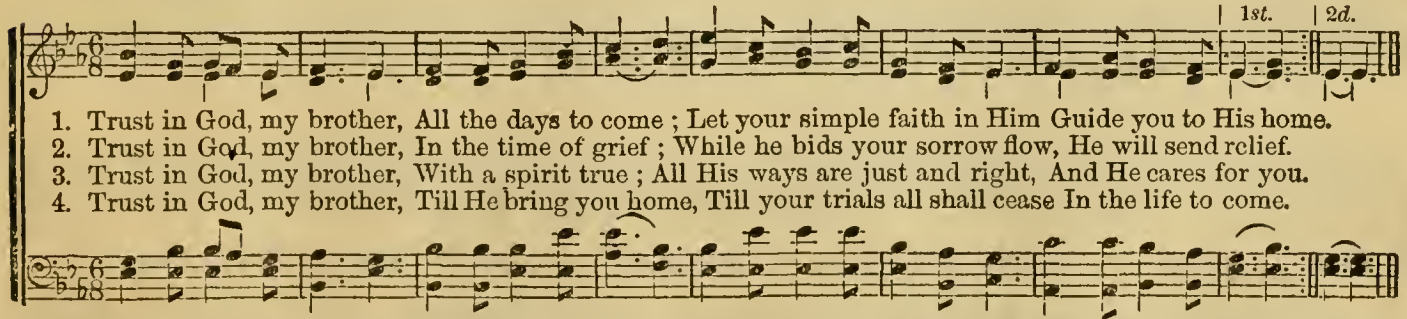




3 There's life for thee at the shelt'ring Rock,
A life of peace and love;
Sweet hope of rest in a brighter land
Of purer joys above;
Then stay with thy Saviour, O stay
Where nothing thy soul can e'er move;
There calmly rest in that dear retreat,
The arms of Jesus' love.—*Ref.*

No. 128. TRUST IN GOD.

E. A. BARNES. R. LOWRY.



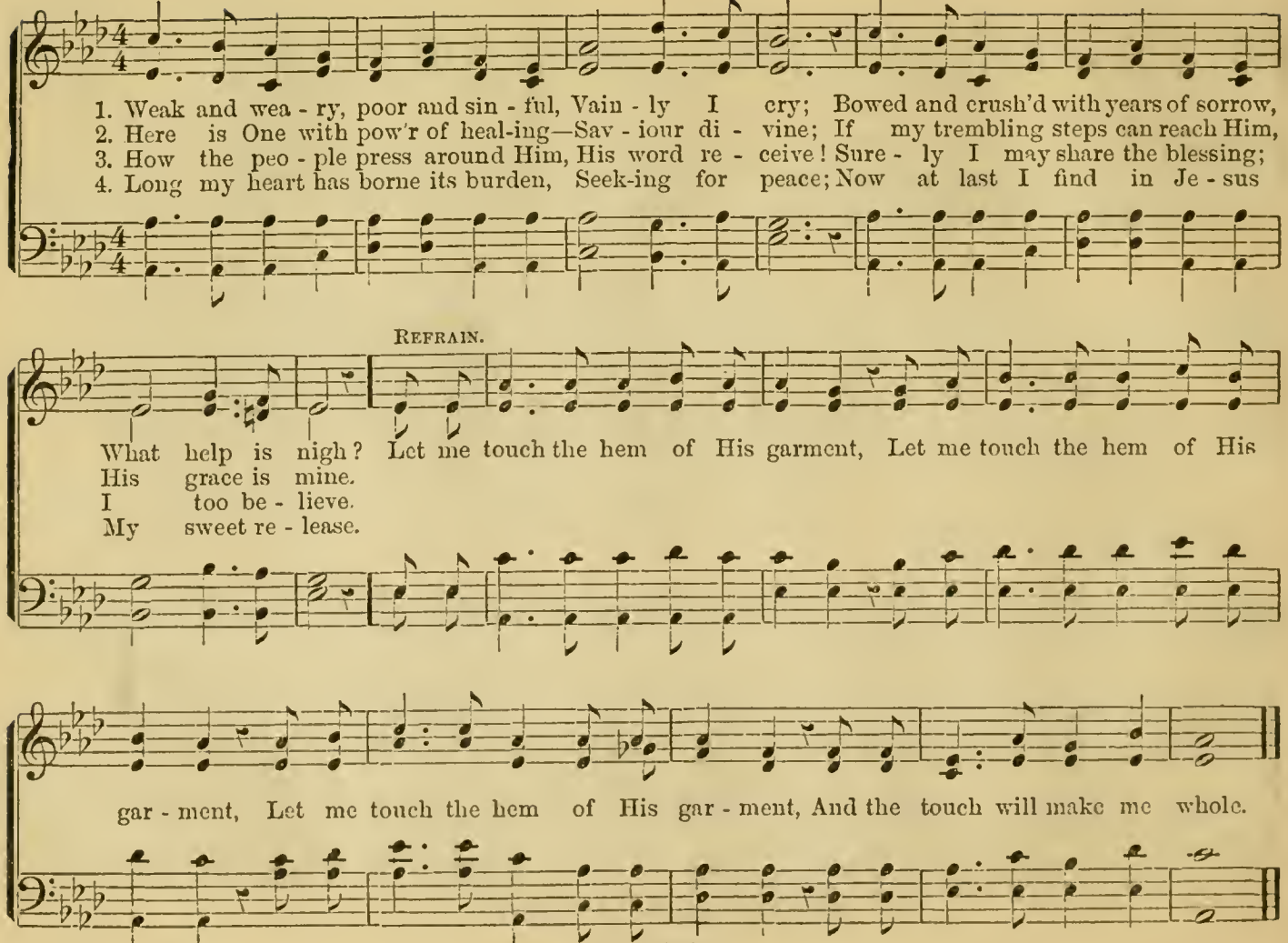
1. Trust in God, my brother, All the days to come; Let your simple faith in Him Guide you to His home.
2. Trust in God, my brother, In the time of grief; While he bids your sorrow flow, He will send relief.
3. Trust in God, my brother, With a spirit true; All His ways are just and right, And He cares for you.
4. Trust in God, my brother, Till He bring you home, Till your trials all shall cease In the life to come.

Ref.—Trust Him as a Father, Trust Him as a Friend, Trust Him as a Refuge sure, Trust Him to the (omit.) *end.*

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 129. THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

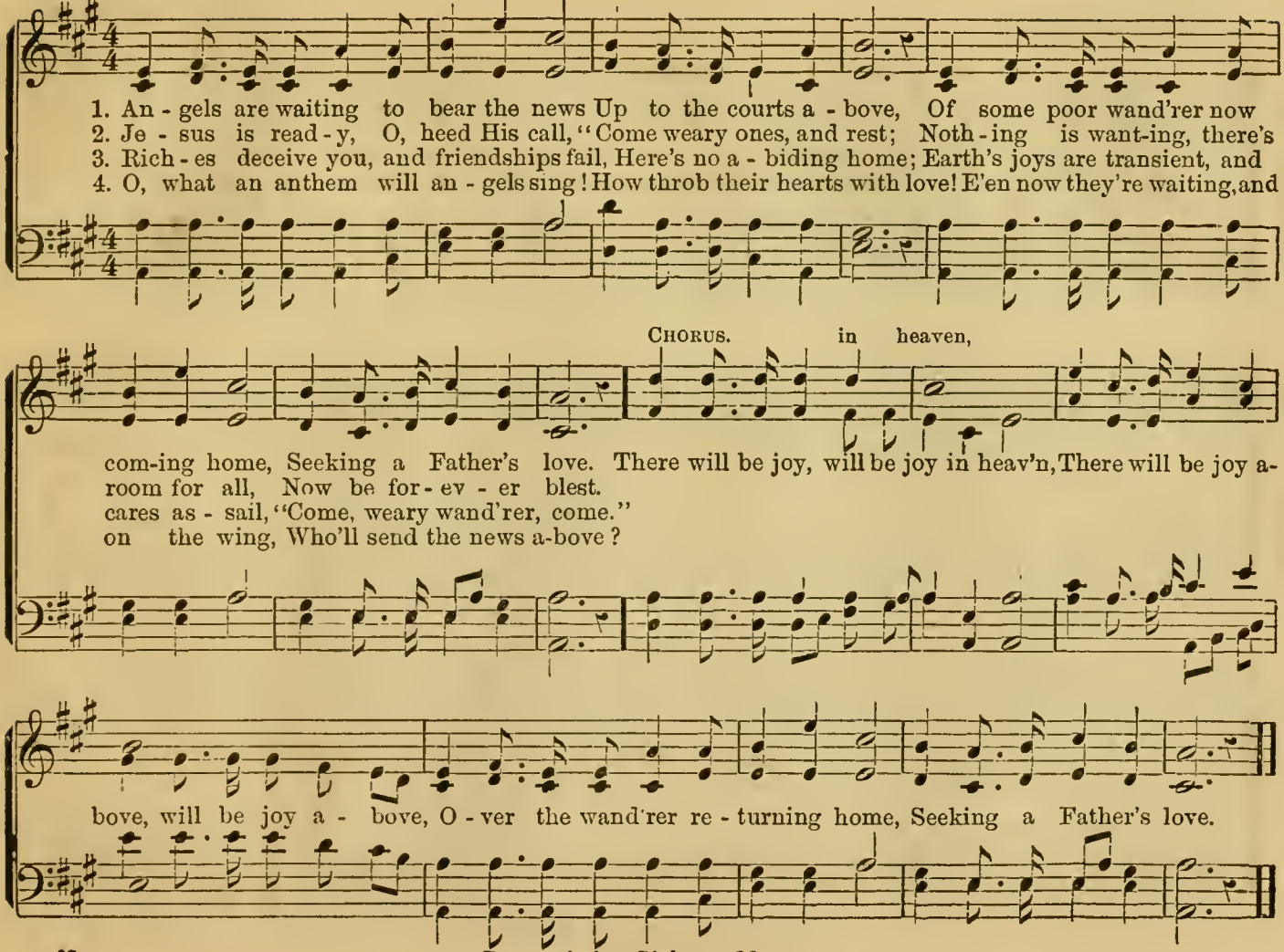
R. L. R. LOWRY.


1. Weak and wea - ry, poor and sin - ful, Vain - ly I cry; Bowed and crush'd with years of sorrow,
2. Here is One with pow'r of heal-ing—Sav - iour di - vine; If my trembling steps can reach Him,
3. How the peo - ple press around Him, His word re - ceive! Sure - ly I may share the blessing;
4. Long my heart has borne its burden, Seek-ing for peace; Now at last I find in Je - sus
Refrain.
What help is nigh? Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me touch the hem of His
His grace is mine.
I too be - lieve.
My sweet re - lease.
gar - ment, Let me touch the hem of His gar - ment, And the touch will make me whole.

By permission.

No. 130. WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?

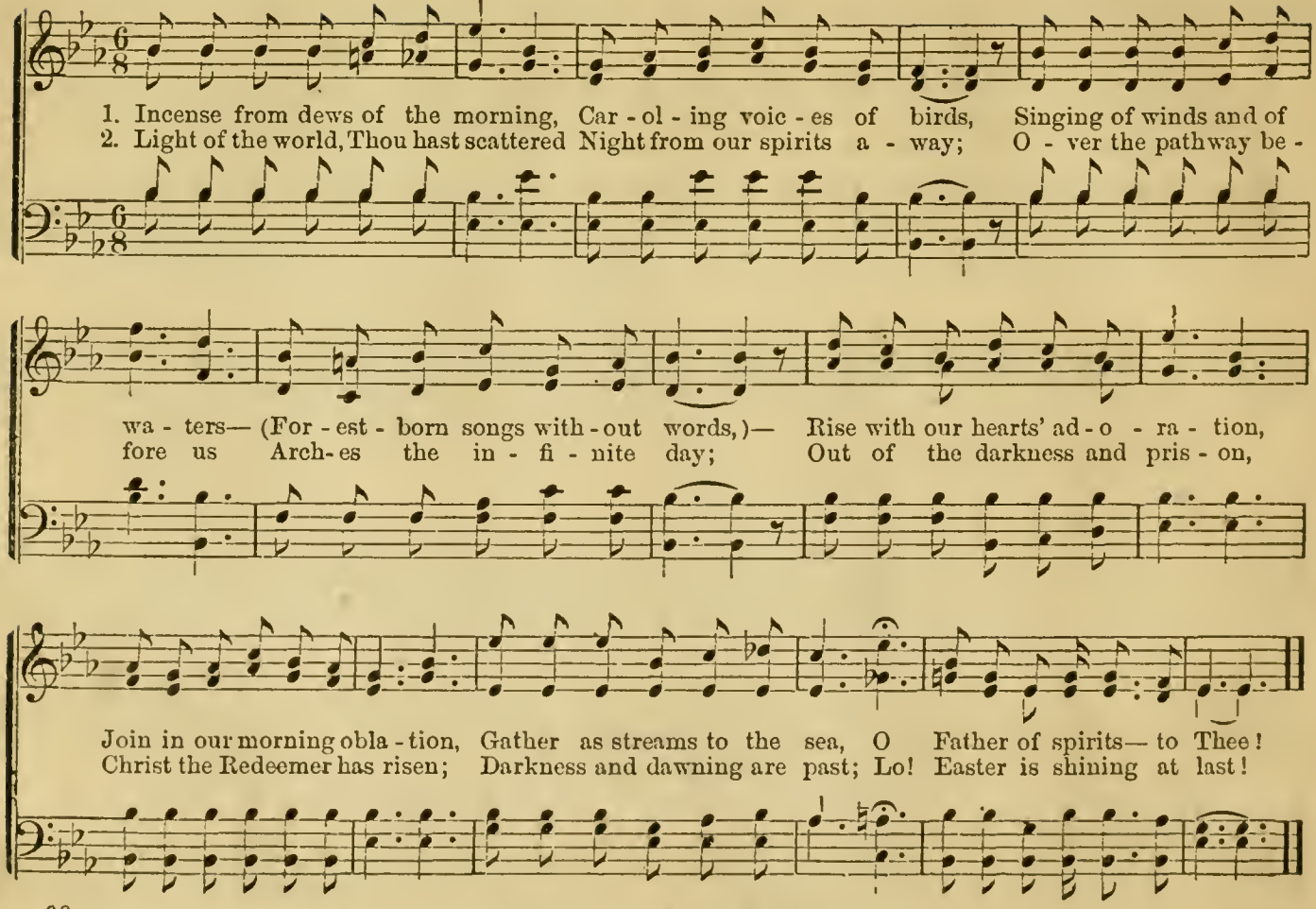
O. R. B. O. R. BARROWS.


1. An - gels are waiting to bear the news Up to the courts a - bove, Of some poor wand'rer now
2. Je - sus is read - y, O, heed His call, "Come weary ones, and rest; Noth - ing is want-ing, there's
3. Rich - es deceive you, and friendships fail, Here's no a - biding home; Earth's joys are transient, and
4. O, what an anthem will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love! E'en now they're waiting, and
CHORUS.
in heaven,
com-ing home, Seeking a Father's love. There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a-
room for all, Now be for - ev - er blest.
cares as - sail, "Come, weary wand'rer, come."
on the wing, Who'll send the news a-bove?
bove, will be joy a - bove, O - ver the wand'rer re - turning home, Seeking a Father's love.

By permission, Biglow & Main.

No. 131. MORNING PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. "Praise waiteth for Thee."—Ps. 65: 1. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Incense from dews of the morning, Car - ol - ing voic - es of birds, Singing of winds and of
2. Light of the world, Thou hast scattered Night from our spirits a - way; O - ver the pathway be -
wa - ters— (For - est - born songs with - out words,)— Rise with our hearts' ad - o - ra - tion,
fore us Arch - es the in - fi - nite day; Out of the darkness and pris - on,
Join in our morning obla - tion, Gather as streams to the sea, O Father of spirits— to Thee!
Christ the Redeemer has risen; Darkness and dawning are past; Lo! Easter is shining at last!

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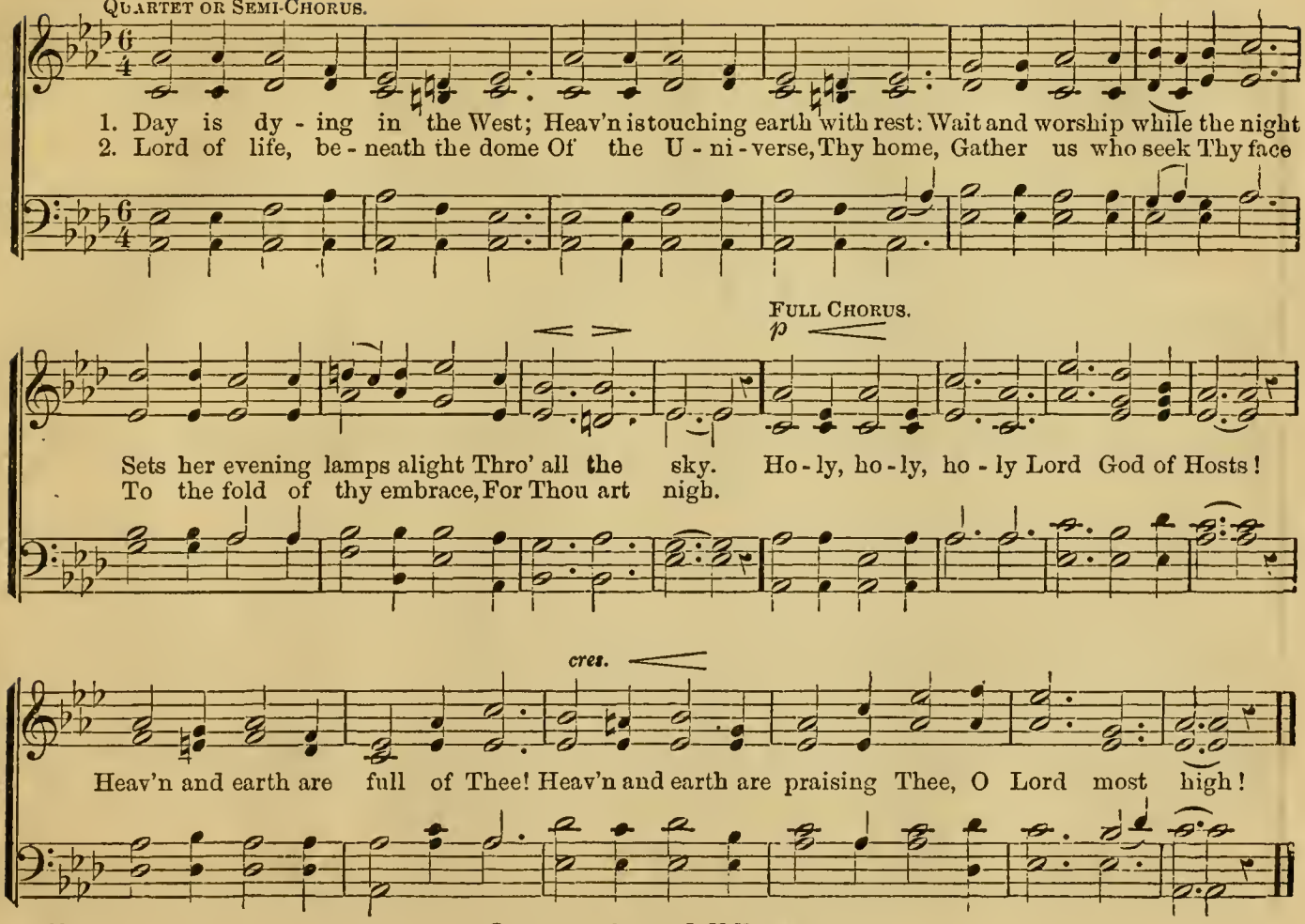
No. 132. EVENING PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.


1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse, Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face
FULL CHORUS.
p
Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!
To the fold of thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
cres.
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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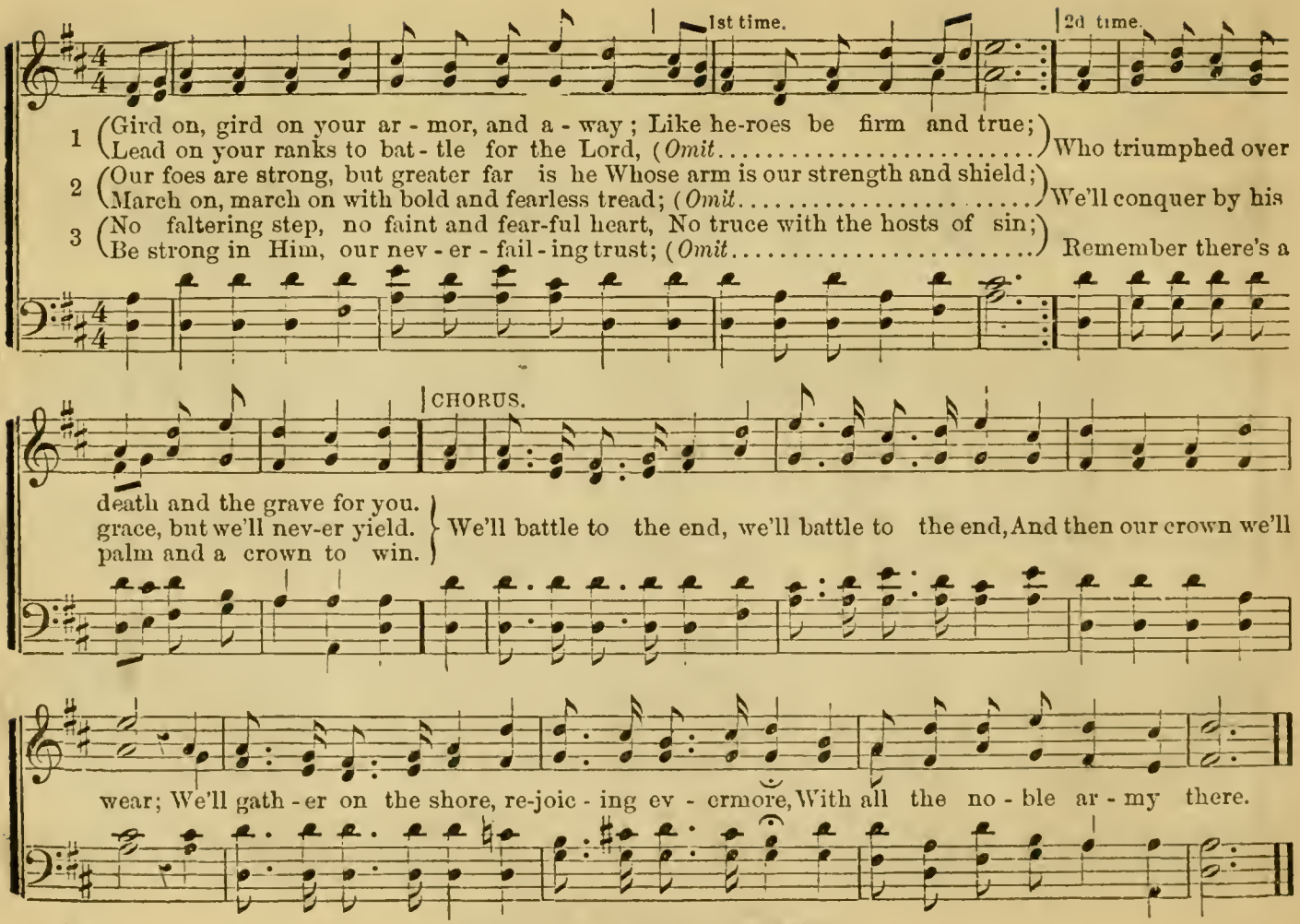
No. 133. BATTLE TO THE END.

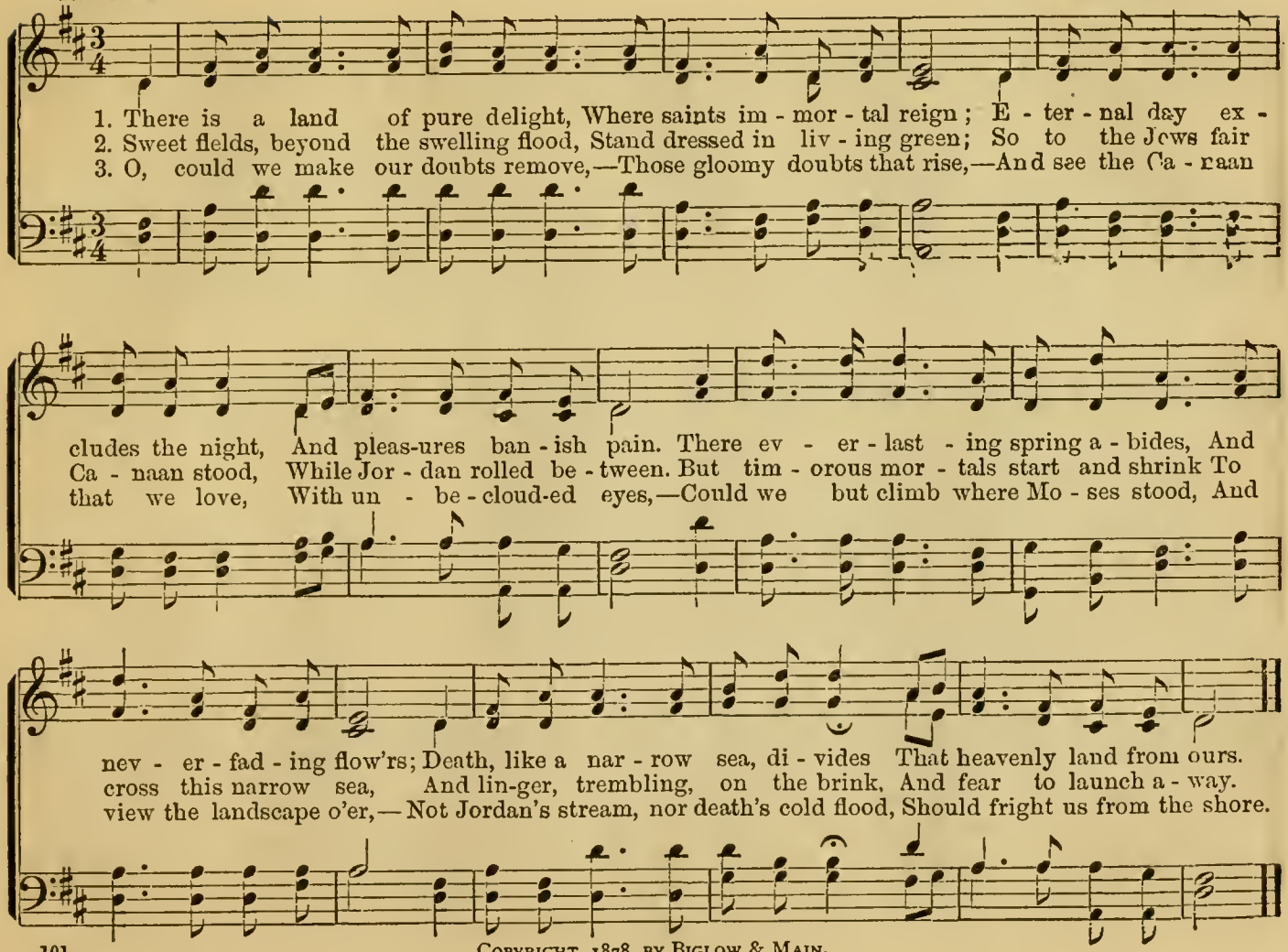
F. J. C. W. H. Doane.


1st time.
2d time.
1 (Gird on, gird on your ar - mor, and a - way; Like he-roes be firm and true; Lead on your ranks to bat - tle for the Lord, (Omit.....) Who triumphed over
2 (Our foes are strong, but greater far is he Whose arm is our strength and shield; March on, march on with bold and fearless tread; (Omit.....) We'll conquer by his
3 (No faltering step, no faint and fear-ful heart, No truce with the hosts of sin; Be strong in Him, our nev - er - fail - ing trust; (Omit.....) Remember there's a
CHORUS.
death and the grave for you.
grace, but we'll nev-er yield.
palm and a crown to win.
We'll battle to the end, we'll battle to the end, And then our crown we'll
wear; We'll gath - er on the shore, re-joic - ing ev - ermore, With all the no - ble ar - my there.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 134. THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

ISAAC WATTS. WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex -
cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And
nev - er - fad - ing flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heavenly land from ours.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So to the Jews fair
Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween. But tim - orous mor - tals start and shrink To
cross this narrow sea, And lin-ger, trembling, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
3. O, could we make our doubts remove,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—And see the Ca - naan
that we love, With un - be - cloud-ed eyes,—Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And
view the landscape o'er,—Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

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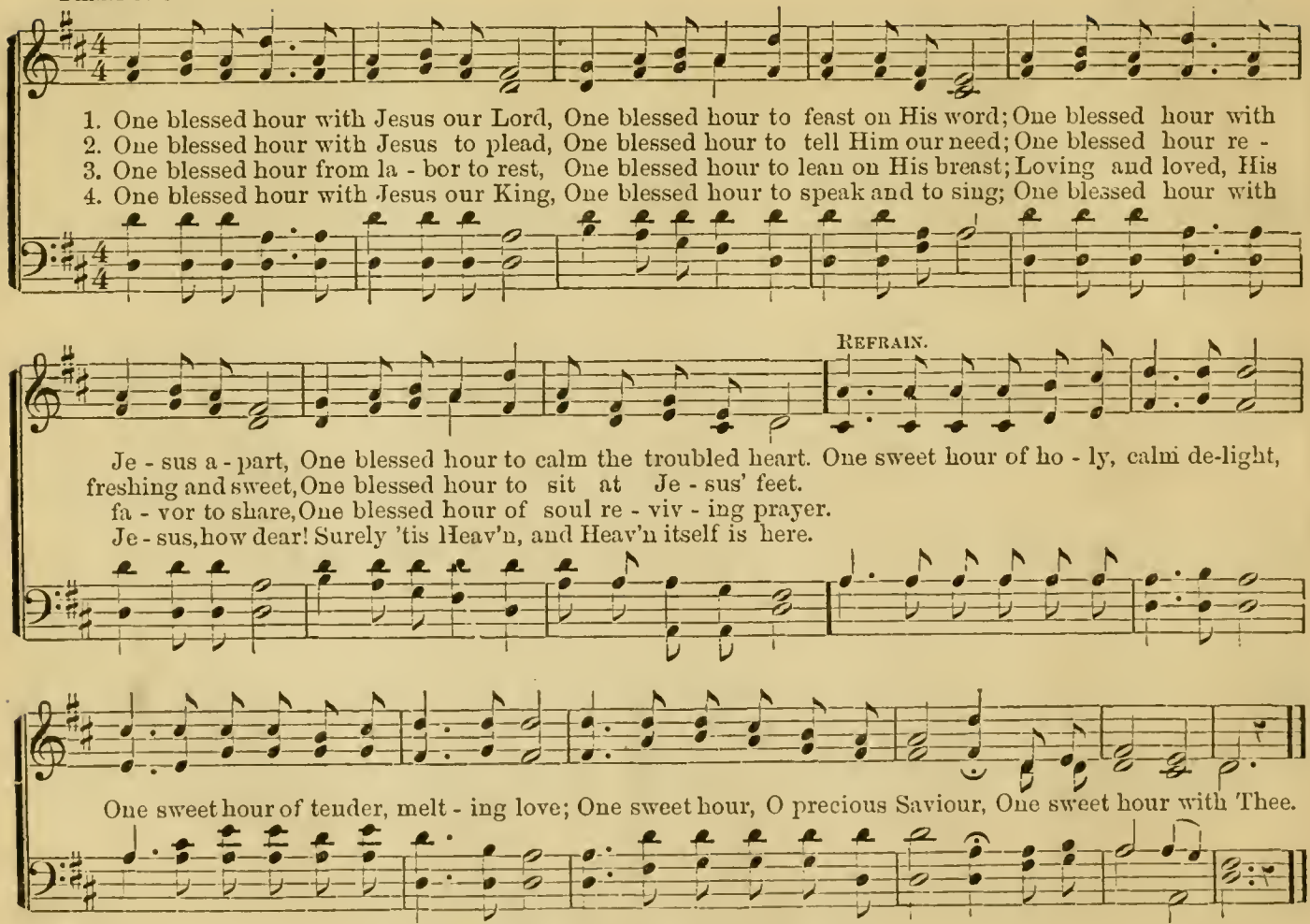
No. 135. ONE BLESSED HOUR WITH JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. One blessed hour with Jesus our Lord, One blessed hour to feast on His word; One blessed hour with
2. One blessed hour with Jesus to plead, One blessed hour to tell Him our need; One blessed hour re -
3. One blessed hour from la - bor to rest, One blessed hour to lean on His breast; Loving and loved, His
4. One blessed hour with Jesus our King, One blessed hour to speak and to sing; One blessed hour with
REFRAIN.
Je - sus a - part, One blessed hour to calm the troubled heart. One sweet hour of ho - ly, calm de-light,
freshing and sweet, One blessed hour to sit at Je - sus' feet.
fa - vor to share, One blessed hour of soul re - viv - ing prayer.
Je - sus, how dear! Surely 'tis Heav'n, and Heav'n itself is here.
One sweet hour of tender, melt - ing love; One sweet hour, O precious Saviour, One sweet hour with Thee.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

136 GOD IN NATURE.

Uxbridge, L. M. Key E♭.

1 "THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,"
Thy name is written on the scroll;
The nights, in fair processional,
Above a wondering world unroll.

2 "In every star Thy wisdom shines,"
In rock and forest, cloud and sea;
Thy thought is opened to the heart
That seeks in patient love for Thee.

3 "But when our eyes behold Thy word,"
And Thou hast said: "Receive thy sight,"
Thy life, O Love incarnate, fills
The soulless universe with light!

4 "We read Thy name in fairer lines,"
In star and flower, in sea and sun,
Since, in the light of life, we know
The symbol and the life are one.

Miss Mary A. Lathbury.

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137 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

Christian Songs, 200. Key A.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, Oh! how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, Oh! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, Oh! how strong!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

---

138 HAMBURG. L. M.

Key F.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

---

139 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

Bright Jewels, p. 68. Key B♭.

1 SOUND the battle cry!
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord;
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm every one;
Rest your cause upon
His holy word.

CHO: Rouse then, soldiers! Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady! Pass the word along;
Onward, forward! Shout aloud Hosanna!
Christ is Captain of The mighty throng

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail.

3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face.

Wm. F. Sherwin, 1869.

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140 PORTUGUESE HYMN. Page 124.

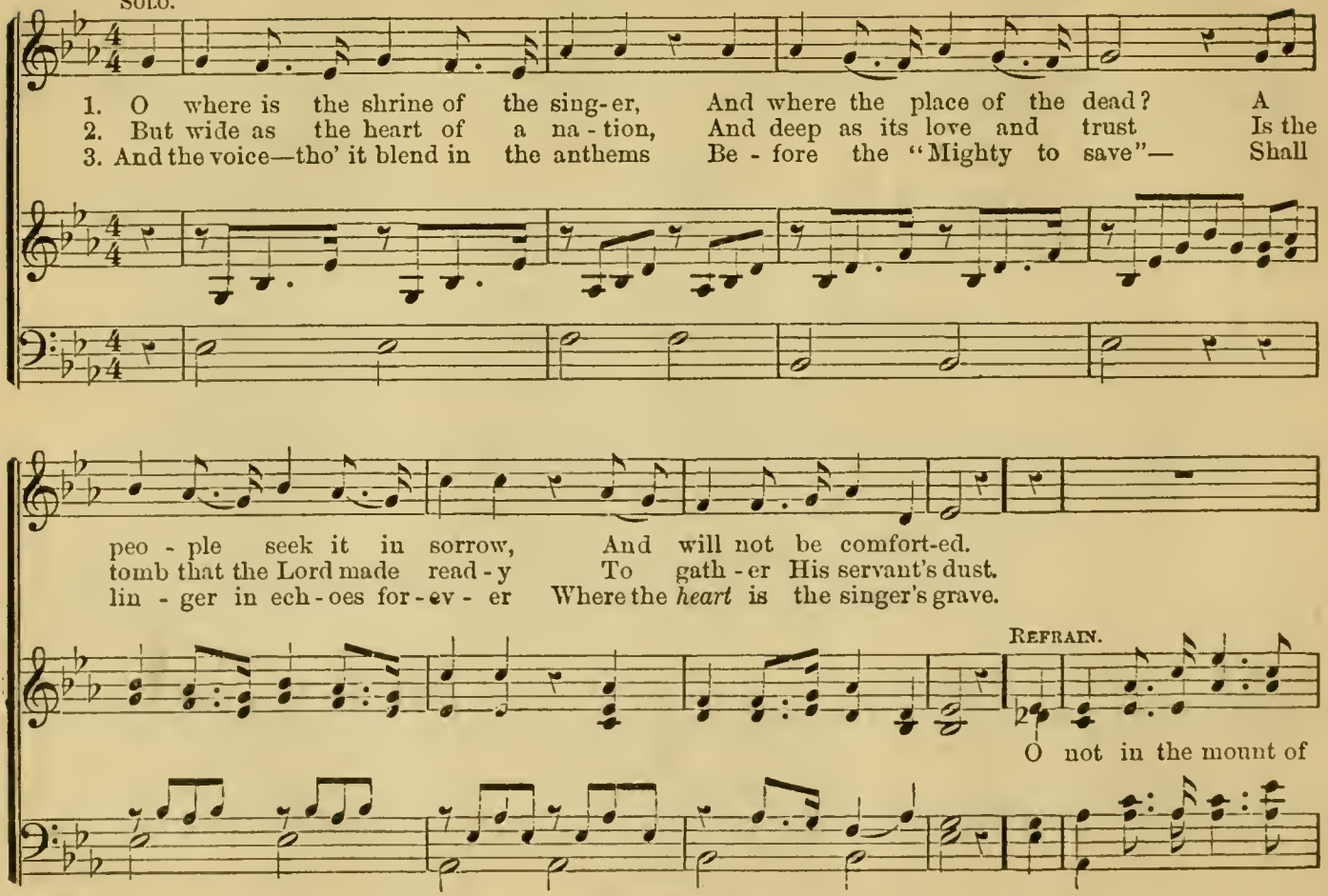
1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can he say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

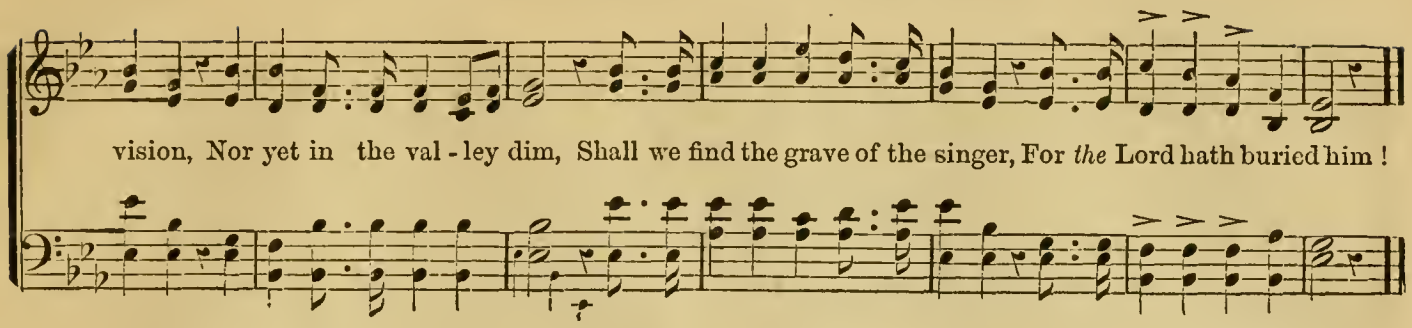
No. 141. THE SHRINE OF THE SINGER.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (*In memoriam, P. P. Bliss.*) WM. F. SHERWIN.

SOLO.


1. O where is the shrine of the sing-er, And where the place of the dead? A
2. But wide as the heart of a na-tion, And deep as its love and trust Is the
3. And the voice—tho' it blend in the anthems Be-fore the "Mighty to save"— Shall
peo-ple seek it in sorrow, And will not be comfort-ed.
tomb that the Lord made read-y To gath-er His servant's dust.
lin-ger in ech-oes for-ev-er Where the *heart* is the singer's grave.
REFRAIN.
O not in the mount of

By permission.



No. 142. HYMN OF GREETING. (CHAUTAUQUA, 1875.)

1 The flush of morn—the setting suns
Have told their glories o'er and o'er
One rounded year, since, heart to heart,
We stood with Jesus by the shore.

2 We heard His wond'rous voice ; we touched
His garments' hem with reverent hand;
Then, at His word went forth to preach
His coming kingdom in the land.

3 And following Him, some willing feet
The way to Emmaus have trod ;
And some stand on the Orient plains ;
And some—upon the mount of God !

4 While over all, and under all,
The Master's eye—the Master's arm
Have led in paths we have not known,
Yet kept us from the touch of harm.

5 One year of golden days and deeds,
Of gracious growth, of service sweet,
And now, beside the shore again,
We gather at the Master's feet.

6 "Blest be the tie that binds," we sing ;
Yet to the bending blue above
We look, beyond the face of friends,
To mark the coming of the Dove.

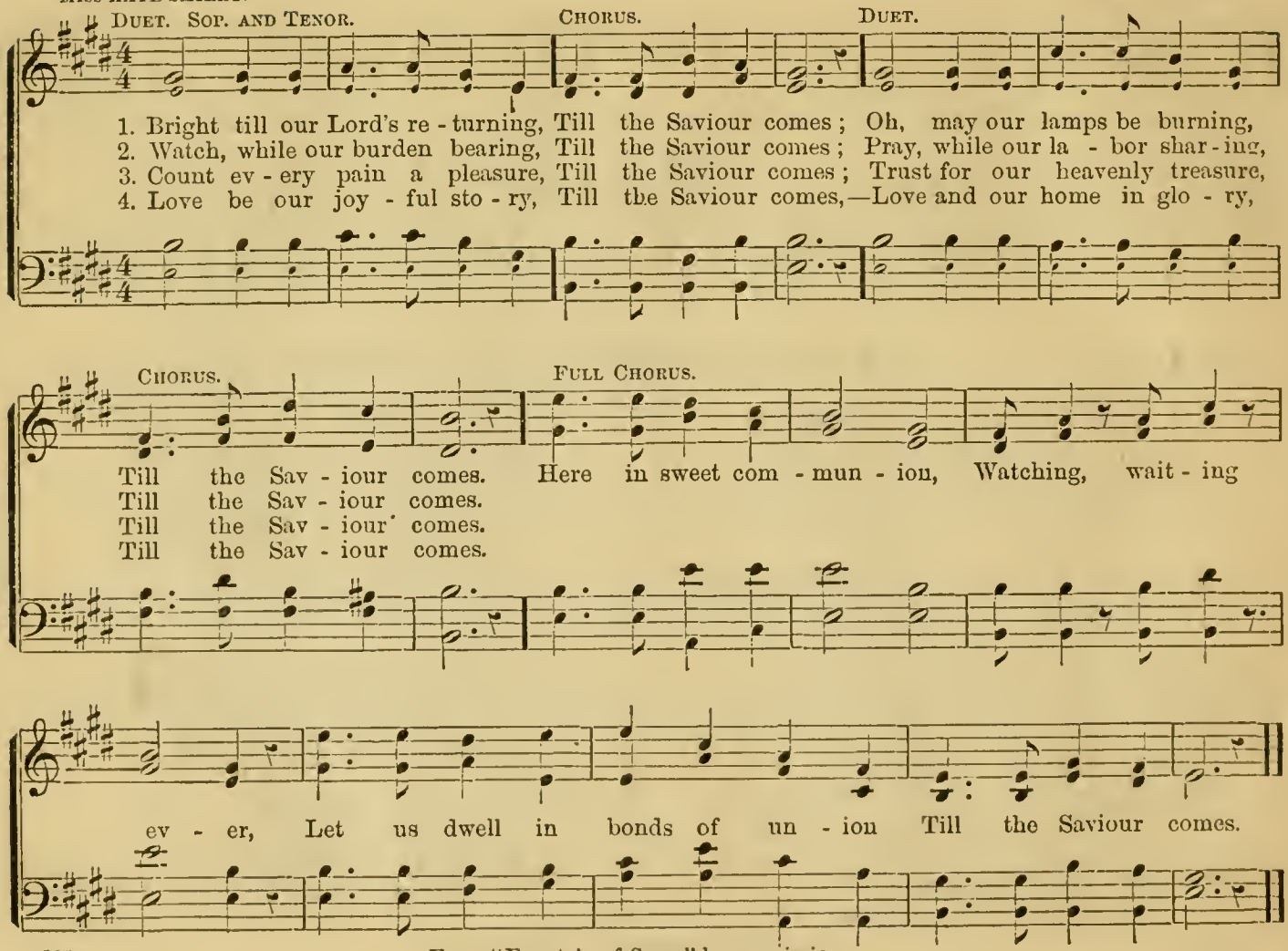
7 Descend upon us as we wait
With open heart—with open word
Breathe on us, mystic Paraclete !
Breathe on us, Spirit of the Lord !

Mary A. Lathbury.

By permission, J. H. Vincent.

No. 143. TILL THE SAVIOUR COMES.

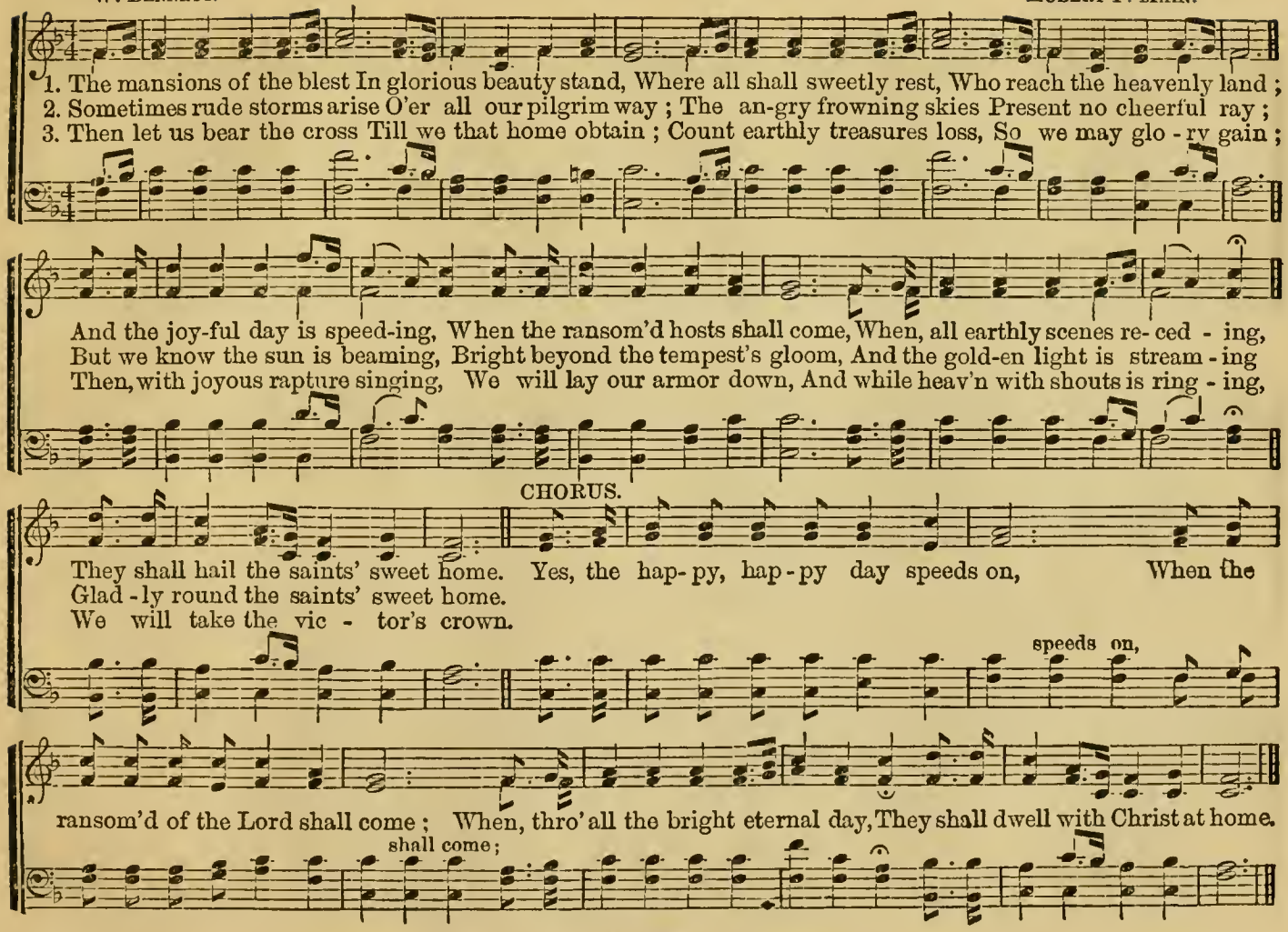
Miss KATE SMILEY. W. H. DOANE.


DUET. SOP. AND TENOR.
CHORUS.
DUET.
1. Bright till our Lord's re - turning, Till the Saviour comes; Oh, may our lamps be burning,
2. Watch, while our burden bearing, Till the Saviour comes; Pray, while our la - bor shar - ing,
3. Count ev - ery pain a pleasure, Till the Saviour comes; Trust for our heavenly treasure,
4. Love be our joy - ful sto - ry, Till the Saviour comes,—Love and our home in glo - ry,
CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
Till the Sav - iour comes. Here in sweet com - mun - ion, Watching, wait - ing
Till the Sav - iour comes.
Till the Sav - iour comes.
Till the Sav - iour comes.
ev - er, Let us dwell in bonds of un - ion Till the Saviour comes.

From "Fountain of Song," by permission.

No. 144. THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

W. BENNETT. HUBERT P. MAIN.

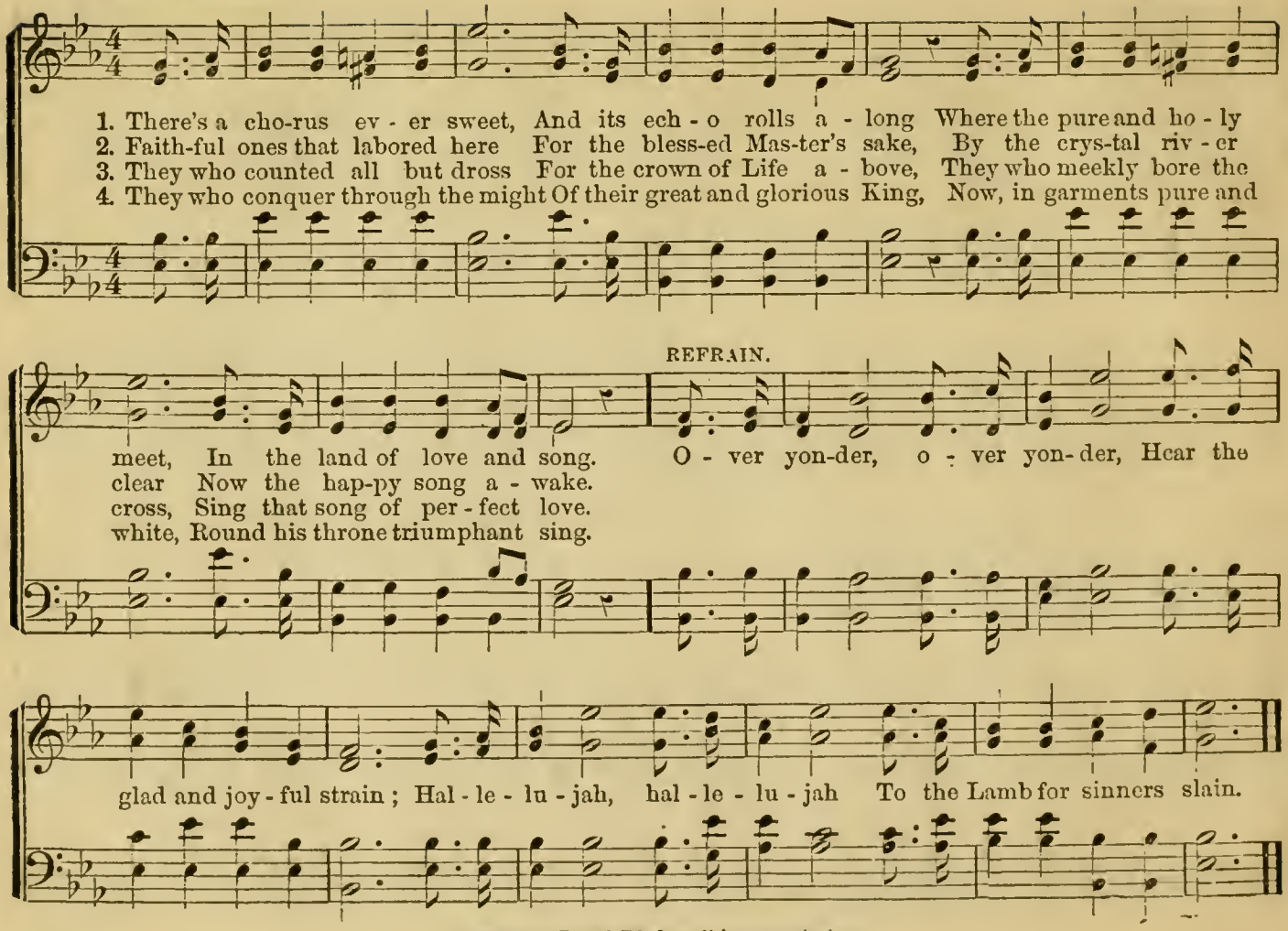

1. The mansions of the blest In glorious beauty stand, Where all shall sweetly rest, Who reach the heavenly land ;
2. Sometimes rude storms arise O'er all our pilgrim way ; The an-gry frowning skies Present no cheerful ray ;
3. Then let us bear the cross Till we that home obtain ; Count earthly treasures loss, So we may glo - ry gain ;
And the joy-ful day is speed-ing, When the ransom'd hosts shall come, When, all earthly scenes re- ced - ing,
But we know the sun is beaming, Bright beyond the tempest's gloom, And the gold-en light is stream - ing
Then, with joyous rapture singing, We will lay our armor down, And while heav'n with shouts is ring - ing,
CHORUS.
They shall hail the saints' sweet home. Yes, the hap- py, hap - py day speeds on, When the
Glad - ly round the saints' sweet home.
We will take the vic - tor's crown.
speeds on,
ransom'd of the Lord shall come ; When, thro' all the bright eternal day, They shall dwell with Christ at home.
shall come ;

From "Brightest and Best," by permission.

No. 145.

OVER YONDER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

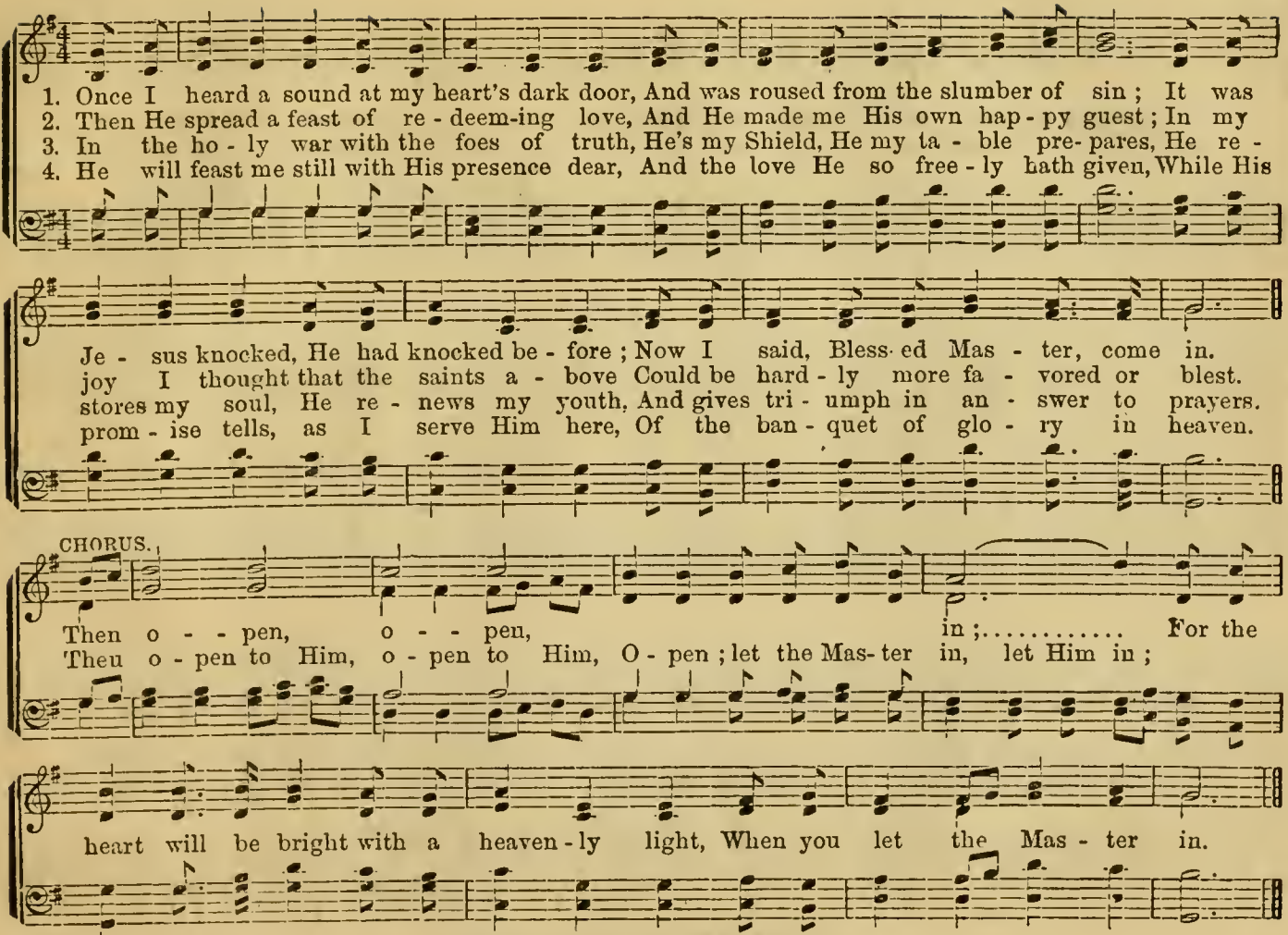

1. There's a cho-rus ev - er sweet, And its ech - o rolls a - long Where the pure and ho - ly
2. Faith-ful ones that labored here For the bless-ed Mas-ter's sake, By the crys-tal riv - er
3. They who counted all but dross For the crown of Life a - bove, They who meekly bore the
4. They who conquer through the might Of their great and glorious King, Now, in garments pure and
REFRAIN.
meet, In the land of love and song.
clear Now the hap-py song a - wake.
cross, Sing that song of per - fect love.
white, Round his throne triumphant sing.
O - ver yon-der, o - ver yon-der, Hear the
glad and joy - ful strain; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb for sinners slain.

From "Royal Diadem," by permission.

No. 146.

LET THE MASTER IN.

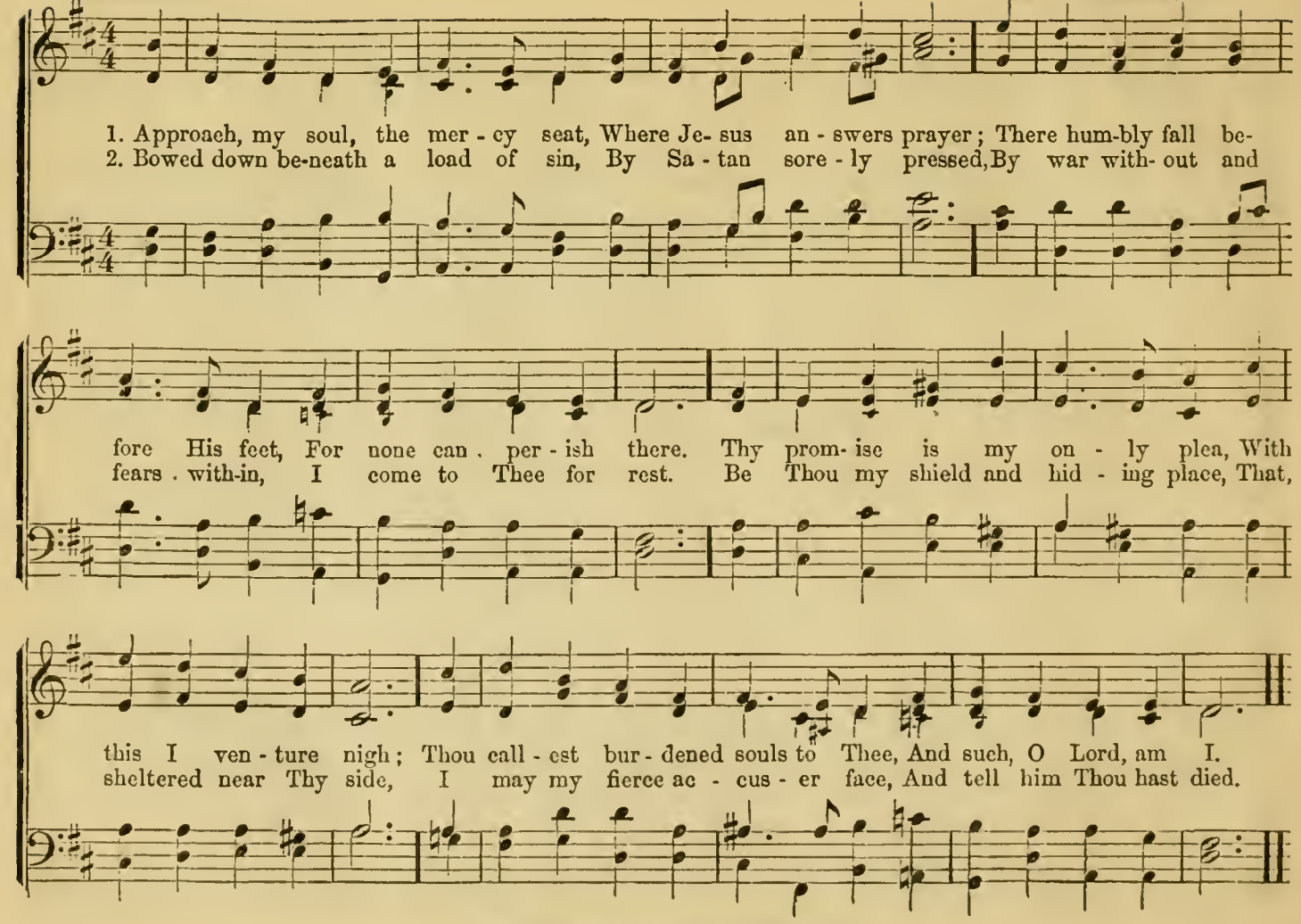
Rev. S. D. PHELPS. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slumber of sin; It was Je - sus knocked, He had knocked be - fore; Now I said, Bless - ed Mas - ter, come in.
2. Then He spread a feast of re - deem-ing love, And He made me His own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints a - bove Could be hard - ly more fa - vored or blest.
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my Shield, He my ta - ble pre- pares, He re - stores my soul, He re - news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
4. He will feast me still with His presence dear, And the love He so free - ly hath given, While His prom - ise tells, as I serve Him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in heaven.
CHORUS.
Then o - - - pen, o - - - pen, in;..... For the heart will be bright with a heaven - ly light, When you let the Mas - ter in.
Then o - pen to Him, o - pen to Him, O - pen; let the Mas- ter in, let Him in;

From "Pure Gold," by permission.

No. 147. THE MERCY SEAT.

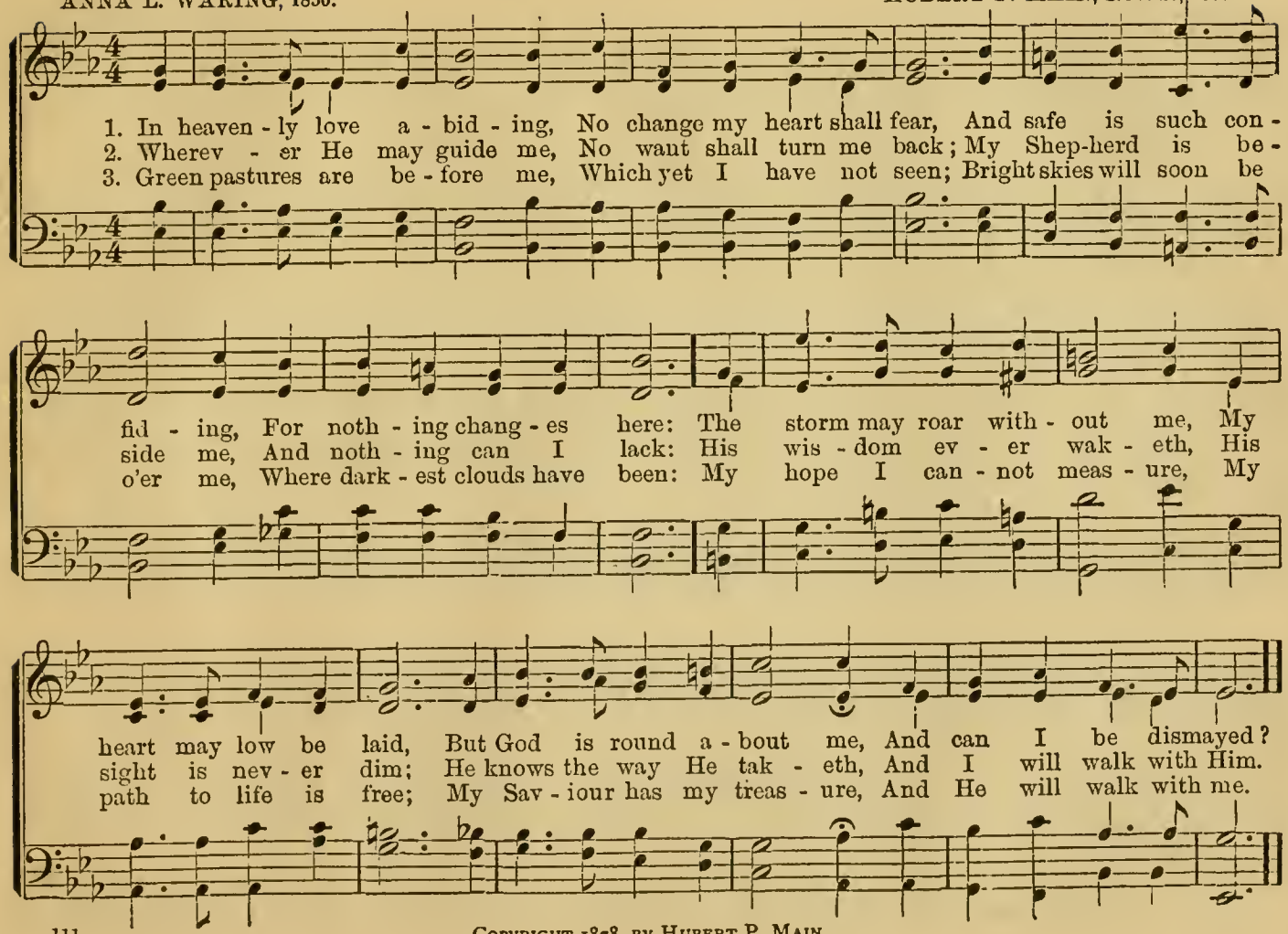
JOHN NEWTON. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1872.


1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je- sus an - swers prayer; There hum-bly fall be-
2. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By war with- out and
fore His feet, For none can - per - ish there. Thy prom- ise is my on - ly plea, With
fears - with-in, I come to Thee for rest. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing place, That,
this I ven - ture nigh; Thou call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died.

From THE HYMNARY, by permission.

No. 148. IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850. HUBERT P. MAIN, Nov. 25, 1877.


1. In heaven - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be -
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here: The storm may roar with - out me, My
side me, And noth - ing can I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His
o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been: My hope I can - not meas - ure, My
heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
path to life is free; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

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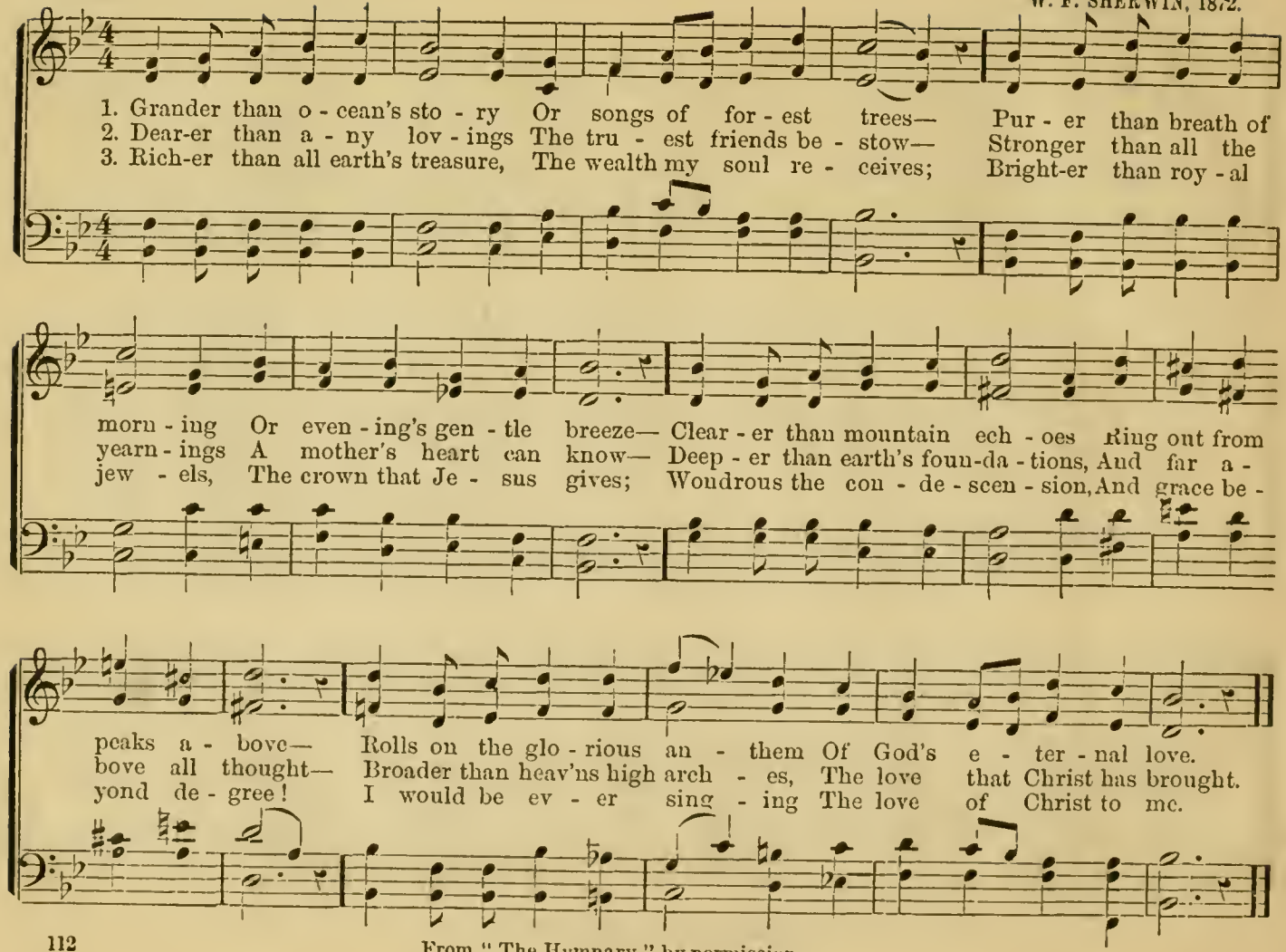
No. 149. GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN, 1872.

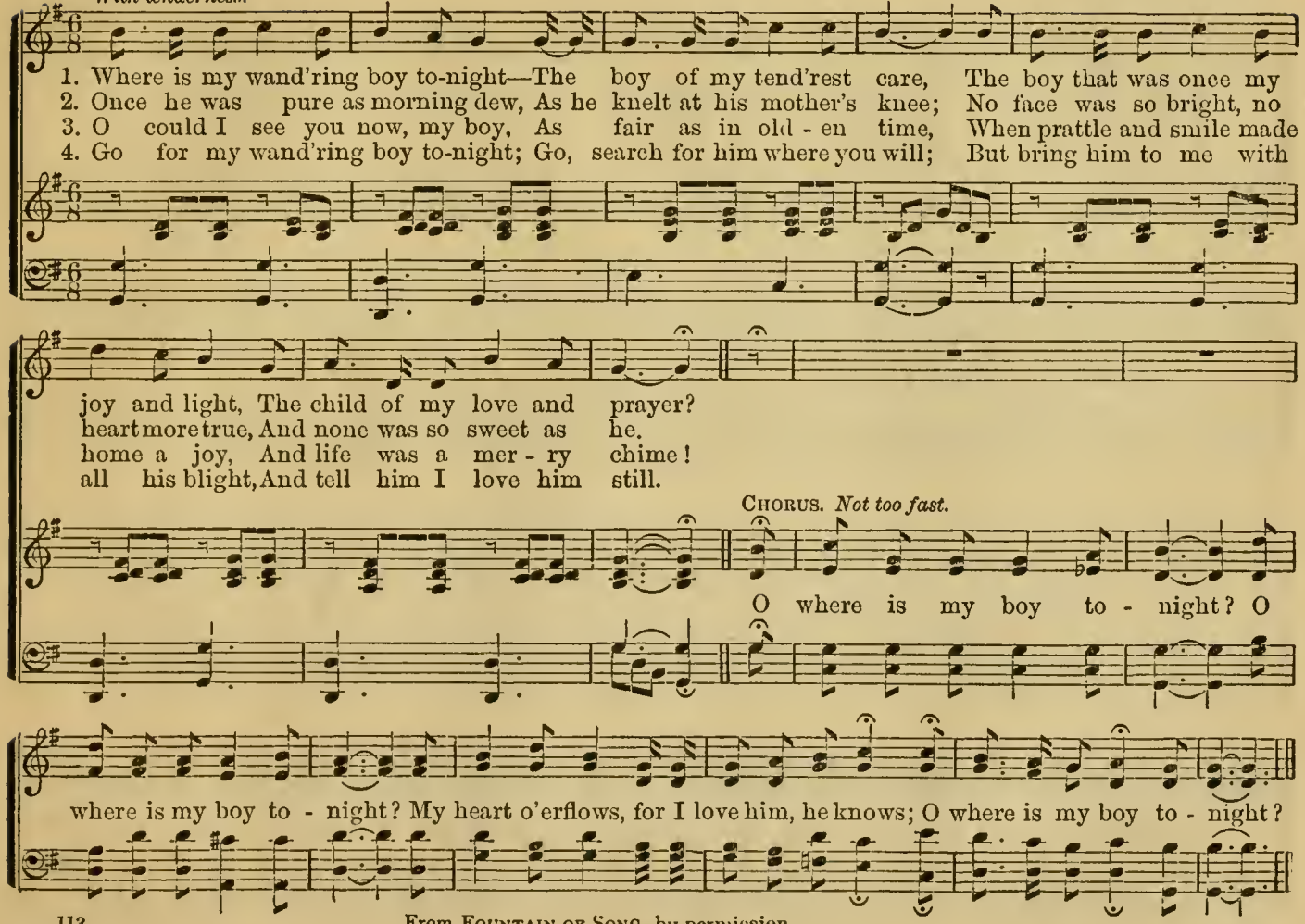

1. Grander than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pur - er than breath of
2. Dear-er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Stronger than all the
3. Rich-er than all earth's treasure, The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright-er than roy - al
morn - ing Or even - ing's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from
yearn - ings A mother's heart can know— Deep - er than earth's foun-da - tions, And far a -
jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be -
peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love.
bove all thought— Broader than heav'ns high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought.
yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me.

From "The Hymnary," by permission.

No. 150. WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

R. L. *Rev. R. LOWRY.*

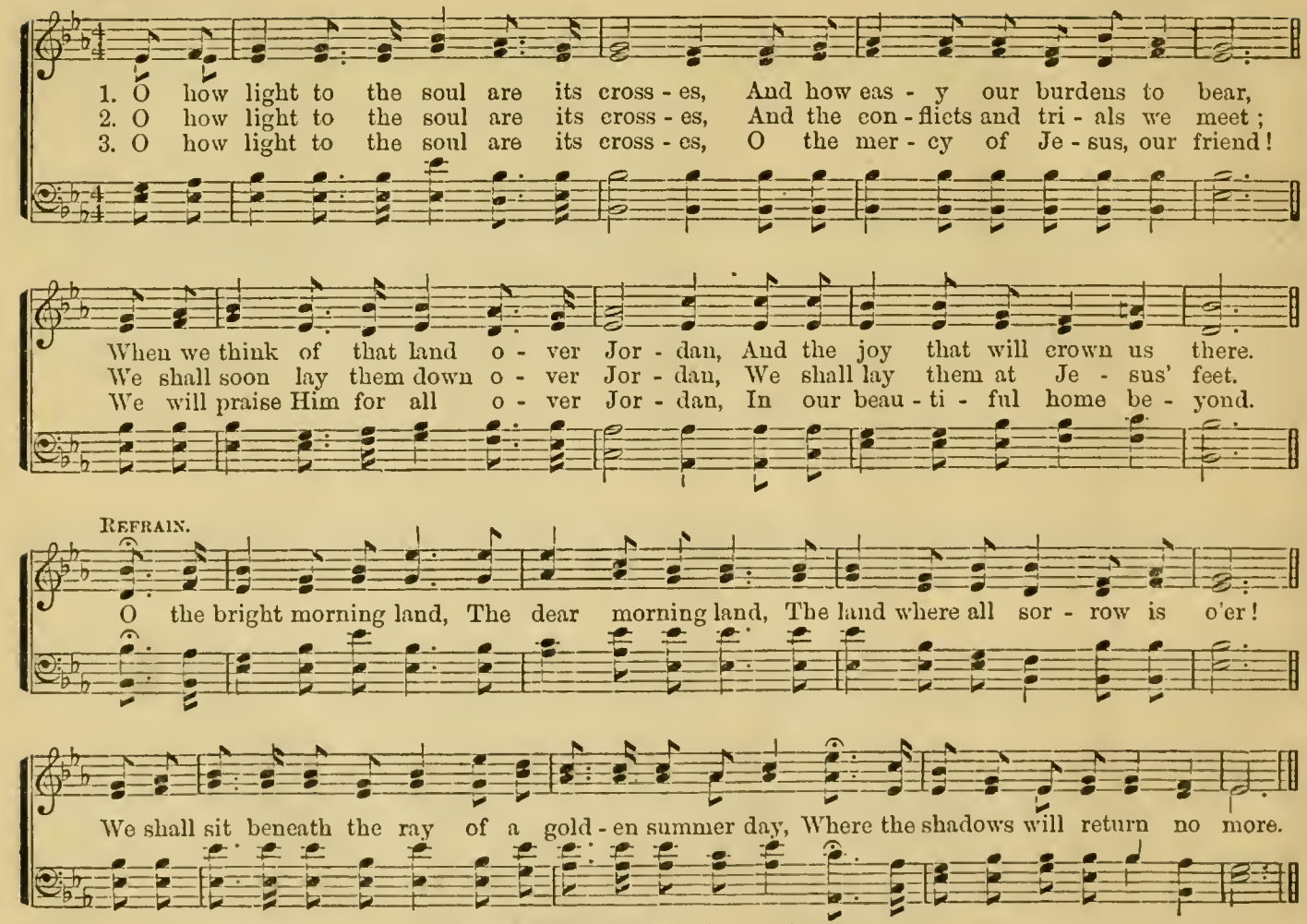
With tenderness.


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The boy that was once my
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No face was so bright, no
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When prattle and smile made
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But bring him to me with
joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*
O where is my boy to - night? O
where is my boy to - night? My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

From FOUNTAIN OF SONG, by permission.

No. 151. THE MORNING LAND.

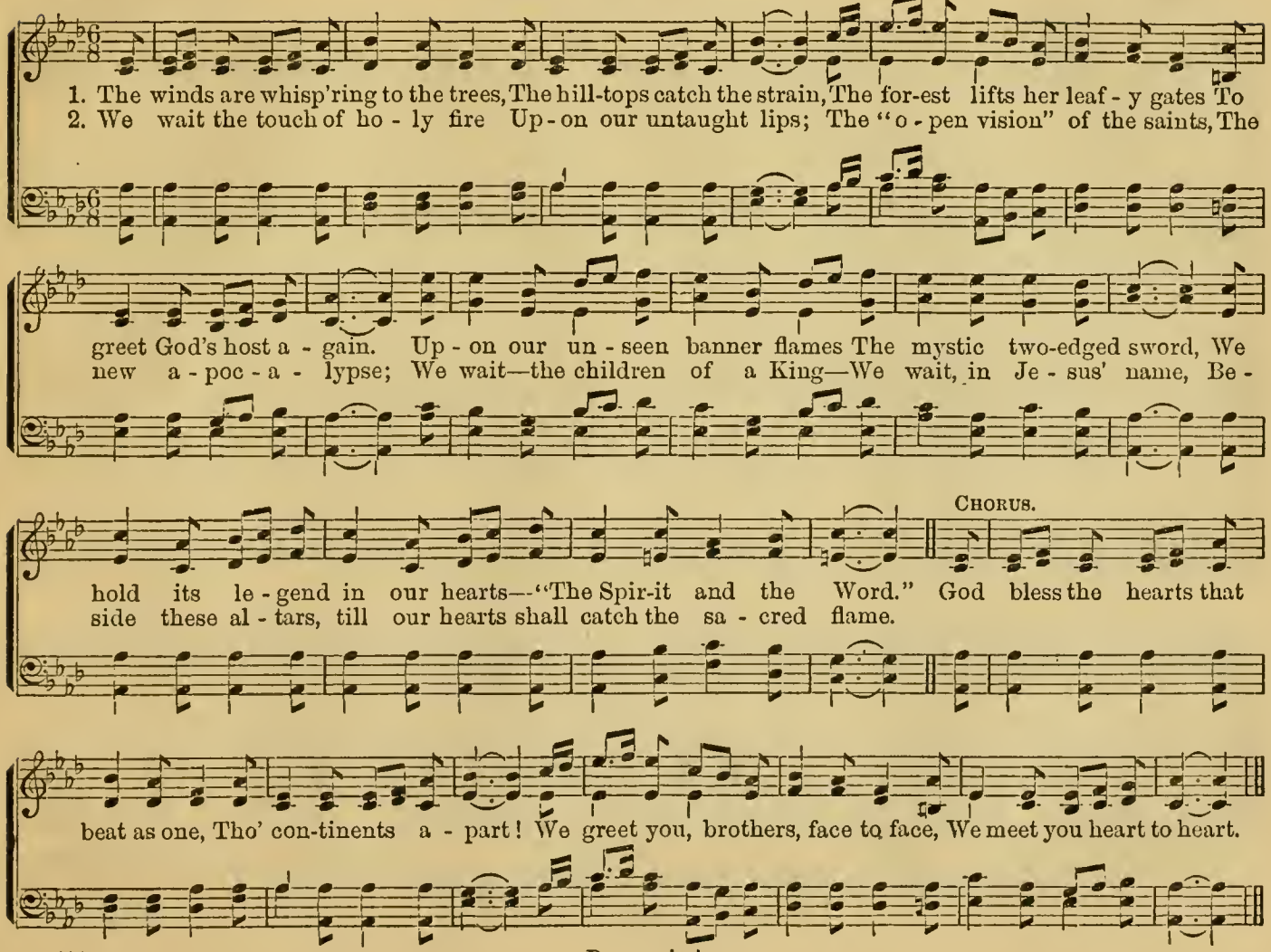
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, And how eas - y our burdens to bear,
2. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, And the con - flicts and tri - als we meet;
3. O how light to the soul are its cross - es, O the mer - cy of Je - sus, our friend!
When we think of that land o - ver Jor - dan, And the joy that will crown us there.
We shall soon lay them down o - ver Jor - dan, We shall lay them at Je - sus' feet.
We will praise Him for all o - ver Jor - dan, In our beau - ti - ful home be - yond.
REFRAIN.
O the bright morning land, The dear morning land, The land where all sor - row is o'er!
We shall sit beneath the ray of a gold - en summer day, Where the shadows will return no more.

From "Welcome Tidings," by permission.

No. 152. THE WINDS ARE WHISPERING.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA SONG, 1875.) LUCY J. RIDER.


1. The winds are whisp'ring to the trees, The hill-tops catch the strain, The for-est lifts her leaf - y gates To
2. We wait the touch of ho - ly fire Up - on our untaught lips; The "o - pen vision" of the saints, The
greet God's host a - gain. Up - on our un - seen banner flames The mystic two-edged sword, We
new a - poc - a - lypse; We wait—the children of a King—We wait, in Je - sus' name, Be -
Chorus.
hold its le - gend in our hearts—"The Spir-it and the Word." God bless the hearts that
side these al - tars, till our hearts shall catch the sa - cred flame.
beat as one, Tho' con-tinents a - part! We greet you, brothers, face to face, We meet you heart to heart.

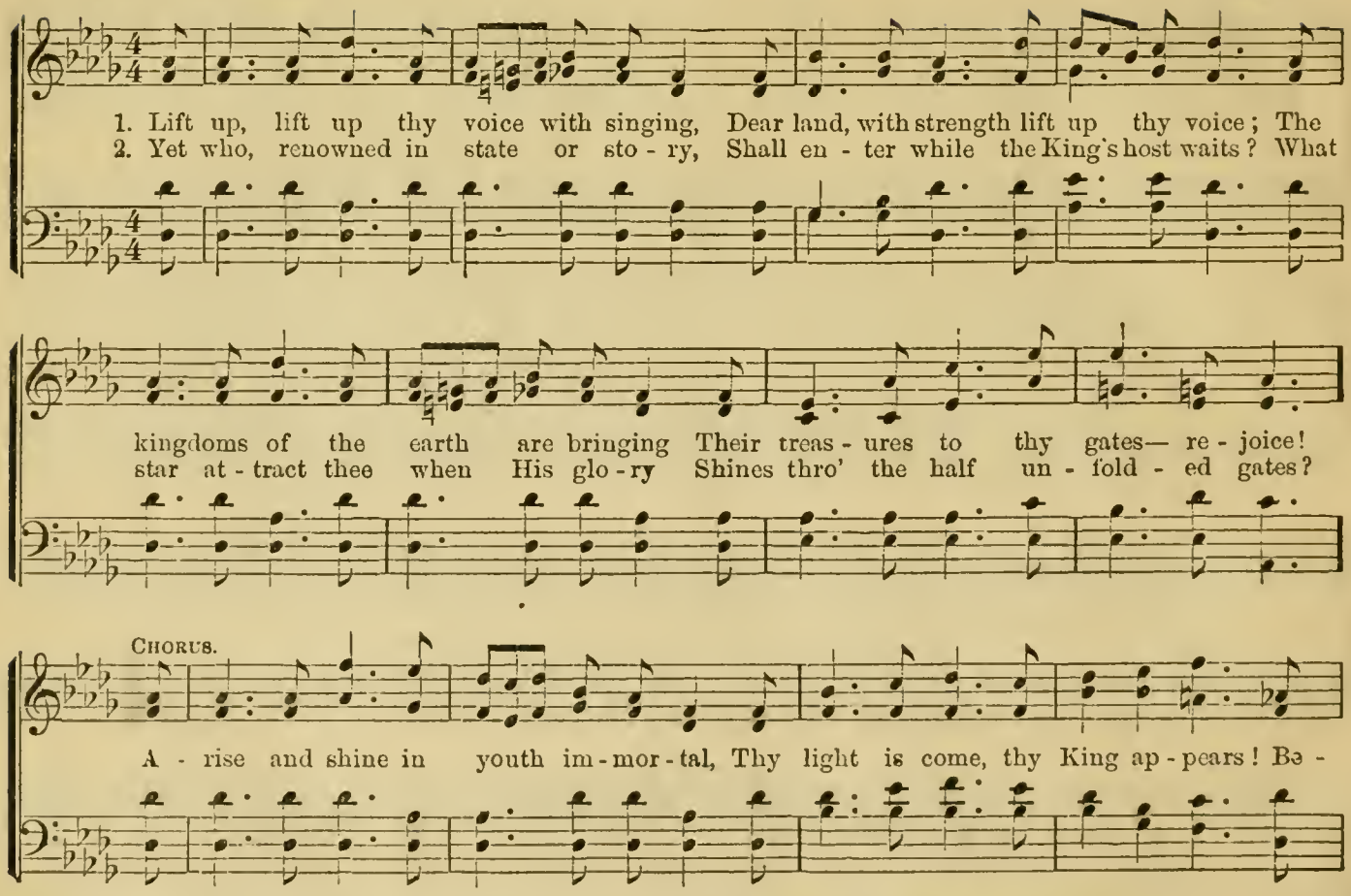
By permission.

No. 153.

ARISE AND SHINE.

(CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1876.)

MARY A. LATHBURY. P. P. BLISS.


1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice; The
2. Yet who, renowned in state or sto - ry, Shall en - ter while the King's host waits? What
kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their treas - ures to thy gates— re - joice!
star at - tract thee when His glo - ry Shines thro' the half un - fold - ed gates?
CHORUS.
A - rise and shine in youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be -

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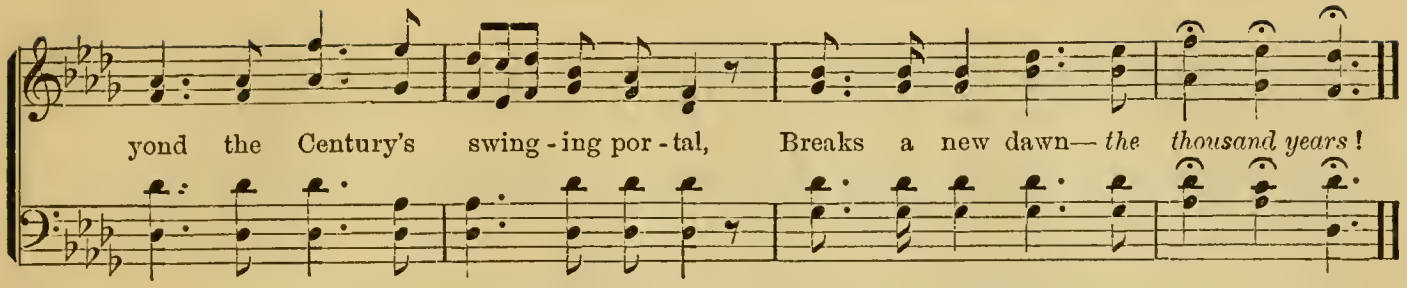
ARISE AND SHINE. Concluded.



3 Through wave and wilderness He sought thee,
For thou wast precious in His sight;
Shone on thy night of blood, and brought thee
Through pain and peril to the night. *Cho.*

4 And shall His rock with strife be riven?
Shall envious lines His church divide,
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim His bride? *Cho.*

5 Lift up the gates! bring forth oblations!
One crowned with crowns a message brings,
His word, a sword to smite the nations;
His name—the Christ, the King of kings. *Cho.*

6 He comes! let all the earth adore Him;
The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The LIFE of life, the WORD of GOD! *Cho.*

---

154 Air—AULD LANG SYNE.

1 We gather here a pilgrim band
Whose home is set above,
And ere we reach the promised land
Prepare a feast of love.
Then welcome, welcome, every one,
To scenes serenely bright,
Where Christ is our unclouded sun,
And in His praise unite.

2 The morning dew, the fragrant breeze,
The peaceful nights and days,
The smiling lake, the waving trees,
Forever speak His praise.
Then welcome, welcome to the place
Where hearts in love unite,
Where we behold a Saviour's face,
And feel a saint's delight.

3 The noisy world moves on afar,
And all unheard its din;
For, like a little flock we are
Securely folded in.
Then welcome, lab'rers, one and all,
To this reviving feast;
Within our royal banquet hall
The greatest is the least.

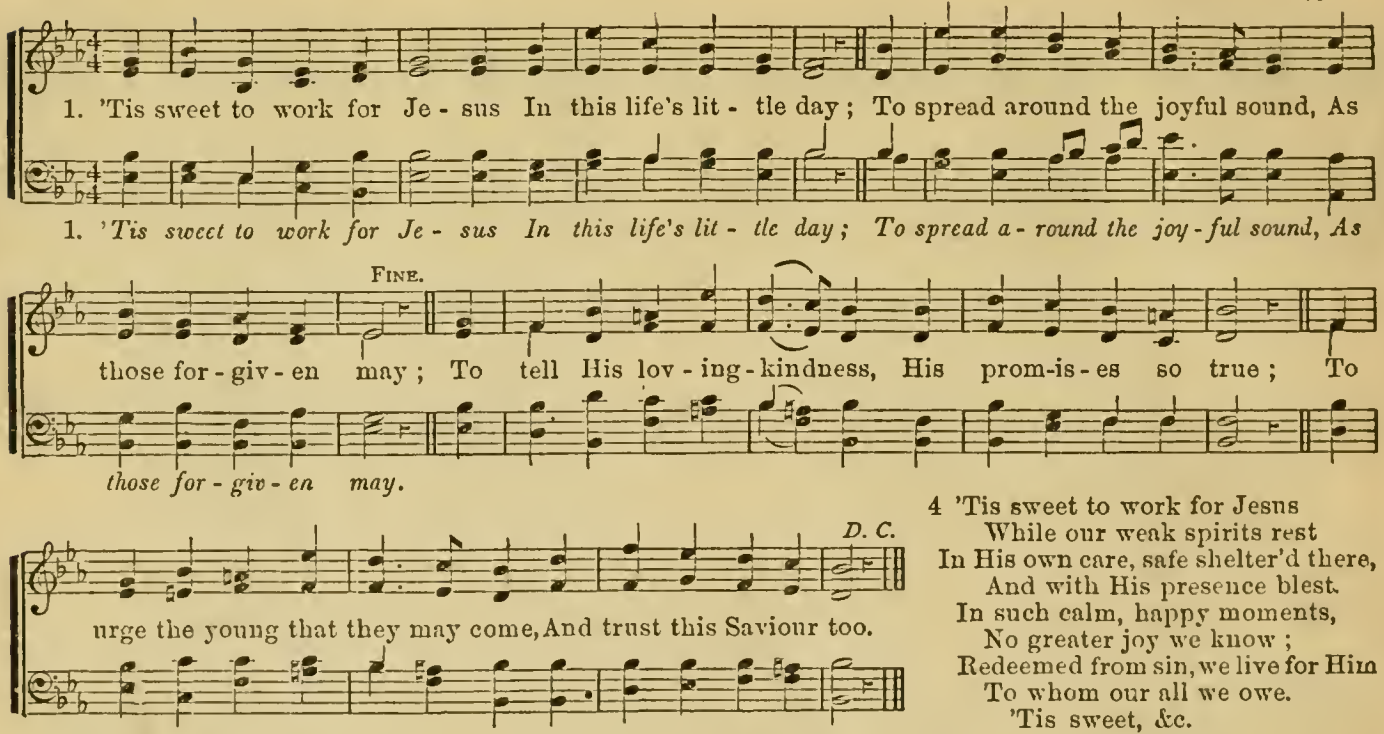
4 'Tis harvest time; we bring the sheaves
We've garnered through the year,
And weeping o'er the worthless leaves
Behold the fruit appear.
Then welcome, welcome, where our souls
New faith and courage find;
Where Jordan nearer to us rolls,
And Egypt lies behind.

5 We are the Saviour's chosen band;
His glorious face we see,
Here on this strip of Holy Land,
Nigh unto Galilee.
Then gladly of our feast partake,
And may new strength be given,
Till every heart, like yonder lake,
Reflects naught else but heaven.

Josephine Pollard.

No. 155. TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

WM. F. SHERWIN. 1873.


1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day; To spread around the joyful sound, As
1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day; To spread a - round the joy - ful sound, As
FINE.
those for - giv - en may; To tell His lov - ing - kindness, His prom-is-es so true; To
those for - giv - en may.
D. C.
urge the young that they may come, And trust this Saviour too.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe shelter'd there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.
'Tis sweet, &c.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus,
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render,
For grace so rich and free;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have
So little fruit to Thee. [borne
'Tis sweet, &c.

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
Nor work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.
'Tis sweet, &c.

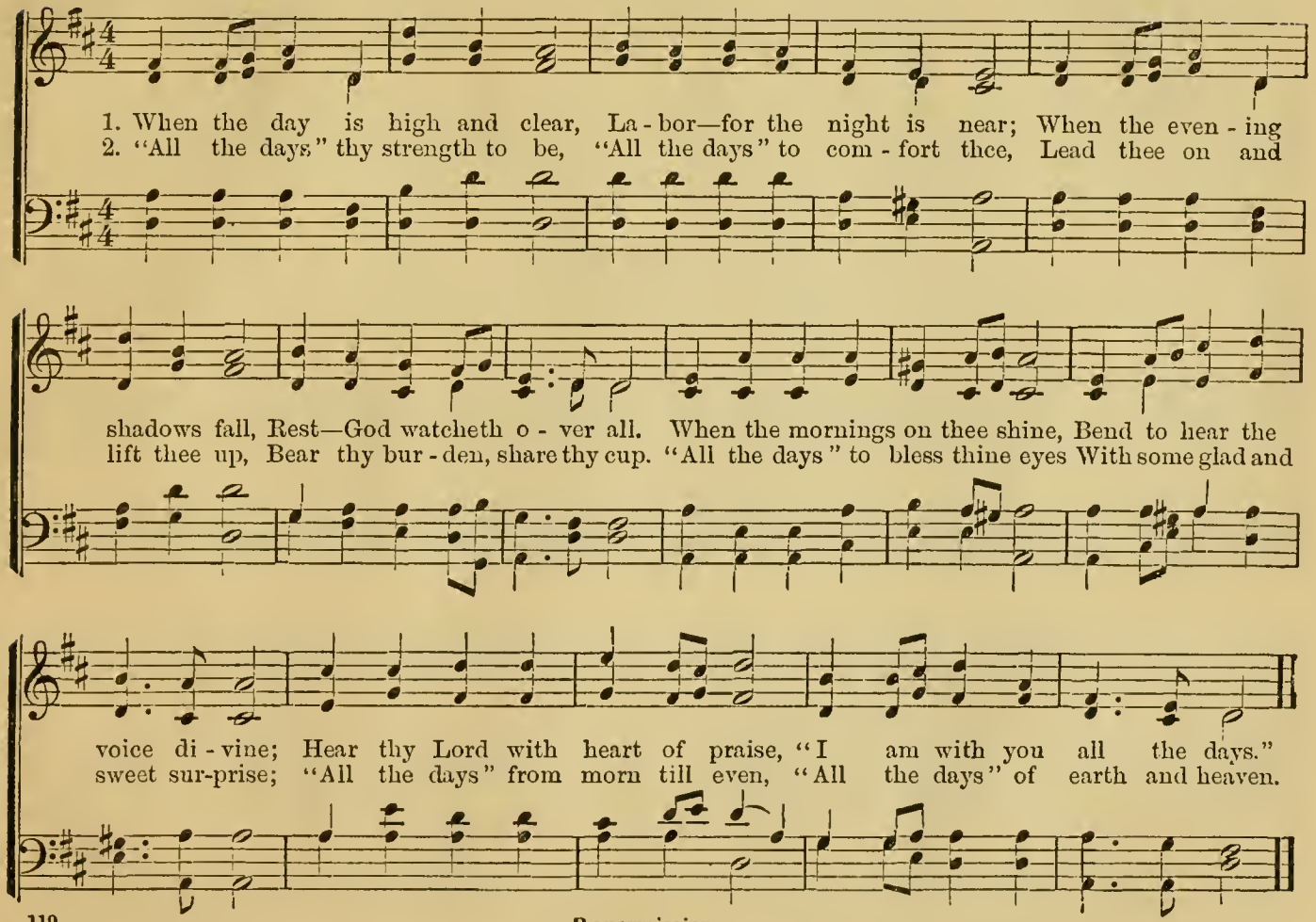
5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh! weary not of this, [ness;
But onward press with cheerful-
Tho' rough the pathway is.
Hold on, unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand
To serve before the throne.
'Tis sweet, &c.

From "Bible School Songs," by permission.

No. 156. WHEN THE DAY IS HIGH AND CLEAR.

(CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1877.

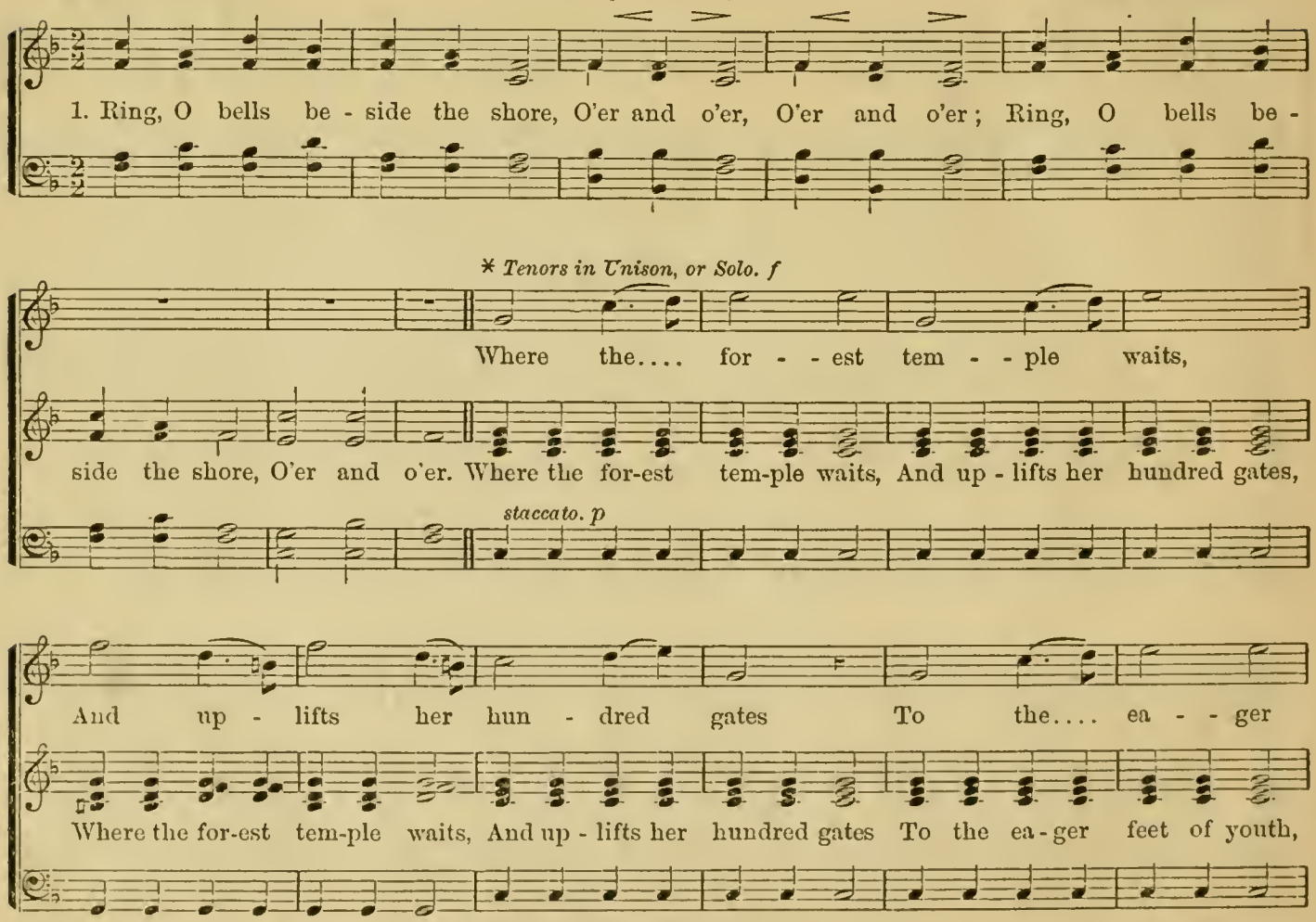
MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877


1. When the day is high and clear, La - bor—for the night is near; When the even - ing
2. "All the days" thy strength to be, "All the days" to com - fort thee, Lead thee on and
shadows fall, Rest—God watcheth o - ver all. When the mornings on thee shine, Bend to hear the
lift thee up, Bear thy bur - den, share thy cup. "All the days" to bless thine eyes With some glad and
voice di - vine; Hear thy Lord with heart of praise, "I am with you all the days."
sweet sur-prise; "All the days" from morn till even, "All the days" of earth and heaven.

By permission.

No. 157. RING, O BELLS, BESIDE THE SHORE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA SONG, 1878.) WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Ring, O bells be - side the shore, O'er and o'er, O'er and o'er; Ring, O bells be -
* Tenors in Unison, or Solo. f
Where the.... for - - est tem - - ple waits,
side the shore, O'er and o'er. Where the for-est tem-ple waits, And up - lifts her hundred gates,
staccato. p
And up - lifts her hun - dred gates To the.... ea - - ger
Where the for-est tem-ple waits, And up - lifts her hundred gates To the ea - ger feet of youth,

* May alternate with Sopranos or Altos, 8va. lower, exchanging parts.

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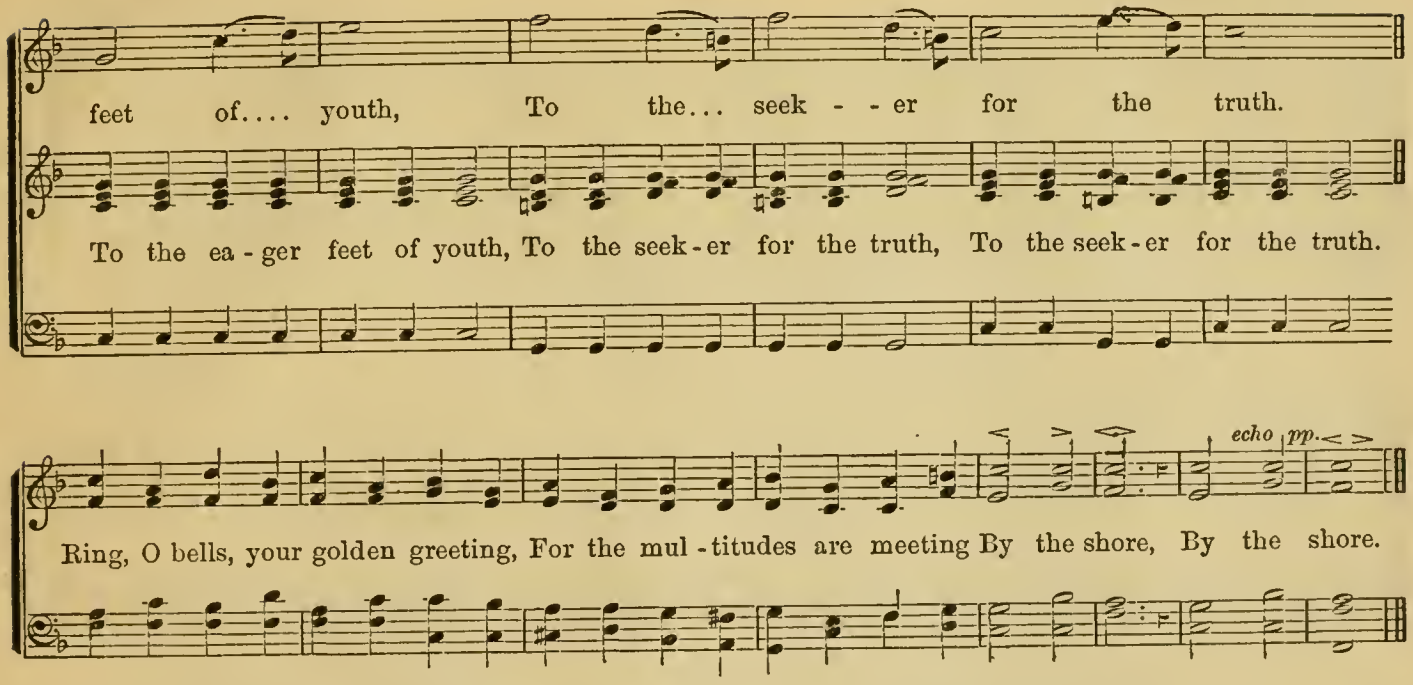
RING, O BELLS, BESIDE THE SHORE. Concluded.

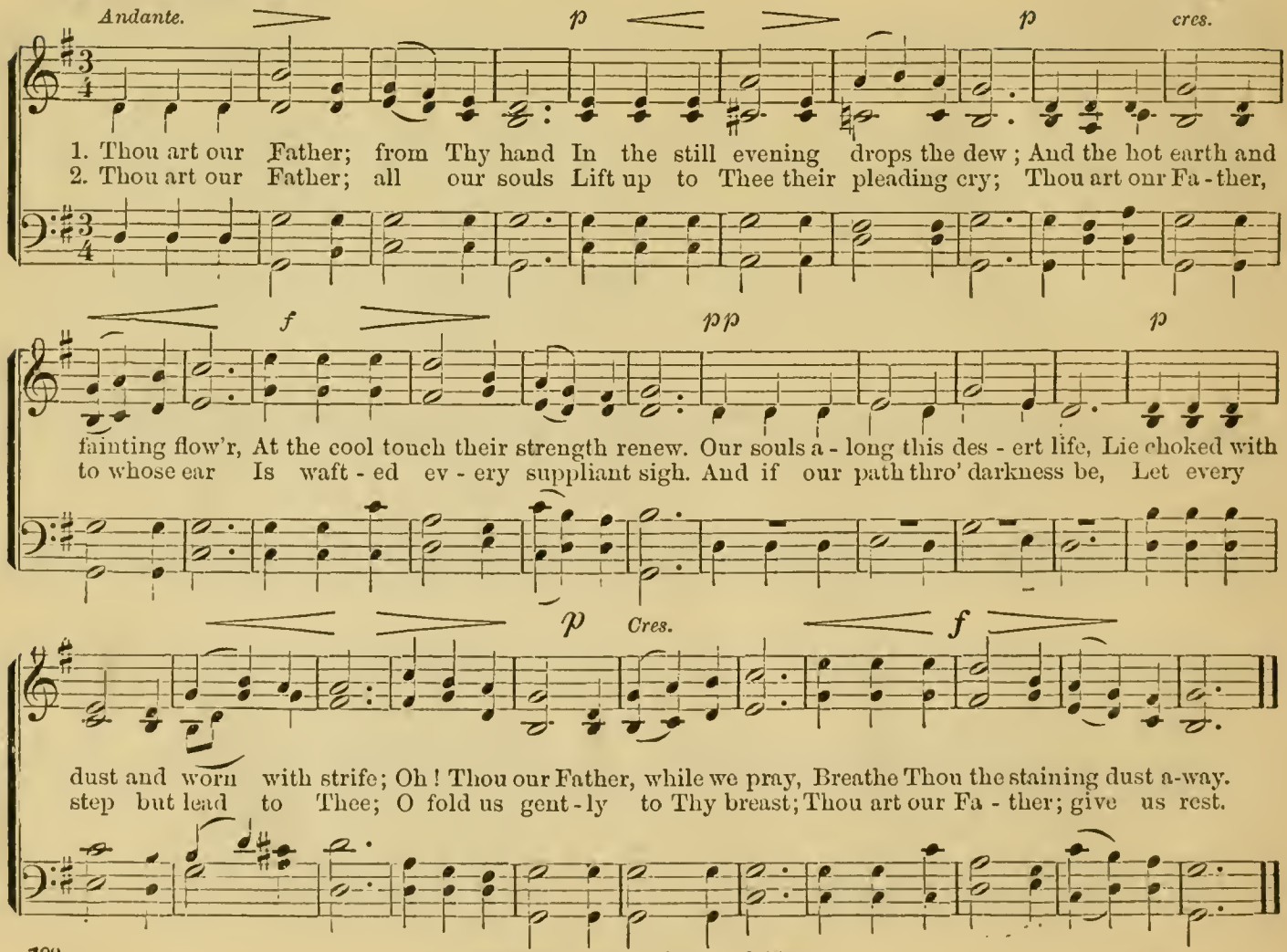

feet of.... youth, To the... seek - - er for the truth.
To the ea - ger feet of youth, To the seek - er for the truth, To the seek - er for the truth.
echo pp.
Ring, O bells, your golden greeting, For the mul - titudes are meeting By the shore, By the shore.

2 Lo! the Lord hath builded here,
Year by year;
And, unseen by human eyes,
Did the holy temple rise
To the Master's fair design,
For a shelter and a shrine,
For the Word—and its unsealing,
For the Life—and its revealing;
God is here!

3 O give thanks unto the Lord
For His Word!
Doubt and darkness roll away
From the golden dawn of day,
As between the lettered lines
Of the Word the Spirit shines;
And behind the type and story
Glows the knowledge of the glory
Of the Lord!

No. 158. THOU ART OUR FATHER.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. LUCY J. RIDER.


Andante.
p
p
cres.
1. Thou art our Father; from Thy hand In the still evening drops the dew; And the hot earth and
2. Thou art our Father; all our souls Lift up to Thee their pleading cry; Thou art our Fa-ther,
f
pp
p
fainting flow'r, At the cool touch their strength renew. Our souls a-long this des-ert life, Lie choked with
to whose ear Is waft-ed ev-ery suppliant sigh. And if our path thro' darkness be, Let every
p
Cres.
f
dust and worn with strife; Oh! Thou our Father, while we pray, Breathe Thou the staining dust a-way.
step but lead to Thee; O fold us gent-ly to Thy breast; Thou art our Fa-ther; give us rest.

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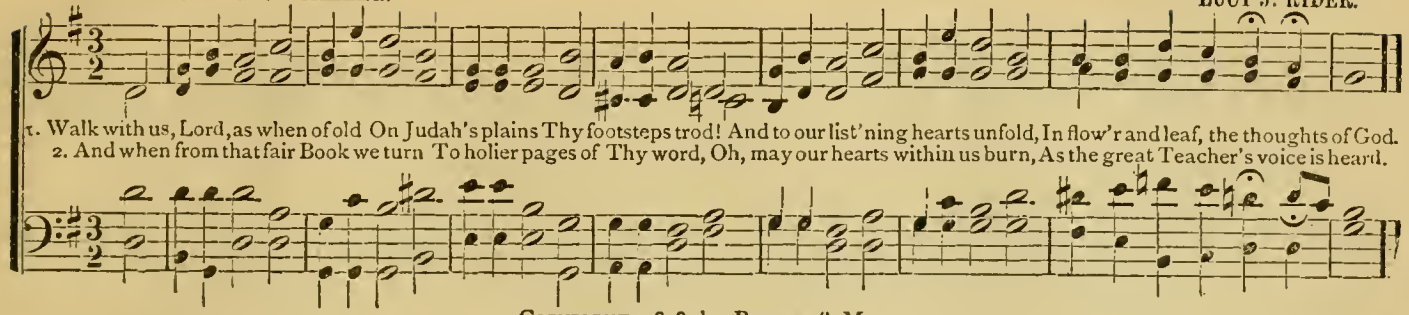
No. 159. WALK WITH US, LORD.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. LUCY J. RIDER.


1. Walk with us, Lord, as when of old On Judah's plains Thy footsteps trod! And to our list'ning hearts unfold, In flow'r and leaf, the thoughts of God.
2. And when from that fair Book we turn To holier pages of Thy word, Oh, may our hearts within us burn, As the great Teacher's voice is heard.

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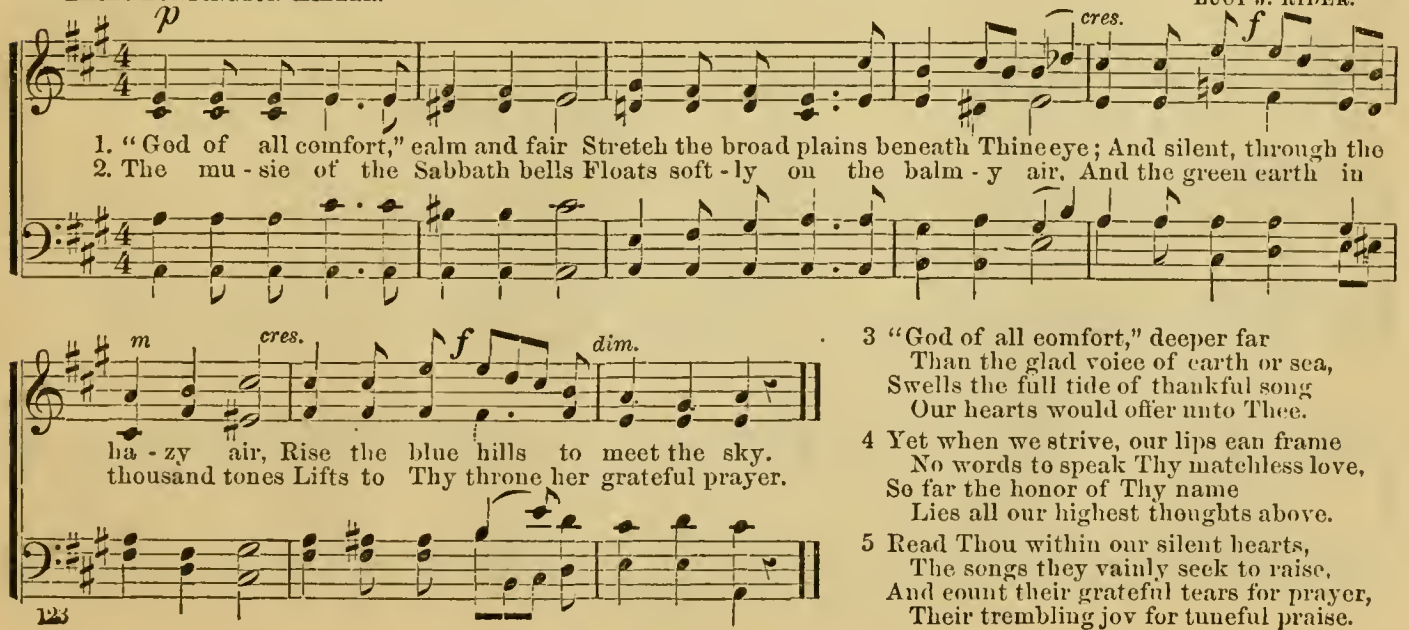
No. 160. GOD OF ALL COMFORT.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. LUCY J. RIDER.


p
cres.
f
1. "God of all comfort," calm and fair Stretch the broad plains beneath Thine eye; And silent, through the
2. The mu - sic of the Sabbath bells Floats soft - ly on the balm - y air, And the green earth in
m
cres.
f
dim.
ha - zy air, Rise the blue hills to meet the sky.
thousand tones Lifts to Thy throne her grateful prayer.

3 "God of all comfort," deeper far
Than the glad voice of earth or sea,
Swells the full tide of thankful song
Our hearts would offer unto Thee.

4 Yet when we strive, our lips can frame
No words to speak Thy matchless love,
So far the honor of Thy name
Lies all our highest thoughts above.

5 Read Thou within our silent hearts,
The songs they vainly seek to raise,
And count their grateful tears for prayer,
Their trembling joy for tuneful praise.

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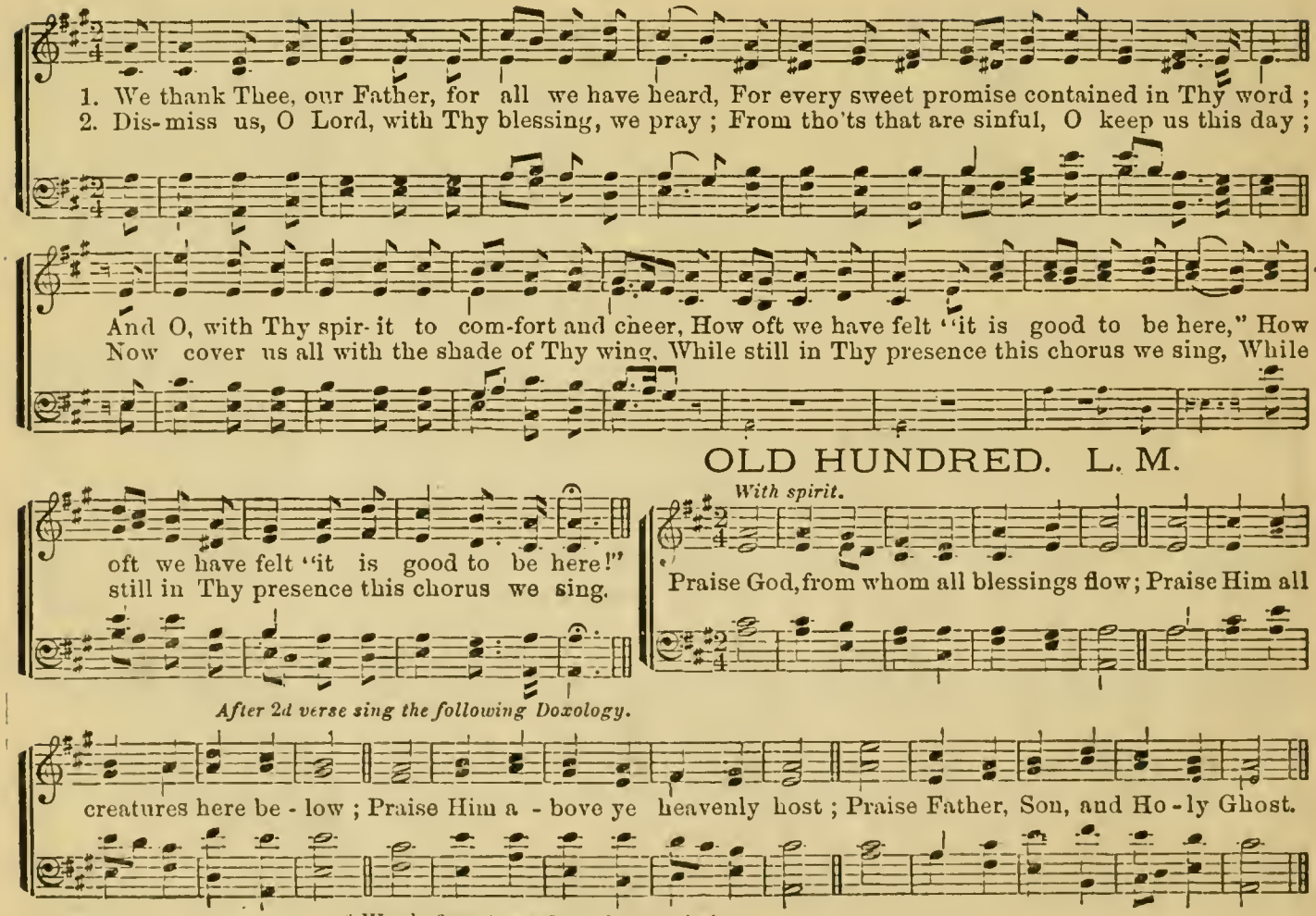
No. 161.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

FANNY J. CROSBY.*


1. We thank Thee, our Father, for all we have heard, For every sweet promise contained in Thy word ;
2. Dis-miss us, O Lord, with Thy blessing, we pray ; From tho'ts that are sinful, O keep us this day ;
And O, with Thy spir-it to com-fort and cheer, How oft we have felt "it is good to be here," How
Now cover us all with the shade of Thy wing, While still in Thy presence this chorus we sing, While
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
With spirit.
oft we have felt "it is good to be here!"
still in Thy presence this chorus we sing.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all
After 2d verse sing the following Doxology.
creatures here be - low ; Praise Him a - bove ye heavenly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

* Words from PURE GOLD, by permission.

162 Tune, HOLD THE FORT.

1. BROTHERS! rally for the conflict,
   See the banner wave;
   Temperance bands are pressing on-
   Fallen men to save. [ward

CHORUS:

Hear a mighty host of freemen
  Songs of triumph raise;
Love hath conquered, chains are
  Give to God the praise. [broken;

2 Swift the day of life is passing,
  Soon will fall the night;
  Urge we then the glorious conflict,
  Battling for the right.

3 Burst the tyrant's bands asunder,
  Set the captive free;
  Let rejoicing wives and mothers
  Shout the jubilee.

4 Led no more by passion captive,
  Haunts of vice we shun;
  Happy hearts and smiling faces
  Tell of victory won.

Wm. Stevenson.

---

163 FOREST. L. M.

1 Our closing hymn—O may it rise
  Like incense wafted to the skies,
  And bear our gratitude and love
  To Him who lives and reigns above.

2 Kind Shepherd, bring these lambs of thine
  Safe to thy precious fold divine;
  And guide our faithful teachers dear,
  Through all their patient labor here.

3 We ask Thy blessing, ere we part,
  To rest on every waiting heart;
  This day and all our life, defend
  And lead us to our journey's end.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SABBATH. 7s.

164 Clariona, 89. Key G.

1 SAFELY thro' another week,
  God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
  Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
  Thro' the dear Redeemer's name.
Show Thy reconciling face—
  Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
  May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
  While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
  Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound—
  Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

BEAUTEOUS DAY. 8s & 7s.

165 Page 114. Key G.

1 BLESSED Saviour, watch us, guard us,
  As we leave our Sabbath home;
Guide and keep us from all danger,
  Till again to Thee we come.

Though we very often wander
  In the paths of vice and sin,
||: Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,
  Cleanse and make us pure within. :||

2 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
  Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
  Lead us to the "better life."
Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,
  Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
||: And with each loved friend and teacher
  All are gathered home to Thee. :||

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

166 Christian Songs, 200. Key F.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
  Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
  Triumph in Redeeming grace;
    Oh! refresh us,
  Traveling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
  For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
  In our hearts and lives abound!
    May Thy presence
  With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
  Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
  Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
    May we, ready,
  Rise and reign in endless day!

INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps.—First Lines in Roman.

A.

	NO.
All hail the power of Jesus' name	123
ALUMNI SONG	110
AMAZING GRACE	32
Angels are waiting to bear the	130
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS	13
Approach, my soul, the mercy	147
ARISE, AND SHINE	153
ARISE! GO FORTH TO CONQUER	21
Awake, my soul, stretch every	56
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	137

B.

BATTLE TO THE END	133
BEULAH LAND	124
BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN	83
Blessed Bible, how I love it	46
BLESSED CROSS OF JESUS	52
BLESSED HOME-LAND	31
Blessed Saviour, watch us	165
BLESS ME NOW	23
Blest be the tie that binds	48
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	121
Breaking through the clouds	93
BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE	70
Brighter and brighter the way	109
BRIGHT FOREVER	93
Bright till our Lord's returning	143
Brothers, rally for the conflict	162
BY AND BY	55

C.

CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF 1874	154
" " " 1875	152
" " " 1876	153
" " " 1877	156
" " " 1878	157
CHAUTAUQUA HYMN OF GREETING	142
COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME	2
Come, let us join our cheerful	87
Come, stay thy feet by the sheltering	127

D.

Day is dying in the west	132
Dear Lord, Thy precious blood	24
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	75
DRAW ME NEARER	67

E.

Earth, with her ten thousand	86
Eternal power, whose high abode	77
EVENING AND MORNING	14
EVENING HYMN	3
EVENING PRAISE	132
EVERY DAY AND HOUR	64

F.

Father, glorify Thy Son	37
FLEMMING	115
Fling out the banner, let it	19
From every stormy wind that	6

G.

GATHERED HOME	111
Gird on, gird on your armor	133
Give to the winds thy fears	5
GLAD FOREVER	61
GLAD TIDINGS	88
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters	31
GOD OF ALL COMFORT	160
GOD'S LOVE TO ME	149
GOING HOME	113
Grander than the ocean's story	149
Great God, indulge my humble	36
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH	72

H.

Hail! sweetest, dearest tie	120
HARK! HARK MY SOUL	12
HEAR THE CALL	92
HEAVENLY CANAAN	134
Heavenly Father, bless me now	23
HE IS COMING OUT TO MEET US	117
He leadeth me, O blessed	34
Helpless I come to Thee	105
Here in Christian love	68
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING	91
How firm a foundation, ye saints	140
How gentle God's commands	18

I.

I am Thine, O Lord	67
I have heard of a land far away	26

INDEX.

	NO.
I hear the Saviour say	33
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY	54
Incense from the dews of the	131
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR	1
IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING	148
In some way or other	62
In the evening there is weeping	14
In the march of life thro' the	28
In the Rifted Rock I'm resting	63
IN TIME OF NEED	71
Is my hope on the Rifted Rock?	30
IS MY NAME IN THE BOOK OF LIFE?	30
I send the joys of earth away	7
I sometimes think 'tis too good	61
I've reached the land of corn	124
J.	
JESUS, MY SAVIOUR	44
Jehovah, Christ, I Thee adore	100
Jesus and shall it ever be	8
JESUS, KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS	66
Jesus, keep me near Thee ever	96
Jesus, lover of my soul	125
JOIN, O FRIENDS, IN A MEMORY SONG	110
Just as I am, without one plea	39
JUST A WORD FOR JESUS	90
L.	
Land ahead! its fruits are	25
LET ME LEAN ON THEE	73
LET THE MASTER IN	146
Lift the voice in holy song	118
Lift up, lift up thy voice	153
Lo! a fountain full and free	65
Lord, at Thy mercy seat	126
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	166
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt	57
Lord of eternal purity	85
Lo! the day of God is breaking	92
M.	
MARCH OF LIFE	28
MELLOW CHIMES ARE STEALING	3
MORE LOVE TO THEE	89
MORNING LAND	151
MORNING PRAISE	131
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	35
My faith looks up to Thee	60
My heart is made a manger	38
My hope is built on nothing less	42
My life flows on in endless	91
MY LIFE OF JESUS	38
My soul, be on thy guard	17
MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME	105
N.	
Nearer, my God, to Thee	97
NEAR THE CROSS	66
NOTHING BUT A BROKEN REED	24
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS	10
Now just a word for Jesus	90
Now with the rising, golden dawn	80
O.	
O could I find from day to day	49
O could I speak the matchless	122
O happy day that fixed my	50
O hear my cry, be gracious	2
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen	115
O how light to the soul are its	151
OLD HUNDRED	161
ONE BLESSED HOUR WITH JESUS	135
Once I heard a sound at my	146
ONE IN CHRIST	68
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS	43
One there is who loves thee	106
Only trusting in my Saviour	45
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	11
O the peace that in Jesus I find	29
Our closing hymn, O may it	163
OVERFLOWING EVER	65
OVER YONDER	145
O what amazing words of grace	40
O where is the shrine of the singer	141
P.	
PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR	27
PEACE IN JESUS	29
PORTUGUESE HYMN	161
PRAISE THE LORD	118
PRECIOUS BIBLE	4
PRECIOUS NAME	74
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet	41
R.	
RESCUE THE PERISHING	20
REST OVER JORDAN	101
REVIVE US AGAIN	95
RIFTED ROCK	63
RING, O BELLS BESIDE THE SHORE	157
RING, RING THE BELLS	22
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	99
ROUND THE CROSS	45
RUTHERFORD	112
S.	
Safely through another week	164
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL	25
SAINTS' SWEET HOME	144
SAVED BY THE BLOOD	104
Saviour, more than life to me	64
Saviour, Thy dying love	69
Shall we gather at the river	9
SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER	107
SHELTERING ROCK	127
Simply trusting all the way	119
SINGING AND PRAISING FOREVER	103
SOMETHING FOR JESUS	69
Sound the battle cry	139
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy	16
STUDY SONG	70

INDEX.

T.

	No.
TAKE THE CROSS	82
Take the name of Jesus with you	74
Tell me the old, old story	53
THE BRIGHT FOREVER	93
The flush of morn—the setting suns	142
THE GLAD FOREVER	61
The harp at nature's advent	84
THE HEAVENLY CANAAN	134
The heavens declare Thy glory	136
THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT	129
The Lord our God is clothed	79
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE	62
The mansions of the blest	144
THE MERCY SEAT	147
THE MORNING LAND	151
THE OLD, OLD STORY	53
The perfect world by Adam trod	78
THE PRECIOUS NAME	74
There's a chorus ever sweet	145
There is a fountain filled with blood	47
There is a God, all nature speaks	76
There is a land of pure delight	134
THE RIFTED ROCK	63
THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME	144
The sands of time are wasting	112
THE SHELTERING ROCK	127
THE SHRINE OF THE SINGER	141
THE WINDS ARE WHISPERING TO THE	152
Thine, most gracious Lord	51
THOU ART OUR FATHER	158
Through the gates of the City	111
Through the New Jerusalem	103
TILL THE SAVIOUR COMES	143
'Tis a blessed hope, and it	101
TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS	155
TO BE THERE	26
TOILING ON	114
To the work, to the work	114
TRUSTING JESUS	116
TRUST IN GOD	128

W.

	No.
WALK WITH US, LORD	159
Wanderer, come, there's room for	52
WATCH AND PRAY	96
Weak and weary, poor and	129
We're saved by the blood	104
We bring no glittering treasures	98
We gather here, a pilgrim band	154
WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD	102
We praise Thee, O God	95
Were it not for Thee, my	71
WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER	108
We sing His love, who once was	59
We thank Thee, our Father	161
WE WILL JOURNEY ON	109
What can wash away my stain	10
What sinners value, I resign	58
When I survey the wondrous	138
When I have finished my journey	94
When Jesus comes to reward His	119
When my way is hedged about	73
WHEN THE DAY IS HIGH AND CLEAR	156
When we turn to God and leave	117
WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?	150
Where is my wandering boy	150
WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?	81
WHOLLY THINE	51
WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?	130
WHY WAITEST THOU?	106
WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?	119
WILL THE ANGELS COME?	94
Work, for the night is coming	15

CHAUTAUQUA SONGS.

	No.
ALUMNI SONG	110
ARISE, AND SHINE	153
Break Thou the Bread of Life	70
CHAUTAUQUA SONG OF, 1874	154
" " " 1875	152
" " " 1876	153
" " " 1877	156
" " " 1878	157
CHAUTAUQUA HYMN OF GREETING	142
Day is dying in the west	132
EVENING PRAISE	132
Incense from the dews of the	131
JOIN, O FRIENDS, IN A MEMORY SONG	110
Lift up, lift up thy voice	153
MORNING PRAISE	131
O where is the shrine of the	141
RING, O BELLS BESIDE THE SHORE	157
STUDY SONG	70
The flush of morn—the setting	142
THE SHRINE OF THE SINGER	141
THE WINDS ARE WHISPERING	152
TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS	155
We gather here, a pilgrim band	154
WHEN THE DAY IS HIGH AND CLEAR	156

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